

# Firefly by araceil

**By: NanFe**

Summary: FINISHED! When they went to sleep, they hoped of a better future. But with Gaia insane and Magic as dead as his friends, Harry has no reason to stay. Escape and exist was all he had in mind when he stowed away on a ship to Pandora. Not another war. Slash. PLEASE READ NOTES!

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## Notes PLEASE READ!

The LONG WAIT has arrived!

To my fellow readers and writers. A good Samaritan gave me a link to copy the story "Firefly" by Araceil, so I now have a back up of the story and I will be adding the story to the collection of stories that will be brought back up so others can read it. It is a slow progress. There are a butt ton more I am looking for and still haven't found them all.

AND for the LOVE of all things ABOVE! If you got NOTHING nice to say DON'T SAY IT AT ALL. That shit gets old REALLY fast and hard. And you WONDER why people like "Araceil" rage quit from writing. IT is PEOPLE who are rude and uncaring that is the problem.

JUST stop and grow the fuck up. I'm sorry if you start shit with me I WILL call you out and I WILL make your life shit. So IF you got shit to say SAY it to my PMs and not in reviews.

So enough of the ranting. I will try and get this up and ready soon.

## Chapter 2

Firefly

by Araceil

Category: Avatar, Harry Potter

Genre: Adventure, Romance

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Story URL: [s/6281862/1/](#) (NO LONGER UP)

Author URL: [u/241121/Araceil](#) (RAGED QUIT)

Summary: FINISHED - EPILOGUE TO COME. When they went to sleep, they hoped of a better future. But with Gaia insane and Magic as dead as his friends, Harry has no reason to stay. Escape and exist was all he had in mind when he stowed away on a ship to Pandora. Not another war. Slash.

## 1. Chapter 1

**\*\*FIREFLY\*\***

\_I do not own Harry Potter, nor do I own AVATAR - if I did, I would have money out of the wazoo and OWN FFnet.\_

**\*\*Another crossover, another story, another fandom. XDD Hope you guys enjoy this, its the third of all my Avatar/HP crossover ideas, its also the only one I liked, not to mention the most unique. Originally I had planned for Harry to train as a Tsahik but - Toki Mirage got there first and her's is better. XDD I definitely recommend checking it out.\*\***

**\*\*WARNING\*\***

Tsu'tey/Harry, Jake/Neytiri, N'deh/Grace, Trudy/Norm.

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**\*\*Chapter One\*\***

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\_The whole world was against us.\_

\_Our cover was blown and our existence blasted across the planet, revealed to the Muggle Populace by Voldemort and his idiotic taste for the dramatic. After all, when you go ahead and freeze the River Thames solid and have a massive all out magical battle involving Vampires, Werewolves, Giants, Trolls and spells - \_someone\_ is going to notice. \_

\_The fall out was astronomical.\_

\_In the beginning, it was just general public astonishment and the Magic Folk celebrating the downfall of the Dark Lord, trying to rebuild their lives, mourning the dead and keeping themselves to themselves and far away from the muggles who tried to understand everything they could about this new and incredible culture that had existed under their noses for centuries. It seemed as though the

Ministry and the Muggle Governments were handling everything rather well, like everything would be fine, that we would be able to live our lives on separate sides of the Train Tracks, a co-existence the likes of which had not been seen since the days of Merlin and Arthur.\_

\_At least, that was what we were led to believe.\_

\_But then muggles began to notice things and point fingers. Our suspicious lack of illnesses like cancer, how we had medicines to regrow bones and organs, spells to remove memories or make ourselves invisible, teleportation... Fear began to grow.\_

\_Then the disappearances began.\_

\_Known Magical Folk vanishing in the streets of Muggles Cities, never to be seen again and never giving any sign of a struggle.\_

\_Then it was babies from Hospitals and children from playgrounds.\_

\_New Laws were introduced, restricting the movements of the Magical Folk. Forced to identify themselves as Magical through the use of a red patch on their shoulders, being disallowed from carrying a wand in any public location, barred from various establishments such as Hospitals, Schools, Government Buildings, Banks, Museums and Art Galleries before eventually being completely restricted to Magic Only Zones. It was like the World War II Nazi Concentration camps, only instead of Jews and coloureds, it was Magic Folk and all that was associated with them.\_

\_And then the Muggle Public became dangerous.\_

\_Lynchings, burnings, beatings, riots and protests. Anyone even vaguely suspected of being Magic was targeted, so many people died. And then came the child killings.\_

\_Muggleborns were hunted down, children were tortured by their own parents, hurt and terrified to ensure they weren't magical - to

test whether or not they would manifest Accidental Magic. Many of these children would be unable to defend themselves, they would never manifest anything, proving they weren't magical - but the scars were still there, their trust was forever broken. But those who did Manifest...\_

\_How could anyone do that to a child? Any child?\_

\_Magical creatures were hunted for sport, for science, for safety. Dragons were extinct within the year of Magic's discovery, their scales, horns and fluids being harvested by the Military for weaponry, armour and explosives. Unicorns were caged and killed, their blood discovered to have such powerful medicinal properties that they were practically \_raped\_ from the moment of their discovery. Phoenix were already rare but the destruction of the magic around them, they too vanished, burned to nothing and choking in the poisoned air. Shrike, Mer-Folk, Hippocampi, all found, studied and slaughtered, even the last of the great Leviathan, sleeping silently in the deep chasms of the ocean floor was not spared from the zealous destruction of all Magical creatures.\_

\_The Snidgets, which had finally made their come-back, no longer endangered, no longer so few in number that they barely had a viable gene-pool, were all captured and killed. Snidget Pie became a delicacy affordable only to the elite rich and famous. The Goblins were raided, slaughtered, the gold they hoarded gathered by the greedy muggles, stolen, their corpses desecrated and their homes ransacked. \_

\_It was just as the Purebloods said it would be, only a hundred times worse.\_

\_Then came the purges.\_

\_Magical Folk being '\_Sanitized\_' for the safety of the Mundanes - and then all hell broke loose.\_

\_For Luna, it was torture. \_

\_Her magic was so closely tied with the Planet that she could \_feel\_ the deaths of all the Magic around them, of the animals and the people, of the plants and the wellsprings. Some days she could do nothing but scream and sob and writhe on her threadbare bedding, others, she was so aware, so calm and cold that it was physically painful to watch. \_

\_So we hid away, we packed our belongings and fled from the rest of the world, away from the genocide. \_

\_Antarctica was still untamed, still alive and where the Planet's pain was least. we settled down there within the snows and the frozen earth, a stone bunker, hidden underground, hallowed out by magic and hand. \_

\_And we slept.\_

\_Waiting, waiting, waiting, waiting until the horror was over, until the world had calmed and the Planet was well again, when the screaming stopped.\_

\_But Voldemort had never spoken truer words when he called the Muggle race \_parasites\_.  

---

Being eaten alive was both terrifying and painful.

And it was what Harry Potter woke up to after his long, long sleep - feeling his magic being eaten from his still living body.

\_hungerpainpain\_pain\_\*\*PAIN\*\*\_

He yelled in horror and alarm, falling off his bed, feeling the grasping tearing jaws that latched to his magic pull away yet still blindly quest after him. Desperate, frightened, hungry, weak and mad with pain. He curled into a ball, bundling his magic away, folding it into himself desperately, wrapping it up and hiding it away from those vicious



teeth that tried to tear into him, tried to dig its claws in and dig for his hidden magic.

\_thirstandhunger-needenergy-dyingbutterfly\_

Harry sobbed, his body shaking as he felt something pry at him, desperately pulling, digging in and slipping free, unable to get at the prize within. What was this? What was happening? Who was that? Why did they want his Magic?

He heard Hermione whimpering in her sleep and dread sank like a lead weight through his stomach.

He scrambled to his feet, slipping free of the presence and reaching for her, he could \_feel\_ her slipping away, feel her magic being torn away, feel her desperately clinging to it and he reached to her. Too scared to open himself to the presence he desperately shook her, hoarsely crying her name as he felt whatever it was getting more and more vicious with every scrap of power it was able to glean from her still slumbering form.

\_stillhungry-stillpain-noreprieve-needstrength-mothertigereatingheryoung\_

Harry pushed at the presence, pushed it with all his might and threw his anger and hatred against her because he knew it was a her now. As much as a Planet could be any gender, he knew that this was Earth, this was their Mother, the one who gave them Magic and was now trying to take it away.

But why though?

Betrayal and fear quested to her tentatively and received only the half insane whisperings of a consciousness too far gone in pain and emptiness to answer properly. But that in itself as an answer all the same.

Harry sobbed as he desperately roused his friends.

The Planet was dying.

Driven mad with pain and loss, desperately clinging to them for survival and now desperate enough to try and consume them for the single ounce of strength it may bring. She didn't understand. She couldn't understand. Muggles would just take that strength away the moment she birthed it and then her efforts would be for nought.

She screamed at him, she writhed and dug into his being to try and reach his magic. Impressions and sensations, the giant alien consciousness of a Planet crushing down on him, \_She\_ gave him this gift, \_She\_ favoured him, it was \_His\_ turn to protect \_Her\_! Did \_He\_ not love \_Her\_? Had \_He\_ not saved \_Her\_ before now?

Harry choked, gasping for air on the floor as she hammered into him, desperately tearing at him for that kernel of power that she so desperately needed. He fell to the floor, seizing, his limbs flailing limply across the floor - he wasn't aware of Hermione choking and finally falling quiet, of Ron's body jerking before going still.

All he knew was pain and then silence.

---

It was silent when he woke, he felt bruised and battered and yet there wasn't a mark on his body, his whole body felt like a massive bruise. His mouth felt like he had been drunk and licking the carpets as he levered himself up from the cold stone floor - ah, that might account

for the soft tissue ache he was feeling.

It was surprisingly quiet. No... Not quiet, \_silent\_.

Green eyes stared fuzzily at the world around him as he sat back on his ass, blearily eyeing the fuzzy world around him, what had happened?

He'd woken up and...

That \_\*\*BITCH!\*\*\_

He was immediately on his feet and staring wildly around the room, hunting for some kind of person, some supernatural being or apparition he could rant and rave at but... the room was cold and silent and still. Unnaturally so.

He frowned, his instincts going haywire.

His stomach turned to lead and he looked to the fur strewn cot that his bestfriend and brother in all but blood had been sleeping on with his wife. The smell struck him like a hammer as his eyes comprehended what he was looking at. How... how was this possible?

They were dead.

Long dead.

But... green eyes stared helplessly at their decomposed skeletal bodies, he had been awake only a few hours ago, \_they\_ had been awake - Harry remembered! He remembered Hermione's eyes opening before the Planet went psycho and tore at him.

The world whispered and he tensed, expecting attack.

All he felt was pale, desperation breathing against his barriers, cold and frightened, too weak to do anything but paw pathetically at his consciousness. Too far gone to even form words, communicating like a frail old woman, deaf and blind and insane. His stomach twisted itself into knots and he retched, heaving bitter acrid bile onto the stone floor where the smell prompted him to cough up even more until he had nothing. And continue dry heaving painfully.

He fell backwards and pushed himself away from the mess on the floor, shuffling to the other side of the room and clasping Hermione's hand, the cold putrid flesh clinging to her bones soft and slick in his

hands as the enormity of what was happening finally began to sink in, and the hot prickle of tears began to seep out.

Alone.

He was alone, all those careful plans they'd made, all the preparations... gone. Useless. The empty rooms in their concrete bunker that they had been planning on converting into bedrooms and libraries and Chudley Cannons Shrines, useless, empty, empty just like their bodies. The trunks full of tiny little baby clothes for when Hermione finally fell pregnant, no longer afraid that the little life growing within her womb would be torn out and murdered before her eyes. They would never be used. The preserved Potion ingredients would never see the inside of a cauldron.

Dead.

All their dreams for the future, a world where no one would be hunting them because they wouldn't know who or what they were, a world that was at peace, a place they could live together... dead.

Just like his friends. Just like his family.

Harry sobbed, uncaring of the tears and snot that smeared his knees.

Alone, alone, alone. All over again, he was alone, sitting in his cupboard wishing for a friend.

Alone, all alone, save for the insanity that lurked in the confines of his mind, alone save for a mad Planet.

It was just him and Gaia now.

---

The world was grey.

Grey and filthy and dead.

And Harry cried afresh at the loss.

No where was the air clean or the grass green, no where was there an animal running free and wild and natural. No where was there a person with a smile on their face, enjoying the fact that they were alive. And no where, was there a person who could hear their Mother Gaia screaming and sobbing in agony.

The Planet had fallen silent, withdrawn away from him, he was thankful. It gave him time to think, time to plan, time to come to terms with it all.

He dared not use Magic here, Gaia was half insane and desperate, if she sensed the unfurling of his power she would strike hard and fast and rip his Inner Self apart to reach it. Even if she wouldn't have... He doubted if he could even manage a simple \_Lumos\_. The Ambient Magic was gone, not even a distant scent on the air.

He had travelled for a few days through this grey landscape of humanity, taking in the darkness and the despair and the moon now covered in a delicate tracery of lights amidst the darkness. They had populated the moon as well. His stomach twisted.

Was nothing sacred any longer?

He didn't eat, not any more, not here, he couldn't stomach the thought of their food. Synthetic Proteins and carbohydrates, he had tried them once, he had become so violently ill that they had actually forced him into the Hospital before discovering he had neither Health insurance nor money. Then they just left him there in the hallway to either die or recover in his own time, the only time someone helped was a little girl, her head bald, an IV line attached to the crook of her elbow as she slowly, painfully shuffled down the hallway. And she smiled at him, her little grey eyes bright as she told him that he would get better soon because the Scientists would be bringing back miracles from Pandora - for a moment, Harry wondered if she meant the Pandora Catacombs beneath Greece before remembering that

they had been completely ransacked and destroyed during the Purge.

She had fetched him some water from her room, it took her twenty minutes to walk up the hall and come back. Harry had felt horribly guilty at putting her to such an effort but she just smiled and said that when the Miracles came back and she got better, she would be a nurse so she had to practice now so she would be really good when she was older.

And Harry had asked her what Pandora was.

Pandora was a moon, she told him, self importantly as she sat on the hard orange plastic seat beside him, her little slipper clad feet swinging slowly through the air, it was in the Alpha Centauri System and orbited a Gas Giant like Saturn. She smiled at him, showing her decayed teeth. It was a big Jungle with lots of dangerous animals and plants but it was full of Miracles too, she explained, people that go there don't get sick anymore, the plants made a miracle to stop people from getting colds and flu and coughs. There's even a plant there that could heal her illness. She had Cancer.

Before she could explain anymore, a nurse came over and ushered her away, giving the cup of water in Harry's hands a dirty look and him an even dirtier one. The little girl waved him goodbye and followed the sour faced nurse back to her room, slowly and awkwardly.

Harry left the Hospital and he never touched the Processed foods again. His body didn't like them.

But this Pandora place... That definitely needed more investigation.

The problem was, information was so annoyingly thin and Harry was horribly unused to technology of any kind, he felt almost as how he imagined Hagrid had during their first trip through the London Underground. Not understanding the money, the technology, the social norms, feeling like an outsider, a freak.

Only it was worse now for him, he was scared that someone would put two and two together and figure out he was Wrong, not Muggle. It was how so many of the other Witches and Wizards had been caught, they just didn't know how to blend in, and now, with everything so different and the people so... broken and the Planet clinging to life by a thread... He no longer fit.

He no longer blended, knew what was going on and he felt... \_lost\_.

Trapped in this grey dead world with no where to go, no one to talk to, it overwhelmed him and choked him, he fled from public scrutiny and found solace in an alley way. Hidden from view, curled up in a dirty corner between steam pipes and trash and cardboard, he stared unseeingly at the neon lights of a nightclub entrance several metres down at the mouth of the alleyway. He watched as grey and miserable women went inside and the lights turned on, and then grey but wealthy men went in afterwards. And he felt his stomach turn as he realised what he was looking at.

He turned away and began to cry anew.

Those girls couldn't have been any older than sixteen.

---

If one counted physically, Harry had never been raped.

Mentally, yes, he had been raped mentally more than once, at the hands of his teachers and at the hands of his enemies and even at the hands of reporters.

Never had he been magically raped.

And it was a hundred times worse than anything he could have ever imagined.

Harry screamed in pain and betrayal as he felt Gaia \_RAM\_ into his consciousness, pierce through into his very soul trying to reach his Magic. He should have known she had gone quiet for a reason. He

writhed and clawed at his stomach as he felt her tear into him, hunting, questing, desperate. Tearing him apart to find his essence.

It was rape.

It was painful.

It was all he could do to keep his Magic away from her and wait for the agony to end. Wait for her sudden burst of power to fail her, wait for her to tire and fade away.

He didn't have to wait long.

A shriek of thwarted anger and a whimper of loss and pain and disappointment vibrated through his Inner Self as she faded away, unable to hold up her assault and finally drifting away from him.

Harry sobbed, curled into a ball, shivering and trembling and feeling cold, so very, very cold, from her attack. Unable to comprehend her actions and unwilling to think about what she had just done to him, he closed his eyes and slept. Too tired and too hurt to do anything else.

When he next opened his eyes, his mind was made.

He didn't care what was waiting for him when he got there, he was going to Pandora.

---

And what do you think? 8D I wanted to try something a little different and I love AVATAR - the world a hell of a lot more than the story.

\*\*Now, just to warn you guys. \*\*

\*\*Its gunna be a slash. Mainly because I don't KNOW any female Na'vi besides Neytiri and I surprisingly like her with Jake. As for Human women, I do love Trudy but in the original scripts she was actually with Norm, and that's the way its going to stay. Also, Grace



was mated to one of the Na'vi warriors in the original scripts as well, ergo, she's staying that way. Mainly because I think she needs some love.\*\*

\*\*So sorry folks, its a Tsu'tey/Harry, but a little different to how you know it.\*\*

\*\*For one, Harry doesn't join the RDA and so doesn't have an AVATAR. Makes you wonder how its going to work out, eh? 8DDD\*\*

\*\*Stick around and find out. You know you want to.\*\*

\*\*Review and tell me your thoughts and what you want to see happen. I'm still footloose and fancy free with the plot on this, I've got various scenes planned out and what have you. But apart from that. I really have nothing going on here. Its just a bit of fun.\*\*

\*\*Tell me what you want to see happen and I'll see how/if I can thread it in. ;DD\*\*

Araceil

# Chapter 3

## 2. Chapter 2

**\*\*FIREFLY\*\***

**\*\*Chapter Two\*\***

---

One would think that, having as much experience of Murphy's Law as he did, Harry would have been prepared for all eventualities. And, for the most part, he was. And what he wasn't prepared for, well, he usually couldn't even muster the gumption to even sigh blankly at the problem anymore.

It had been six months since he had awoken from his long, long slumber to discover the skeletal, decomposing remains of his friends. Friends who had died at \_least\_ twenty years before his awakening. The Magic ripped out of their bodies in a messy, painful fashion. And here he was... still on Earth, still getting uninvited Riots in his skull courtesy of the Planet's consciousness. And he was still confused as to how the hell it-she had a consciousness and why it-\_she\_ was speaking to him now when she had been silent for so long.

She had been silent for the past month, no doubt drawing back and gathering her strength like a tidal wave pulled back the beach before crashing down and flooding an island into nothing.

Harry sighed from his dirty little hovel in the Slums of Advantia, Florida USA - he'd always wanted to see Florida, he heard there were crocodiles. Of course now the ancient reptiles were extinct, environmental changes, lack of food and people actually resorting to hunting and eating the magnificent beasts had destroyed the entire species. Them, and anything else they swum, flew, crawled and ran, to humanity, they could all be on a dinner plate.

A sodden newspaper was thrown carelessly at his feet by a passer by, muttering under his breath in disgust. Harry took a cursory peek before sighing and settling back in his box.

Last of the Swans was dead too now, huh?

This place... It was so similar and yet so different from the Earth he used to know, it was hard for him to understand everything going on around him. He had delved into the History books, looking for information on the Purges but information was contradictory. Some say that it was self defence measures, others that it was a pre-emptive strike, the minority said it was genocide. Funny how that minority were only somewhat right.

When the Muggles rose up, the Purebloods sure as hell tried to slap them back down.

But being outnumbered five thousand to one, they didn't have a hope in hell of winning, or survival. Harry leaned back against the wall behind him and stared up at the sky, what little of it could be seen through poison smog, pipes, netting and buildings taller than even Hogwarts had been. Everyone in History had something to say about the Purges, but very few of them knew what happened or why or any of the little details that meant so much in the long run. For a time, during that first quiet period where the Planet left his thoughts unmolested, he thought about writing down his own version of events, the truth of what happened from a Wizard's point of view, how they survived, what their world was like before the Muggles learned of them. But then he got a better look at the world around him, what Earth and Humanity had become in his absence and gave that idea up.

No one would care.

He turned and watched as the grey people shuffled past him, dirty unwashed bodies pressed against one another because of water shortages, thin and sickly looking from a bankrupt diet of cheap carbohydrates and synthetic protein. Harry had forced himself to

adapt to the food, desperation forced him to choke it down and keep it down, his body adapted to it in time. He hadn't been to the hospital again, no matter how sick he got, regardless of how hard the Planet hammered his skull until blood dribbled from his eyes and ears. He was a survivor. He was nothing if not adaptive.

He had yet to discover anything useful about Pandora, but, he did know where and when the next ship taking off for the Moon would be.

Two months from now, Resources Development Administration launch Site Alpha 5 in Dallas, Texas. Take off at O'six hundred in Valkyrie Shuttle Six.

After that, he didn't know what would come. He would figure it out when he got there.

---

Living like a Tramp taught you a few things, things that Harry already knew but it was still nice to get a refresher course in what it was like to be alone, to only have yourself to rely on.

Being with Ron and Hermione and Neville and Luna had made him soft if he was completely honest.

He found himself automatically turning to ask Hermione for information, only to remember she was no longer with him and fall quiet, he would then get on and find out what he needed to know himself. He would look to Ron for back up during a street brawl, only to remember he wasn't there either when a meaty fist cracked into his jaw, he would get to his feet and put his attackers into the hospital. He would grin and open his mouth to ask Luna if she thought there were Crumple Horned Snorkacks on Pandora whenever he caught a glimpse of it on the TV, only to remember she wasn't there either, he would close his mouth and move on before the shopkeeper called security.

It was hard, having to remind himself that they were dead, but at the same time, he got used to it, he adapted. His heart hardened even as he held their memory close and cherished every second he had spent with them.

Those memories seemed so bright and warm and colourful now, surrounded by the cold and grey and dirty of the Muggle cities around him.

He couldn't wait to get to Pandora, to be around living things again, trees and plants and animals. He had never been a man for stone and cities; he had been more comfortable in the Weasley's ramshackle house and overgrown orchard, the Forbidden Forest and the gardens of Privet Drive than the cold stone of the castle, the Dursley's immaculate house or the tall skyscrapers of London.

And then, like a snake uncoiling and lunging, the Planet struck.

Harry roared in pain, his legs crumbling beneath him as he gripped at his head, fingers digging harshly into his scalp as he felt her burrowing through his skull, clawing at his brain. She burned like a supernova behind his eyes, her power so overwhelming and raw and desperate it quickened his heart just with its presence. And in a moment of desperation...

Harry lashed out with his magic to push Her away.

The pain was horrific.

His mind drowned even as his Magic fought, tooth, claw, nail, power and soul against the twisted hungry wraith that was its Mother. And then the pain faded away and Harry felt his mind connect with the Planet's and he Knew Everything.

His mind drifted.

It was quiet.

Not dark, not bright.

He could hear the breath of all things.

Their heartbeats...

And he \_Knew\_ them.

It vanished under a roar of pain and anger and insanity. It crushed him and ripped him and burned him and screamed and writhed and tore at Herself. And Harry woke. Green eyes staring up at the smoky poisoned sky. Blinking away the stinging bead of sweat that dribbled into his eye as he panted, lungs desperately clawing in oxygen.

But he still \_Knew\_.

---

His hands were shaking.

Even now, six hours after she struck, he was still shaking, still cold with realisation and pain. His mouth tasted of blood and sweat and those godawful protein bars.

Harry was sat back in his little hovel, back to the wall, watching the world walk by from the mouth of the alleyway, between the dumpster and the drain-pipe, curled up in his cardboard-box, slightly soggy now, with the acidic rain he shelter from. The black bin-liners he used for waterproofing did well enough to protect him, for now.

He'd won.

The trembling in his hands increased for a moment before he got himself under control, sticking them in his armpits, flinching slightly from the chill before huddling up into a ball, curling as close to his bag as he could humanly get. It was filled with all the things he planned to take with him to Pandora, anything he might need, he couldn't afford to lose it - so he kept it with him at all times, and had to put up with the attempted muggings almost daily.

With everyone on a massive Witch Hunt, most of the Magic Folk had turned to Muggle methods of defence rather than their Wands. Even holding a Wand caused their Magical Cores to unlock and burn with power - power that was visible on an Infra-red scale, making their body temperatures look higher by five degrees than the average Muggle. So they learned how to use guns, how to fight with knives and swords and bows and arrows, they learned how to fight with their bodies, hand to hand, brawling, boxing, Martial Arts, just punching the shit out of each other. It didn't matter. Holding a Wand was suicide so they had to learn how to defend themselves another way.

Harry was no Martial Artist, he was a Brawler.

Probably not a good idea considering his size and strength, but he was fast, agile and \_mean\_. He managed it and he did well at it. Whoever the poor bastards that went up against him were had no idea just who they were fucking with. Even She had forgotten just who She was mind raping, he wasn't some Pureblood with more Magic than sense, he was Her Champion. Sickening as it was.

Oh god, Harry swallowed tightly, forcing bile back down into his stomach as he felt it boil up his throat.

He had defeated the Planet, Mother Gaia, in a contest of Magic.

He had \_beaten\_ her! The very entity who gave him that power!

Just how weak had she become?

He could feel her now, huddled up as closely to his presence as she could get, like an injured bird looking for warmth and just as fragile. He felt sick and horrified and tired, oh so very tired, and all he could do to offer her comfort was to wrap what warmth he could spare around her, emotions of happiness and comfort and safety. It was all he \_could\_ do.

And he waited.

Waited for the Launch Date to come because...

Because...

---

Sneaking in was abominably difficult.

But

Harry wasn't the son of a Marauder for nothing, being sneaky and silent and unseen was in his blood - regardless of whether or not he had an Invisibility Cloak or not.

He didn't need one.

Launch Site Alpha 5 looked more like an Aeroplane runway than a Blasting platform for a spaceship, but then, Harry was comparing this to the Moon missions he saw as a child, peering through the slits of his cupboard door while his Uncle watched the news. Sneaking in was a pain but, like he said, he was the son of a Marauder, they hadn't yet \_invented\_ a place that a Marauder couldn't get into and now, without Mother Gaia digging her claws in, Harry was free to use what Magic he could - even if she did eventually latch onto his enchantments and consume them once he had moved on.

He couldn't help the wry half smile on his lips as he heard what could have only been described as \_purring\_ in the back of his mind.

He clung to things, crawled, sneaked and brazenly marched past people he had no right to treat like wall-paper, no one even called him on it. After all, he wasn't dressed or looking like a tramp anymore, he had cleaned up and dressed himself in a pair of black slacks and a light blue shirt, a transfigured I.D. badge hanging from his neck. Coupled with the large temporarily navy blue coloured sack-bag over his shoulder, he looked like any other member of the Squint Squad as he heard the Marines calling them.



Breaking away from the pack was the difficult part, security was everywhere and there were cameras watching their every move. It wouldn't have surprised him if there were even hidden cameras in the lady's loos (there were but no one needed to know that, except security).

Times like this, he loved being a Wizard, a quick Notice me Not, a Disillusionment while darting past a Scientist absorbed in a book with large bold text reading '\*\*NA'VI\*\*' written across the front cover. Not even the cameras noticed his disappearance as he Silenced his bag and shoes and flitted into the Ship Hanger.

The Valkyrie was a gleaming masterpiece of science and money, Harry looked at it and decided it looked a little like what would happen if someone crossed a microwave, Dobby, baby Norbert and a Thestral.

Finding a safe niche amidst all the equipment about to get shot out into the Alpha Centauri system, Harry curled up and waited. They wouldn't be launching the shuttle up to the ship for another three hours, once they'd docked with the Ship - Interstellar Vehicle Venture Star (and really, he was more than a little disappointed they hadn't called it the Star Ship Enterprise, or even Voyager) - and unloaded all the scientists into the Cyro-Pods, Harry would take a quick look around for somewhere else to possibly hide, or stay in his little niche until they reached Pandora.

He felt Gaia rumble in the back of his mind, ghostly fingers pressing against his mental barriers. Hungry and disappointed. He allowed her to eat the enchantments from him, watching as his skin which had previously gained an odd kind of crosshatching to match the floor of the machine cockpit he was hiding in faded back to the pale fleshy shade it should have been

He frowned slightly at the sensation, huddling down even deeper into his niche just in case she forgot herself and tried to Mind Fuck him again, he did not want to go into seizures in a place he most certainly shouldn't have been and he didn't want the headache or the

sore throat from screaming - and he definitely didn't want to have to deal with the Muggles. Fear sent a cold chill down his spine; he definitely didn't want to be found by the Muggles. It was all he could do earlier not to freak out when he was trailing behind the Scientists, absolute focus on getting into the ship and the knowledge of what would happen if he fucked up went a long way for motivation to calm down. He looked around his Niche before deciding he needed something less likely to be found or seen.

A quick check of his surroundings and Harry was out. Climbing the luggage racks until he found a brilliant little spot to hide in, it was used to store first aid kits, fire safety equipment and extra food rations, he assumed that it was a '\_just in case\_' thing. Like just in case there was a problem with the ship and they had to high tail it, at least they would have medicine, food and warmth.

Unpacking the blankets and hiding in his new little niche, Harry set his bag at his back where it would hide him from any eyes that decided to look this way and curled up, cocooning himself in the thermal blankets.

He was dimly aware of all the Muggles coming on board, the sudden explosion of noise and chatter and the bellowing of the Drill Sergeants as they hustled the Scientists and the Marines to their seats. Harry kept silent and stared at the wall in the darkness of his little den, listening to him explain the safety procedures and what they were to do once they got into zero gravity. Then came the tannoy system announcing a count down until blast off.

Harry suddenly felt queasy all of a sudden.

He felt Gaia press against his mental shields like a kitten for warmth and he could only sigh silently and gently push her presence away, ignoring the soft whimper and weak pawing at his mental shields.

/\_Goodbye\_/ he told the Planet as the engines kicked in.

---

Harry slept and slept and he dreamed.

But most of all...

He \_Knew\_.

Voldemort had no idea just how right he had been when he called Muggles a Parasite. It was ironic that should he have actually won the war, it would have saved them all, Magic would have thrived and flourished and the Muggles would have died out and Earth and Gaia would have been the better for it.

Muggles were not native to Earth.

They were created, and then twisted and unleashed upon her. By whom Gaia never knew, and in the beginning, she knew nothing of these new children she found upon her. But she welcomed them all the same; curious in a way that a kitten would be as she watched them grow and nurtured them as though they were her own children. She watched proudly as her First Born, as the Magi, the Blessed, led them and taught them. And she was pleased and happy and everything was good.

But Muggle was not like Magi.

Magi were happy with the balance; they understood the need for balance, for death, for life. They understood hardwork and moderation and the need for both.

Muggle did not.

Muggle, young and impetuous in the way of all small children, decided different and did different and while not agreeing, Mother Gaia allowed them their way. All her Children needed to find their way and Magi, as Muggle's older sibling, stood down and kept watch, nudging things to maintain the balance and prevent Muggle from hurting themselves.

So they allowed Muggle to grow and learn and become Man.

And as time progressed and Muggle became stronger, strong enough for them to do as they wished and ignore Magi, strong enough to silence Mother Gaia.

Spoilt and lazy, Muggle continued to grow and continued to take and take from an ever tiring Mother Gaia who tried desperately to fulfil the needs of her voracious child while Magi tried to regulate Muggle, tried to get them to stop so their Mother could Recover. Tried to maintain the Balance.

But Muggle didn't stop. They just Consumed. Consumed. Consumed.

Mother Gaia's voice no longer reached them and Magi was forgotten and ignored as desperately they tried to maintain the Balance, desperately tried to save their Mother but Her Voice was weak now and soon, she too, fell silent. Marshalling her strength, occasionally Blessing a child of Muggle in the hopes that they would aid their Magi brethren and stop the Muggle.

They never stopped.

And the Magi forgot their Mother and hid from Muggle as their greedy eyes turned to them and became jealous and frightened of their power.

Magi became Wizard, and Wizard became Squib, and Squib became Muggle.

And their Mother became Weaker and Weaker as Muggle Consumed and Consumed and Consumed.

So... in a way... The Purebloods had been right when they assumed the decline of Magic was the fault of Muggleborns. Mother Gaia became desperate and began to bestow more of her Gift upon the Muggle Children, hoping, preying that they would realise the problem

and stop their fellow Muggles. But they never did. And the Purebloods were dying out, their children being born without Mother Gaia's gift because it went to a Muggle child, and soon... eventually...

They stopped having children altogether.

Because Muggle had found Magi and in their greed and their fear and their hunger, they Consumed and Destroyed their older Sibling.

And in doing so, killed their Precious Mother.

---

Green eyes flickered open, frost cracking and flaking from his eyelashes. His eyes feeling dry and heavy, his heart beating sluggishly in his chest, blurry vision took in the frost that clung to his hair and the glittering light of his thermal blankets.

Oh... They didn't heat the Shuttles did they? Because no one was in there... Did they even pump oxygen into the Shuttle bays?

They must have, otherwise Harry was fairly sure he would be dead by this point. Even he couldn't survive being unable to breathe, cold sure, he had enough Basilisk venom and Phoenix tears in his blood to mean his blood couldn't freeze and, like the Basilisk, he could go into extended periods of hibernation without the need for food or water.

Of course, not that he was awake, he was utterly ravenous and if he didn't eat soon there would be hell to pay. Wait, wasn't there food rations in his Niche? The '\_Just in Case\_' hole in the wall he had called home for... how ever long the journey to Pandora took.

Wriggling weakly in his frost rimed blankets, he found the plastic boxes of food rations and numbly fumbled with them, snapping the catches open and finally getting into the damn things. He watched

in vague fascination as a bar drifted free of his fingertips and floated in front of him. Zero gravity?

He cast it out of his mind in favour of more important things. He snatched the Ration bar and stripped it of its foil coverings, cramming it into his mouth in a way that would have had Hermione cracking his knuckles with a spoon for. He tore into the food rations with a fury, digging out a sealed baggy with an oddly shaped straw that he found was filled with a bitter chalky tasting water - no doubt full of vitamin and mineral supplements to name a few.

Food and liquid decimated beyond all reason, he lay back, floating slightly in his Niche - bag jammed into place preventing him from drifting out into the main cargo area - he actually felt better now than when he had first woken up in this strange time.

Shifting slightly, he was aware of people milling around and of the world jerking and shaking, that damnable Tannoy system announcing their ETA to Hell's Gate Tower Base. He rubbed at his face, mouth feeling tacky and dry and generally all sorts of '\_blegh\_'. At least someone had turned on the heating, downside was now that they had the frost rime that had clung to him and the blankets was melting and making him '\_damp\_'.

Worming his way out of his Blankets and gripping his bag, the young/old Wizard peered silently into the loading bay below him, men in army fatigues sat on one side, men and woman in various states of smart-casual clothing on the other side the scientists he had followed earlier. Harry's bag had returned to its original colour, which was quite a nice shade of black if he did say so himself - probably why it had not been noticed as '\_out of place\_' by the anally retentive Army Drill Sergeants. The Boy Who Lived shuffled back out of sight and fought every desire and instinct just to close his eyes and go back to sleep, he needed to remain awake so he could Apparate out of the Cargo Bay and into Pandora before someone noticed him there.

The ship trembled and shook and Harry felt it immediately when they broke through the atmosphere.

It was like he was breathing Life itself.

"Whoa," he breathed silently, his heart fluttering like a bird in his chest, his fingertips tingling with the amount of raw power that already was beginning to saturate his body. And then he felt the presence of this world's Mother. Her vast, alien consciousness that reached out to him, and he withdrew, panicked and alarmed at her rapid approach. He squirreled himself away from her senses out of fear - she was stronger than Gaia, older than Gaia, and he was afraid that she would know better than Gaia and \_burn\_ through his mind before he became a threat to her the same way as Muggle had to his Mother.

The presence paused, stopped and slowly retreated, like it was trying to calm a wild animal.

It worked, for the most part.

Harry relaxed, relaxed enough to realise that the Drill Sergeant was coming his way and he panicked. Grabbing his bag he concentrated and \_Jumped\_.

The crack of displaced air throughout the hanger was drowned out by the roar of a gun turret and the death shrieks of some Pandorian creature caught in its cross-hairs.

---

It felt like he was swimming through treacle.

Harry cracked into existence outside the ship, crumpling to his hands and knees panting as though he had just run a marathon. The air smelled like cinnamon. He was surrounded by pink willow fronds and smiled slightly, brushing a hand down the oddly textured thing, they were more like tentacles than leaves or branches.

That was perhaps all he had time to admire before the thick poison air of turned his world to darkness.

---

Finito. Oooh, cliffhanger! XDD

**\*\*Stay tuned and tell me what you think.\*\***

**\*\*Any scenes you want to see happen? I'll see what I can do. Again, still footloose and fancy free with this. I'm just setting the scene thus far. \*\***



# Chapter 4

## 3. Chapter 3

**\*\*FIREFLY\*\***

**\*\*Chapter Three\*\***

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Last time:

\_It felt like he was swimming through treacle.\_

\_Harry cracked into existence outside the ship, crumpling to his hands and knees panting as though he had just run a marathon. The air smelled like cinnamon. He was surrounded by pink willow fronds and he smiled slightly, brushing a hand down the oddly textured thing, they were more like tentacles than leaves or branches.\_

\_That was perhaps all he had time to admire before the thick poison air turned his world to darkness.\_

---

And now:

He felt safe, warm, loved (\_this-wasn't-right\_).

His Mother held him (\_lily-was-dead\_).

Cradled him (\_gaia-had-no-arms\_).

Soothed him (\_but-he-never-knew-peace\_).

He wanted to stay (\_no-he-didn't\_).

\_Get-out-of-my-head.\_

The Mother's presence was overwhelming, so much bigger than his, he felt so small and so cold compared to the sheer size and brilliance that the Mother had.

And she held him.

Her voice would have deafened him had he possessed ears, instead, he felt himself unwillingly relaxing, his instinctive fear of the pain and terror Gaia put him through shuddered painfully across his scarred little being.

Mother soothed him and time passed.

\_NEWLIFE\_, she mused, examining him, \_NOTOFMYOWN\_, she noted.

Fear prevented him from opening to her and if she could, he sensed that she would have smiled.

\_REST\_, she told him, \_NOWISTIMEFORPEACE\_.

He had never known peace, it sounded nice but... Something in him recoiled and howled at the thought of Peace after fighting for so long. He would not know what to do with Peace, he spent so long trying to protect it, summon it, create it, only to have it snatched away by that which killed Gaia and now threatened the new Mother.

He could not rest. He \_would \_not\_ rest\_.

\_YES\_, she told him, her tone firm, .

She enveloped him, his tiny being, and bore him to sleep.

---

He choked when he woke up.

Something was in his mouth - \_something was in his mouth!\_

He jerked upright and coughed, hands flying to his mouth to remove what had crawled down his throat, \_down his nose\_, he paid no mind to the sound of tearing grass as he gagged and choked and wrenched handfuls of thin, slightly greasy hair, or grass, or roots - he wasn't sure what it was - from his face, nose, eyes and mouth. Whatever it was it had crawled into almost every orifice it could get to!

He rolled onto his stomach to better cough up the strands that had descended into his \_stomach\_ and heard the delicate green tendrils tear some more.

Correction.

It \_had\_ gotten into every orifice.

Thank every deity that ever existed that no one was there to witness him pull several feet of slightly dirty glowing green, whatever it was, from his trousers and... ahem, other genitalia. He could have sworn he heard a giggle somewhere in the back of his mind and grumbled, blushing, as he gently toed the wadded collection of whatever that green stuff was to one side as he gingerly got to his feet.

Damn he was hungry.

Looking around, he stared in amazement at the natural stone basin he found himself in, the large arches of stone structures curled protectively around it. Almost like ribs over a heart, or the remains of a protective shell. Animal cries from the distant jungle he could see at the rim of the basin jostled him from his amazement and he began to notice how large everything was in comparison to him and sighed. He was used to being the midget in everything, it would be just like when he was eleven and introduced to the Wizarding world - only everything would be Hagrid sized instead of the other way around.

Well. Time to get moving.

Grabbing his bag from where it had fallen on the floor, he paused and looked over his shoulder to the pink willow tree.

Something told him... that tree had something to do with this world's Mother. It felt like her, it... if he could put a colour to the Mother, he would have decided on the very shade of pink this tree possessed. It was very disconcerting for the young Wizard, the Last Magi.

"Thank you," he said to the willow and he could have sworn, for a split second, that the tendrils swayed happily at him as he heard a giggle somewhere in his mind.

Smiling a little bemusedly, he turned and began the arduous climb out of the stone basin he had somehow apparated into. As much as he would have liked to stay with the pink Willow, he had the feeling that if he remained, he wouldn't be well received by whoever found him.

And he got his first proper look at Pandora.

"Ho-ly... shit..." he murmured, eyes wide and his mouth a little wider as he stared at what the Na'vi called the Thundering Rocks and the Muggles called the Hallelujah Mountains. He paid the flying beasts little mind - he'd flown against Dragons, on Threstrals and Hippogriffs, whatever the hell they were, they didn't register overly much beyond '\_oh, giant flying things, ok\_' - his brain was rather stuck on the \_floating mountains.\_

How the \_fuck\_ did this place get flying mountains! He couldn't sense any magic from them so it wasn't Levitation Charms, how were they flying like that?

OK, he had to see what was on top of those things now.

Gripping his bag, he took a deep breath and \_Jumped\_ - only to fall flat on his face not even two feet away from where he had been standing beforehand. It was like trying to jump into a brick wall!

Whispers resounded in the back of his head and he felt like kicking himself.

The green eyed Wizard heaved himself up and groaned, he was an idiot, the air here was denser by quite a margin, by all rights he shouldn't have the muscle strength to even breathe the air here but the Mother, \_Eywa\_ the whispers called her, had changed his body. Changed him from the inside so that he could survive here, at least, that was what the whispers said. He wasn't so sure he liked the idea of being changed - and just what the hell did she need to change that was up his arse?

Either way.

Apparation was impossible here. The act of slipping between the particles of air and travelling from location to location was impossible in the denser atmosphere; there simply wasn't enough space between the air molecules. If he were desperate enough, and poured enough power in, he probably could punch his way through, but it would hurt and he would most likely splinch himself across half of Pandora. So it looked as though he were hoofin' it.

Great.

The whispers giggled as he rolled his eyes good naturedly and went on his way. He wanted to get to the top of those floating mountains!

They would either be the safest places within fifty miles, or have the best damn view for a hundred. Either way, when he got there, he doubted he would regret it.

---

Three hours later and it didn't feel like he had made any progress towards the floating mountains at all, the Wizard pouted, he was getting hungry and thirsty as well. And his bag was getting in the way.

Sighing in frustration, Harry admitted defeat and cast a feather-light charm on his possessions. With that sorted, he could move a lot more easily, which in turn led him to hunting for water. He knew there was a river around here somewhere, his nose wouldn't lie to him - regardless of the atmosphere here actually smelling of cinnamon, the scent of water was universal.

Ah-ha! There it was.

Prowling to the water's edge, Harry peered around carefully for any sign of a predator that may think he looked like something tasty. A few really BIG bugs, an odd deer like creature that was blue in colour, quite a pretty thing now that he looked a little more carefully, some off ugly brown lizard like things with spots of orange glinting at the edges of its body. But nothing that looked as though it wouldn't have minded a Harry sandwich.

Moving quickly and carefully, Harry slipped to the water's edge and dug out his water canteen - there was no fucking way he was putting his head down and his arse up to grab a drink in a place like this. The whispers in the back of his head hummed with approval at the thought as he continued to check and double check his surroundings before capping his water and moving away from the river.

Nothing was creeping up on him, but at the same time, he wasn't entirely sure about where he was and whether or not he was heading in the right direction to reach the flying Mountains. Call it childish but he really, really wanted to see those things up close. He huffed and eyed the tree next to him; it was massive, easily about as wide as the Dursley's whole house and twice as high as Hogwarts, covered with ivy or a plant that resembled ivy. Harry gave it a very long considering look as he took a sip from his canteen.

Chances were, the canopy was safer than the forest floor, less in the way of big predators unless they were of the flying kind - and Harry knew flying creatures quite well, he would probably be safer avoiding them than any other kind of Alien Monster intent on cracking his skull

open and having brains for breakfast cereal. He grinned to himself as he stowed his canteen away. He had a tree to climb.

Kicking off his shoes, he tied the laces together and slung them around his neck as he scampered up the massive tree roots, nimble little hands and feet finding purchase on the rough bark that larger predators would not have. He felt rather a bit like a squirrel if he was entirely honest and the thought brought a smile to his lips as he imagined what it would feel like to leap from tree to tree as they did. He wasn't nearly as agile as they were though, still, it was easier to climb the tree than he had been expecting, he felt lighter on a whole, as if a weight he hadn't even been aware of was lifted from his back.

Probably the feather-light charm.

It took him a while to reach the top of the tree, settling into a thick bough, he pulled out his canteen and took a well deserved mouthful

of the crisp clean water. He had never tasted water so pure if he was completely honest, it was almost painful, this whole planet was so clean, so free of any kind of Muggle taint that could poison it. It felt like he had stepped into Eden.

Maybe he really had died and gone to heaven.

He snorted and shoved his canteen back into his bag, if this were heaven, where were his wings? If he died and didn't get any wings with which to fly he would be very disappointed. He leaned back lazily against the wood of the tree, basking in the slight breeze that drifted across his skin, cooling the sweat that had formed during his climb - it was easier than he expected but it was still no walk through the park. The sun overhead warmed him and he listened happily to the sounds of the forest around him, it had been too long since he had heard something that wasn't Muggle or industrial.

And then it went silent.

Green eyes snapped open as a dark shadow lunged down at him.

He dove forward, leaving his precious backpack in the tree as he rolled head first over the edge of the branch, a shriek of thwarted hunger grating on his ears as his fingers latched onto the rough bark. Leaving him dangling several hundred feet in the air by his very fingertips - well, wasn't this a familiar feeling. One that certainly was \_not\_ missed since his first Quidditch Game.

The creature lunged at him again with a shriek and Harry had a few seconds to realise that it was roughly the three times the size of Buckbeak before his body moved on instinct and he managed to swing himself back onto the tree branch.

No time to grab his bag.

He pegged it.

Racing across the tree branches refusing to look down at the winged creature that chased him from beneath as he went higher and higher and higher through the trees. Leaping, swinging and crawling a terrifying gauntlet of survival as the creature's hooked talons gouged into the wood and glass coloured dagger like teeth - each as large as long as his finger - tried to tear chunks of meat from his body.

Instinct told him to jump - so he did.

Throwing his body from the tree tops as glass fangs snapped at the wood where his feet had been a split second before.

Harry plummeted, his heart beating too quickly for him to even formulate a scream of terror as he landed roughly on a large green leaf.

Rolling weakly from the large object and onto another leaf, like some bizarre game of ping-pong he rolled from leaf to leaf until he landed on a giant mushroom. It smelt warm and musty and familiar as he just lay on the fleshy table-like plant. Trying to catch his breath as the creature shrieked in impotent fury above.



"Well," he gasped, slowly levering himself up to stare at the world above, "That was more fun than I'd ever like to have again," he muttered, and upon hearing the giggling in the back of his head, he knew that he would probably find himself in this position quite often.

He sighed heavily and crossed his legs.

He had no idea where he was and he had been so focused on just getting away and surviving that he never gave a thought to his backpack, which he left behind.

Time to get it back.

Even with the thicker air, a Summoning Charm should still be able to bring a feather-light sack to his hands. Taking a deep breath he turned his focus inwards to his Magical core, bright and strong and young, the flame greeted him with a gentle pulse, and he breathed deep, the pulsing of his Magic moving in time with his heart as it grew bigger and bigger.

He stretched his hands out in front of him and released the magic, pushing it through his breath and into his words. Wandless magic was not beyond Witches and Wizards; it just required a lot more focus than they were willing to give due to the Muggle influences in their lives and culture. Why bother with focus when a swish and a flick could gain the same results, but much faster?

"\_Accio Backpack\_," he intoned, feeling his voice resonate with Magic.

The warmth of the spell tapered off but he remained with his arms outstretched, concentrating as he felt the threads of magic that he sent out for his Bag began to return. His core pulling the desired objects to him, fighting against the ambient Magic and the thickness of the air itself as it flew lazily towards his outstretched arms.

Catching the bag, he checked to make sure it hadn't come to any damage in the short time they had been separated, only to find a

little brown lizard with orange highlights clinging to it in shock and horror. Feeling sorry for the creature, Harry reached out to untangle it from his bag and set it down in the undergrowth when the long stick that ran down its spine snapped open.

Unfurling and lighting up in shades of orange, pink and red, unfolding like a Chinese fan and spinning away on the thick air like a feather in a breeze. Enchanted, Harry found himself unable to tear his eyes away from the sight.

The fan-lizard drifted away on the wind, leaving Harry with his bag and bruises suddenly feeling... \_alive\_.

He laughed and yanked his bag back on, mouth widening into a feral grin as he launched himself at the nearest tree, bare feet and fingers gripping the rough bark as he began to climb in earnest. He had lost his shoes running but that hardly mattered, he didn't care.

Look out Pandora, here comes Harry Potter.

---

It had been three months since Harry had first landed amidst the fantastic plants and animals of his new home, it had been a hard trial getting to where he was now, with triumphs and many slip ups - the most prominent of which being the scars on his left leg where he got into a tangle with a Panther the size of an Acromantula and just as mean. Most humans would be lucky to escape alive, Harry was pissed off because that over grown House Cat stole his fucking dinner!

He had taken up residence in the floating Mountains as, despite the Wyvern like creatures and the large tentacle clouds, it really did not have as much in the way of predators as the ground. It had some fairly good plants he could forage for food - some of which he could not, and then he learned through experience and bad luck. It would take him roughly an hour to get back down to forest level where he could go hunting for food, thankfully though, the mists that rained upon each of the Mountains gave him enough water to survive and

he had witnessed the Wyverns eating the odd egg shaped blue plants that grew on the stone floors. In the beginning, he thought they were perhaps the Wyvern's eggs, until he witnessed one lay a clutch of her own and realised that the glowing blue things were in fact plants. Plants that were oddly salty if he could describe their taste as anything.

He had made his home in the roots of a huge tree, some kind of burrowing creature had created a hovel before his arrival and the lack of tracks and smells or other identifying markers said that it was long since abandoned. A little bit of transfiguration and he had quite the nice little home, some creativity regarding some of the plants he had found and he wanted for nothing, his belongings were set carefully throughout his home which was more than large enough to accommodate him - all the animals here were massive. Even some of the insects were bigger than his head.

He had forgone shoes long ago, finding it both easier and quicker if he just stuck to barefoot - he ended up having to do a lot of climbing and he needed his toes for better grip. His nails were broken and ragged, his hands and arms were scratched up, he was absolutely filthy, and he loved every minute of it. Even when he had to go running for his life from the Wyverns.

His body had come to adapt to this life, it had to or he would die. He was faster, more agile, his balance which had already been a thing of beauty was practically inhuman now, he was stronger too, capable of lifting things he hadn't a hope of doing so before now. This was his home and he felt the Mother purr in the back of his head whenever he found something new that amazed and fascinated him, he would throw question after question at her in his excitement but she never answered, just sent feelings of fond amusement to him. Unable to speak because their tongues were different and his mind was not open to her.

But the nights were hard, beautiful though they were, they still brought with them nightmares and ghosts of the past. Harry's sleep was troubled and broken, he woke often and in distress before he

forced himself back to sleep, only to repeat the process not even an hour later as his mind cruelly replayed the memories of the Purges and cried out in agony.

The Mother tried her best to sooth him but whenever her consciousness drew near to the New Life between her leaves he drew away in fear of her, subconscious or conscious, he was a Child whose Mother had turned on him. And her heart ached because she witnessed why. His pain shuddered and echoed across her like a thing alive and she knew that his pain affected her Blessed, the People could feel it resonate within their gentle souls. And they mourned with him.

The New Lives her own Blessed called the Sky People had destroyed a Mother before her, driven her to the point of turning on her Blessed, on her children. And suddenly, the sore, the place of pain and silence and cold took on a much more sinister impression and her own fear began to grow. New Life never knew his memories played for her to witness, his turmoil was clear as the Father in the sky to her. She never wished to be a figure of such fear to her Blessed as his Mother had become to him.

She would not allow it. The Sky People were not to be trusted. Or more than just green eyes would fill with tears of pain and anguish.

Eywa swelled with intent.

This tumour \_did - not - belong!\_

---

Bit of a separate POV at the end, writing as a Planet is difficult. You're trying to personify

something that is so beyond human nature and understanding that it's impossible. I hope I didn't mangle her too badly. I'm trying to make a parallel to Gaia here but show that Eywa is older and wiser than the younger Planet.

**\*\*She won't be making the same mistakes. \*\***

**\*\*Now, Harry doesn't know the names of anything or anyone. He doesn't even know the Na'vi exist - which shall be amusing for when he finally meets them. Which won't be for another Chapter I don't think. I have perhaps two more things to set up before I allow him to run into one of his neighbours with... interesting results.\*\***

**\*\*I have plans for this, yes.\*\*FollowVergil\*\* I did say Harry would get anally raped by a tree, didn't I? 8DDD \*\***

And to you

**\*\*The reason why will be explained in the future. \*\***

# Chapter 5

## 4. Chapter 4

**\*\*FIREFLY\*\***

**\*\*Chapter Four\*\***

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**\*\*Note - please read:\*\*** Some people have asked me a few questions which I feel everyone should hear the answers to. Firstly, \_Harry getting an Avatar\_ - not going to happen. \_M-preg\_ - \_seriously\_ not going to happen, if there are fans of it out there I apologise but it's not my cup of tea. \_The state of the Earth in Firefly as opposed to AVATAR\_ - recently released extra footage shows the Earth isn't as in a bad a shape as I depicted it. Please ignore this. I'm working from the original Project 880 scripts as well as the first release of AVATAR along with the Wikia information, they paint Earth's state in a rather grim light which works better with my story than the new information. \_Timeline\_ - will be explained in this chapter.

**\*\*Thank you for reading; I hope this answers your questions. Enjoy the next chapter.\*\***

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Last time:

\_She never wished to be a figure of such fear to her Blessed as his Mother had become to him.\_

\_She would not allow it. The Sky People were not to be trusted. Or more than just green eyes would fill with tears of pain and anguish.\_

\_Eywa swelled with intent.\_

\_This tumour\_ did - not - belong!

---

And now:

"This is getting us nowhere," the mousy brown haired man bemoaned, running soft pink fingers lightly fuzzed with blond hairs through his thinning hair. He pulled a face as the gun turrets clattered again and several shrieks were heard from the forest line, "It's like the whole forest's suddenly gone berserk," he complained, sounding frazzled.

"It's just a bad area. My men can handle it," the older man stated dismissively, as different as night was to day in comparison to the brown haired man in his neat blue shirt and expensive wrist watch, baby soft hands and charismatic smile.

Parker Selfridge sighed, chewing his tongue and looking out the window over Hell's Gate. When he had been put in charge of the Pandora Project he had been ecstatic, over the moon, he was practically the saviour of humanity for this! His name would go down in History books as the man who gave the people Unobtainium, who discovered the cure to Cancer, the Common Cold, Lupus and so many other illnesses that had plagued Humanity since the dawn of civilisation. Even Bird Flu fell before the might of the Pandorian antibiotics they were producing. Not only that, but with people paying out of the nose for just a \_kilo\_ of the super conductive metal ore he was eking out of the ground - twenty million, twenty million a kilo, he couldn't hold twenty million dollars in his hand, he could swim in it certainly and he fully intended to when he rotated back to Earth for some R and R because he was \_freaking \_rich\_ beyond imagination!

"Well, what do we do? There's only so many times we can rebuild the wall or repair the diggers," the brunet pointed out desperately.

In comparison to Selfridge, Miles Quaritch couldn't have been more different. Standing a head above the Head Administrator, he was a powerfully muscled man with short cropped iron grey hair and piercing blue eyes, a set of three parallel scars, still angry and red, from his close shave with a Thanator, curling around his skull. His skin was tanned to a warm caramel and patterned with scars from

his brushes with death upon the jungle moon, he wore each and every one of them like a badge of pride, behaving more like a Na'vi warrior than he knew - and Doctor Augustine wasn't too keen on informing him of that little fact either, she would rather avoid the Testosterone hyped G.I. JOE to be completely honest. When the head of the Marines and the head of the Scientists butted heads, it was quite the spectacle for those watching. Some Marines had even begun a betting pool as to whether or not Quaritch would either shoot Doctor Augustine, or fuck her until her brain fell out.

"We widen the kill line. Get more guns, more men, more firepower in here." Selfridge looked stressed at this suggestion.

"And where do we get the funding for this?" he demanded, "With the diggers down we aren't getting a return on the Unobtainium."

Quaritch shrugged a shoulder, "Cut the science budget, I don't care. You want the problem solved? This is how to solve it. Widen the kill line. Give us more space to move and less for them to hide in. Bigger guns mean faster kills and less damage to the equipment."

The Administrator looked pained but even he could see the logic in the scarred Marine's words, he ruffled the back of his hair and grumbled, he was going to get it in the fucking neck from Augustine for this. The woman would be breathing fucking \_fire\_ when she found out her budget had been cut. Again.

"Alright. I'll put the order in with the Return voyage. We'll get them on the next shipment." Quaritch nodded, face stoic but there was an ever so slightly smug tilt to his lips which only made Selfridge shake his head and smile wryly in return. The money they could get from the Unobtainium shipments would be more than enough to balance her budget \_at a later date\_, for now, the security of the Mines and the Base was more important than her puppet-act with the Natives. Speaking of the puppet act.

"How goes things with the Sully brothers?" he asked abruptly. He didn't know all the details, but he did know that Augustine was



practically creaming her panties about some Biologist, Tom Sully, who was pegged to join them at the next shipping. The addition of another Squint wasn't something that either Selfridge or Quaritch were celebrating but the Marine was aware of the fact that this Sully guy had a brother, a brother who was a \_Marine\_, a twin brother with an \_identical\_ genome. Now \_that\_ was something they were interested in.

Production of Tom Sully's Avatar had already begun, the question was, how did they convince the Squint to back down and the Marine to step up?

Quaritch smirked, "Sorted. Jake Sully should already be on a ship heading out here."

Selfridge nodded, he didn't ask how or what was done to make Tom Sully back down and Jake Sully step up - judging by the ghoulish grin on Quaritch's face it was just something that would make him queasy. Better not to know.

"\_Parker!\_" a female voice barked and it was all the Administrator could do not to groan in frustration as an incensed Grace Augustine marched over to him with all the menace of a pissed off Hammerhead.

Quaritch smirked at him, "I'll leave you two alone," he said, leaving the room.

Selfridge scowled at him, coward.

---

The trees were calm and the Great Mother soothed her mental demons as she sought solace within their boughs. Neytiri closed her lemur-like golden eyes as she basked in the sunlight and the peace that \_Eywa\_ gave her, distantly she could hear the laughter of children from Grace's school and felt her lips twitch into a smile despite herself.

The sleep of her mother, of Tsahik, had been troubled of late.

Dreams of a world filled with Sky People, their Mother crying out in pain and anguish as the Sky People hunted and killed her Blessed Children. Green eyes that filled with tears of pain and fear as the Mother, in her pain and anger and insanity, turned against herself and the last of her Blessed. Her mother would cry in her sleep and the Great Mother would sob with her.

Neytiri saw it as well and she was not sure if she should be pleased with this proof of her claim to become Tsahik after her mother or curse it for the sadness she felt in her heart for the one with Green Eyes.

Already she felt herself watching the Sky People with worry, they had killed their Mother, turned upon their Blessed, and now they tore open her Great Mother, like a tick, a parasite, they took from her flesh that which they had no right to. And it scared her because as before, she felt acceptance and frustrated tolerance of the pain from the Great Mother, now, she felt Anger and Rejection from her. Their Mother \_Eywa\_ sought to be rid of these Sky People with such a vehemence that it frightened her.

This vehemence was only echoed by Tsu'tey, her Intended.

Almost reluctantly, she found her thoughts lingering on him, on his hatred of the Sky People. It was so powerful, powerful enough to cloud his Vision, he could not See through his hatred of them to actually see his enemies. She sighed, disappointedly, he was too proud at the best of times.

No, she should not think ill of her Intended. Neytiri opened her eyes, feeling guilt as it nipped at her insides, the Na'vi slowly got to her feet and leapt from the tree, landing lightly in the knee high grasses. She needed to distract herself from such uncharitable thoughts, perhaps she should ask Grace about the things she saw in her dreams?

She wished to know more about the Not Sky People that Green Eyes belonged to.

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With absolutely no idea just how badly he had stirred the majority of the Planet's inhabitants to rabid fury against the Muggles, Harry was trying to calm a thrashing Wyvern so he could heal the stubborn creature's torn wing.

He was quite the handsome beast, large golden eyes - currently narrowed on him promising retribution for his current indignity, powerful jaws which had been tied shut using a sticky vine, his wings were large and narrow with thick muscle that heaved and strained against the Full Body Bind Curse Harry had placed over it while he worked on the damaged wing. His metallic hide was a warm coffee colour with orange, blue and green markings, the occasional lash of silvery pink and florescent violet catching the light almost like fish scales.

"Hold still, dumb beast," Harry snapped to the creature, it was straining against the Body Bind and succeeding in thrashing very slightly, almost pulling the ripped membranes from Harry's fingers.

This injury was caused by a lot of bullets being fired very quickly while he was flying.

Harry sighed; he was well versed in healing bullet wounds

thanks to the Purge. Thankfully, he wouldn't have to summon the shrapnel from the wounds because this had been a clean through and through, the panicked thrashing and flight to get to safety had been what tore the wing open.

He had stumbled across the injured creature while on his way back from fishing, it took him three hours before he'd bagged himself the baddest bitch in the pond. Tired and pleased with his success, Harry had headed back home only to come across the creature. The Wyvern had been flailing around weakly on the cliff edge, calling for

his companions or whatever, when the Wizard came across him. Instead of the companions it wanted, the flying menace ended up with Harry who wasn't about to deal with his tantrum and promptly froze him into place so he could heal the damage without getting a chunk of his ass ripped out.

"\_Episkey\_," he intoned softly, pressing Healing magic into the great rents within the wing membrane. Carefully, Harry directed his magic to knit the tears back together and rejuvenate the burned flesh and scales.

Eventually, the injury healed, leaving Harry tired and drained.

When he opened his eyes, he certainly wasn't expecting to come face to face with the creature. He yelped and toppled backwards, half expecting dagger-like teeth to sink into his body. The Binding must have come free while he was healing the creature.

It nudged him then, \_hard\_, crooning happily.

Oh fuck, Harry groaned and shoved it away, gratitude was all well and good but he was getting the sinking sensation that this was going to come back and bite him in the arse - literally and figuratively. The Wyvern nickered - it was the closest thing he could say that described the odd hiccupping chatter the creature made - and shook itself, nudging against him again and almost knocking him back to the ground.

"Yes, that's nice. Great. Go away," the Wizard told it as he got to his feet, roughly dusting himself free of filth. The Wyvern crooned again and chattered, obviously refusing to do as he was told.

Harry was going to have to sacrifice some of his dinner to deal with this.

Grabbing his Bitch-Fish, he hauled the thing out of the bushes and into the light, it looked rather a little like a brown and red beetle with handlebars sticking out of its head. It was a metre long and about

half a metre wide with a bloody maw filled with razor sharp teeth, it was a pain in the ass to hunt and kill and Harry wouldn't be doing it very often \_that\_ was for sure.

Levering off the thick plates of armour with his knife, Harry carved out a chunk of the fish roughly the size of his forearm, the greasy pulpy pink-white flesh weighing down his hand as he glanced to the Wyvern, its golden eyes glued to the metre long fish.

He lobbed the freshly cut chunk to the side and watched in amusement as the brown beast lunged after it with a shriek of triumph. He shook his head and gathered up his things, the fish slung over one shoulder and a basket of fruits and plants on the other - now containing the removed armour of the fish. He took his leave then, beginning the long slog back to his little house along the treacherous roots that linked each of the floating mountains together.

He was about half way across when he noticed that he was being followed. Followed by either a very hungry Wyvern or a very grateful one, it waddled after him gamely instead of taking to the skies crooning every now and again when he glanced over his shoulder and spotted it.

It seemed inordinately pleased with itself.

Harry grumbled and continued on his way, maybe if he ignored it, it would go away. But of course it probably wouldn't - just to spite him. He wasn't giving the damn beast any more of his dinner! He worked hard to catch the Bitch-Fish; he was going to bloody enjoy eating it!

---

The Wyvern didn't leave.

After a night of stony silence and eating his food while eyeing the winged creature over the top of the campfire he had given up the ghost, thrown it the remainder of the fish and gone to bed hoping that it would not be there in the morning.

Instead he woke up the next morning to find it curled up, basking in the sunshine like some kind of overgrown feline.

It greeted him in pretty much the same fashion as a cat as well, uncurling and then rubbing itself against his body, Harry almost felt like crying when he realised it was pointedly waiting to be fed. What a greedy bitch! He marched away from the Wyvern, determined to go and have a bath, clean off the sweat and filth from yesterday. The damn thing joined him, splashing him and the like. Against his will, he found himself having more fun during that bath than he'd had in any of the other ones since coming to Pandora.

For the next \_two bloody weeks\_ the damn thing wouldn't leave his side except to fly the occasional lap around the mountain or visit the rookery, he would always come back. Sometimes with food, most often expecting to be \_given\_ food, the greedy pig. Everywhere Harry went it was near-by, by this point he had actually given up trying to get rid of it.

He'd even named the bloody creature - Zeus, as almost everything in this place was named for Greek Mythology and the flying menace was just as arrogant and pompous as the Greek God seemed to be from what History lessons Harry remembered.

At least the Menace liked his new name.

---

Golden eyes narrowed on the tracks left in the mud, small, roughly the size of his hand, five toes, the ball and toe imprints deeper than the heel. He, or she, moved carefully through the brush, quickly but stealthily according to the tracks, either he/she was very confident or very familiar with the location.

The thought made Tsu'tey's blood burn.

Sky People had no right to be in the Sacred Place.

The young Na'vi adjusted his bow across his shoulders, he had passed his test as a Warrior almost vofu - fourteen - turns of the moons ago, he remembered travelling this route to the Ikran Rookeries where he claimed his Partner. It was a difficult fight but the warmth of Tsaheylu made the bruises worth it, the rush of adrenalin from his first flight with his partner more intoxicating than the Dream Hunt he took part in after his journey.

Anger set a low flame in his heart as he traced the little footprints in the thick mud of the riverside, growling under his breath, he turned and marched back to his Horse and mounted. The young Warriors he was leading up to the Thundering Rocks watching him in wary curiosity as he gestured for them to follow.

He would question Grace when he returned with the new Warriors. He did not believe that she would betray them, N'deh had been with her whenever she set foot into their forests, his eyes ever watching of the Dream Walker - though even he was not blind to the growing affection between the Teacher and the Warrior. Neytiri and her sister Sylwanin had giggled like younglings when he questioned them on the wisdom of such a Mating. Apparently, they thought Grace would be good for N'deh and vice versa.

Tsu'tey sneered unhappily and cast his thoughts of the Dream Walker from his mind. The Iknimaya to the Ikran was treacherous, he needed his wits about him lest he join with their Great Mother \_Eywa\_ before his time

He would revisit the matter of the Sky Person in their Sacred Lands at a later time.

---

Muahahaha. (EVIL GRIN)

\*\*I hope I wasn't the only one who thought the \*\*\*\*convenience\*\*\*\* of the RDA getting a Marine without legs in place of a Scientist for something like the Avatar programme was suspicious. Especially

one who could slip into said Scientist's Avatar without having to regrow an entirely new one.\*\*

\*\*Next chapter they should meet. I Promise.\*\*

\*\*Maybe.\*\*

\*\*I dunno. I'm just writing and writing and eventually coming up with some kind of plot. They may meet in the next chapter or Tsu'tey may just get a glimpse of him or another Na'vi entirely may find Harry.\*\*

\*\*I haven't yet decided.\*\*

\*\*Stay tuned to find out what happens though ;D\*\*

\*\*Also, to those of you amused by Harry getting buttraped by a plant... you dirty dirty perverts XDDD I love you all. \*\*

No update this weekend. Next chapter will be posted on Monday.



# Chapter 6

## 5. Chapter 5

**\*\*FIREFLY\*\***

**\*\*Chapter Five\*\***

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Last time:

\_Tsu'tey sneered unhappily and cast his thoughts of the Dream Walker from his mind. The Ikrimaya to the Ikran was treacherous, he needed his wits about him lest he join with their Great Mother \_Eywa\_ before his time\_

\_He would revisit the matter of the Sky Person in their Sacred Lands at a later time.\_

---

And now:

Harry only had a rough idea of how many months he had been living on Pandora now, roughly five he believed, possibly six, he wasn't completely certain. But either way, Zeus had made himself a fixture of Harry's life and while the Wizard had been initially reluctant to have the scaly menace constantly lurking at his shoulder, his presence soon came to be comforting and eventually, during a very close shave with a Wasp-Dragon, they learned to fly together as well.

Harry never thought he would be able to fly again, leaping from tree to tree brought him joy because of how similar the free-fall felt but this... it wasn't like riding a broom or even a Hippogriff, it was exhilarating. Zeus was in no way tame, he wasn't some kind of beast of burden, he was wild and powerful and Harry could feel that in

every fibre of his being during that first flight. It felt almost like their minds had joined in that breathless moment of flight and fight.

They flew often after that, Harry's tiny form clinging to Zeus's neck, his weight not even registering to the powerful creature, the Wizard's legs folded and hooked under his wings, arms stretched out gripping the long tendril-like horns that protruded from the back of the Wyvern's skull. Harry had been fascinated by them, by the small hairy things that extended from the end of them when he applied a slight pressure to the tips, he guessed they were either some kind of reproductive organ or external sensor - kind of like how most of the animals here had more than one set of eyes, perhaps they also had more than one set of ears that heard things on a separate frequency to their other set. He didn't know and nor did he touch them, just in case.

Either way, since he took to flying like a fish to water, nowhere in the Floating Mountains was beyond Harry, which in turn often led him to visiting the Wyvern rookeries. Oddly enough he was welcomed amidst the winged creatures, Zeus happily sunning himself while his Rider explored the mountains, taking care not to disturb the large predators. The Wyverns had been content to ignore him but had taken to him incredibly well, rather like Zeus had, when he had sat down and healed one of the female hatchlings, her tail and back wings deformed while in the shell. Had he not been there, she would have been killed, now though, there was another breeding female and healthy Wyvern in the flock. They welcomed him with open wings from that point on.

Today though, he and Zeus were flying there for a reason other than pleasure.

Another one of the Wyverns had been injured.

This time by one of the Wasp-Dragons. Harry still had no idea what they were called so he continued to refer to them with that term, they were yellow, black and red with green and dark blue slashes of colour, looking rather like an angry hornet with a large black/blue axe

for a head. Its double eyes with sideways pupils rather like a Goat's and a set of finger long dagger teeth, dagger like teeth which had torn a chunk out of a member of the flock.

Leaping from Zeus's back the moment they hit stone, Harry was darting between the crooning Wyverns to where he could smell the strongest reek of blood, incidentally, also where the largest number of the winged creatures had congregated. Ducking under wings, tails and throats, Harry came to the young female's side and winced, her chest was half open and she rasped in pain with every breath.

His abilities to heal had improved lately but no where near enough to heal something of this magnitude!

Still, he had to try at the very least.

He was barely half way through - having managed to stop the bleeding and the onset of shock or infection, he had begun to regrow the flesh when a chorus of territorial shrieks went up amidst the Wyverns and another sound, a sharp distinct sound that was not made from the throat of a creature Harry was familiar with. A kind of '\_Aye-aye\_' trilling call that was more reminiscent of a human than the creatures of Pandora.

Whatever it was though, he didn't have a chance to investigate.

Zeus snarled and whipped around him protectively, ducking under Harry's arms and then lunging for the edge. Forcing the Wizard to cling to his neck or risk dropping to his death.

Harry squawked in alarm as the Wyvern rolled to one side, green eyes catching a glimpse of what looked to be a group of \_blue\_ humans! His breath caught in his lungs as he hooked his legs around Zeus's neck, the Wyvern wheeling away from the Rookery where the strange people were standing. Did they have \_tails\_?

The Mother hummed happily in the back of his head and Harry assumed that they were her Favoured children, like the Magi had

been for Gaia. Still... Zeus had been very determined to make sure Harry was no where near them, did they eat Wyvern?

No, no, he could see another blue person crouched atop a Wyvern swooping towards the group. They rode them in much the same way as he did. So why was Zeus so panicked? His mind couldn't understand the situation, his knowledge of this world was sorely lacking, he had no idea of its history or the relationship between the Blue people and the Muggles.

Hence why \_Eywa\_, who knew her Children better than even they thought she did, had prompted her New Life's Ikran to escape with him, protect him from a hatred neither he, nor her Favoured, were prepared to face just yet.

Now was not the time for her New Life and her Favoured Children to meet.

Soon, yes.

But first the fires of hatred needed to cool.

---

There were people on this Planet.

Harry stewed over this piece of information for the next few days. The female Wyvern he had been seeing to earlier was alright, she would never be as good a flier as she used to be but at least she wasn't grounded for the rest of her life. She was crippled now, easy prey for the Wasp-Dragons but, that was life, sometimes you had to lose yours so that someone else's could be saved.

But thinking about the Wyvern made him think about the blue people he saw earlier, the blue people with the tails who \_had\_ to be roughly twice his height if he was calculating the size differences between himself and Zeus to the people with their own Wyverns. Was it the lower gravity that allowed them to grow so tall? It certainly accounted for Harry's easier time of lugging dead Bitch-Fish out of

the water, had he tried to handle something that big on earth he could probably move it a few inches before collapsing.

The Feather Light Charms helped though.

When it came to hunting, Harry didn't cheat. He caught and killed everything without the aid of magic, no problem. Transportation was another matter. Zeus was his only friend in this place so Harry refused to have him carry his kills like some kind of pack-mule, it was an on going argument between them as the Wyvern was determined to aid his Rider but Harry was just as stubborn as the flying menace not to let him. So, when Harry won those arguments, he would cast a Feather Light Charm on his kill and carry it himself. When he lost, he would be left on the ground swearing at Zeus as the Wyvern flew away, the kill dangling from his jaws - by the time he got home, it would be half eaten and more than a little mutilated, but at least the Wyvern left him half.

That was the thing, without his wand, he needed to concentrate and control the magic. Draw it from his core, focus it, release it and draw it back into himself. Hunting and defending himself meant that he needed that \_split\_ second to react, and he needed a lot more than a split second to use his Magic without a wand these days.

Did the blue people have Magic?

Harry sighed and shook his head, casting the thought aside. He had more important things to worry about. He had been here all of five to six months and not seen them; obviously this area was sparsely populated, so he doubted if he would see them again. What he had to worry about now was winter, monsoon season and his clothes falling apart.

Whether or not there even \_was\_ a Monsoon season he didn't know, but he was going to prepare for it anyway, this was a jungle - chances were there was most likely a monsoon season. Which worried him because he was currently living on a \_floating mountain\_. Winter hopefully wouldn't be so bad, it would probably

get a little chillier but beyond putting on extra clothing layers he doubted if it would affect him much.

As for the clothing issue, he tried to take care of his clothing, but jungle rot was more insidious than he first assumed. Harry cleaned his clothes and hung them out to dry but slowly they became more and more threadbare and worn until his trousers were quite literally falling apart at the seams. He had already fashioned himself some arm-guards out of his Bitch-Fish's scales, the rest he was carefully stringing together into a crude kind of door to cover the entrance of his home for when the rains and winds got bad. He didn't want mould creeping into his belongings.

He wondered if the blue people had clothes or fabric they would be willing to trade with him for.

Harry hummed, it might be an idea, he didn't know if they spoke the same language though and they might be hostile of a strangely coloured outsider appearing in their midst. He wouldn't know unless he tried but... he chewed on his lower lip, there were Muggles on this planet, near-by if the fact that Zeus was able to get up here while so injured was any indication. Chances were the Blue People had met with them, and if Harry's own experiences with

Muggles and the left over echoes of Gaia's knowledge had anything to say about it, chances were the encounter was probably hostile.

Would the Blue Folk even consider allowing him to speak? Or would they try to kill him at first sight?

"What do you think, Zeus?" he asked the Wyvern, golden eyes peered at him from under a folded wing before he snorted and rolled over, facing away. Harry shook his head, a wry smile crossing his lips, "I'll take that as a no," he muttered before kicking a spray of dirt into the fire - extinguishing it.

He eyed the night sky as his eyes slowly adjusted to the bioluminescence of the forest around him, those clouds looked

rather ominous, "Rain. C'mon Zeus. We're sleeping inside tonight."

Nickering irritably at his human, Zeus clambered to his feet and waddled past him into the den, he curled up on a soft bed of large round electric blue fuzzy leaves, known to the Muggles as Cheadle and the Na'vi as Eanean. Harry just called them damn comfortable and harvested enough to make a bed for himself and for Zeus - making sure not to take too many of them from any particular site.

It was probably a good thing they went inside when they did, outside, a lone Na'vi Hunter swooped through the Thundering Rocks, golden eyes sharp on the world around him as he looked for the Sky Person who desecrated the Sacred Place.

Tsu'tey was going to kill the intruder, and throw their heads into the Earth Wound for the other Sky People to see.

---

Like most Earth Children, Harry had heard the phrase '\_Curiosity killed the cat\_'. He was however, one of the few who knew the rest of the phrase, that being '\_But satisfaction brought it back\_'. Which probably accounted for his incredibly bad day, he reflected feverishly.

It had started as it usually did, Zeus slinking out to go and make eyes at the pretty She-Wyvern that sometimes flew in their direction, Harry feeling like he hadn't slept for a week dragging himself up as well and staggering to the nearest stream where he promptly fell in face first and woke up. God that water was \_cold\_. He washed, drank and squelched back to the den where he grabbed at his shorts - not even bothering to put a shirt on because it looked like the day was going to be quite warm again. His breakfast comprised of an Alien Banana and a few other things plus his first attempt at making bread.

He had found some seeds that he ground up for experimentation's sake, mixed it with a little water and shaped it, wrapped it in the skin of his Alien Banana and baked it. He wasn't sure how it would taste, or if it would give him food poisoning, but he was surprisingly keen

on finding out. He missed bread. He missed a lot of things like pizza, Sheppard's pie, \_chocolate \_- he could kill for a Mars Bar, hell, he would ritually slaughter a small child for a Treacle Tart (he wouldn't but he definitely entertained the thought). The bread ended up tasting fairly all right, a bit like a mixture of hazelnuts and walnuts with a sweet after taste from the Banana Skin. He would have to make it again.

After that, he decided to go exploring outside the Valley of the Flying Mountains.

He was curious about seeing the rest of this world.

Taking his knife and slipping it into a holster he made out of a strange leathery like tough plant, he strapped it to one leg and set off, leaving Zeus curled up on the cliff with the silvery coloured female he had been fluttering around for the past week. Harry did not want to see them getting it on, he really didn't. Besides, he needed the exercise, Zeus was going to make him fat if he kept ferrying him from place to place.

This place was incredible, even now, several months after arriving, Harry found himself falling in love with it every day, again and again, with every new thing he discovered and new sight he saw. And he could feel the Mother's happiness in the back of his mind, sometimes prompting him to just grin stupidly at nothing, he felt \_alive\_ in a way he never had been on Earth. Those ancient primordial instincts that his easy modern life had put to rest were back and now he felt \_awake\_ for the first time in his life.

So far the morning had been going well, he reached the river and followed it towards the cliffs where a magnificent waterfall cast rainbows through the thick atmosphere, now that he knew there were people near-by, he could also see the well concealed path that zigzagged up the cliff-face. Almost invisible but undeniably there. He scaled the cliff quickly, his tanned skin blending in against the sun-bleached cliff face and hiding him from the eyes of observing



predators, such as a near by Wasp-Dragon on the look out for some tasty morsel to start his morning with.

The view from the top of the cliff was incredible. Harry spent a few minutes just taking in the natural wonders of the Floating Valley before the distant roar of some beast shook him out of his awe-inspired amazement.

The forest outside the Valley wasn't much different to within it, the trees were definitely larger and there were less of the flying Pink Gas sacks with the tentacles, he called them Gilroys, in honour of Gilderoy Lockhart and his over inflated head, pink robes and slimy manner, and a lot more massive land-based predators. He also noticed some strange footprints in the mud and loose earth.

They looked like human feet, several times bigger, with a flat sole - they had no foot arches, and only four toes, one of which was shaped oddly and dug into the earth. Opposable toes? Like a monkey? How fascinating! He wanted to meet them, see for himself how different they were. Were there other kinds of humanoids as well? Like Gaia had both Magi, Goblins, Giants, Veela, Merfolk, Trolls, Hags - curiosity was driving him wild.

He hunkered down and began to follow the tracks - the tiny subtle signs of another being's passing.

Harry never expected to find a log cabin built on stilts.

He blinked and sat down, legs folded beneath him in sheer bewilderment at the unusual sight. Just a random building, plonked in the middle of the forest, a dirt path lading to somewhere else, it even had a flight of stairs leading up on some kind of porch-like veranda. He just couldn't wrap his brain around what he was seeing.

What was more - he could hear \_English\_ being spoken inside.

Why the hell would aliens be speaking English? It was hardly a universal language. Hell, it was made of several languages thrown

together. If Harry could compare English to anything it would be the mugger's language, it follows other languages down alley-ways and beats them up before rifling through their pockets for spare vocabulary - at least that was what Hermione said about it.

He shook his head in disbelief and silently hopped to his feet, still crouched in the undergrowth, if there was someone speaking English then there was a Muggle in that building. Harry's stomach curled in on itself in trepidation. He wanted to get a better look at the blue people from earlier, but at the same time, he was scared of going anywhere near a Muggle again. It had been an exercise in sheer will not to freak out whenever he had been around Muggles on Earth, the Purge had left very deep scars on his psyche and now with the knowledge Gaia had accidentally bestowed upon him, those scars were deeper than ever. Instinctive now. Genetic.

He had probably been sat there for too long, lost in memories and shaking in fear because the next thing he knew someone was behind him and a long, wiry blue arm with almost water-colour like dark blue tiger stripes patterns banded under his arms, across his chest and heaved him into the air like a child. Several feet up to a point where his toes were a good metre and a bit above the ground, considering the height of the blue skinned individual, he probably was child sized in comparison.

Harry yelped in panic, trying to pry the arm off him as the blue skinned being - who smelled quite pleasantly of earth, plants and a little like spices - marched him towards the building. Calling for someone called '\_Grace\_'.

Several little blue faces with large lemur-like gold and green eyes appeared at the window and door, all children with thick dark brown-black hair and white freckles on their faces, full-pouty lips pulled back in expressions of curiosity, fear and anger, Harry noted that they had rather enlarged canines a bit like a Vampire or a cat's.

Those observations came to a stuttering halt when a blue skinned woman in a pair of khaki shorts, boots and a red top, appeared, a

small necklace around her elegant throat and four sets of braids hanging down in front of her oddly horse-shaped ears.

His heart stopped and all the blood drained from his face as the instincts of the Magi who had been dormant on Pandora roared to life with an almost physical force, screaming at him with the echoes of Gaia's fear and pain, drowning out the whispers of \_Eywa\_ that tried to calm him. Green eyes went wide and his flailing limbs seized where he was trying to pry the blue person's arm off him. He began to shake.

\_Muggle\_.

---

Grace was looking at a Scientific impossibility.

Not even five minutes ago she had been teaching her students, the young Na'vi children, about the animals on Earth and how they were different and yet similar to the ones on Pandora. They were loving all the pictures she showed them of the exotic and furry creatures, she was explaining about the long extinct Magical Creatures following a question from Neytiri when she heard N'deh calling her name outside.

Immediately all her students had abandoned their seats and rushed to the windows, and her heart sank when she heard one of them squeal about a Sky Person. She had been expecting some Jar-head with a gun throwing a tantrum at N'deh when she'd appeared at the door. She hadn't been expecting a \_kid\_.

He couldn't have been much older than

eighteen or twenty, he was hooked over N'deh's arm and pinned against the Hunter's chest - the Na'vi looked a little perplexed but not hostile as the teenager squirmed like an upset cat against him, trying to pry his arm off. He couldn't have been much higher than 5'5" in height, he went shirtless and shoeless, a knife strapped to one leg in a crude sheath fashioned out of Canalyd - something the Na'vi called

Tstxa'a. His body was lean and corded with muscle and a few scars which she identified as belong to a Thanator of all things judging by the size and shape. His hair was wild and long, just brushing the skin below his jaw in thick black strands, he wore a pair of shorts that looked as though they had seen better days. His bare feet were absolutely filthy along with his hands, knees and elbows. But it was his eyes that caught her out, such a clear shade of bottle green.

She heard Neytiri's sharp intake of breath and the deep snarl of anger that came from Tsu'tey but she didn't pay them any attention as the human caught sight of her and froze, all the colour draining from his skin and his eyes dilating to pinpricks. Grace drew back, uncertain of how to react to the expression of abject terror that blossomed onto the teenager's face.

Then she realised.

He wasn't wearing an Exo-pack.

The boy began to thrash in earnest now, his eyes stuck to her as he began to kick and claw at N'deh's arm, trying to get free as he hyperventilated. The Hunter pulled a face and tightened his grip on the boy's chest, making him gasp and choke as his lungs were squeezed.

"\_N'deh, be careful! You're suffocating him!\_" the Scientist exclaimed in Na'vi, leaping forward to break the two apart.

Bad idea.

The second she moved towards them, the teenager freaked out and kicked out at her with a yell of fright causing N'deh to stumble forward slightly - later on Grace would realise how big of a significance this was, it meant the teenager was a lot more physically powerful than any human and more on par with a Na'vi.

"Get away! Get away, Muggle!" the boy yelled, kicking out at her in blind panic while the Warrior struggled to prevent him from escaping.

Grace jerked backwards at his violent reaction and she was peripherally aware of Tsu'tey and Neytiri leaping from the windows of the school building.

N'deh squawked with pain as the teenager reached behind his thin waist and grabbed his Queue - pulling it hard. The Na'vi bent backwards trying to relieve the pain and the human rolled backwards, legs flipping up and arms going straight, allowing him to slip out of the Warrior's grasp, Tsu'tey drew his bow while Neytiri tried to grab him - stop him from shooting the Green Eyed Not Sky Person she had seen in her dreams.

Harry used the blue person's shoulder as a launch-pad, throwing himself onto the roof of the school and over a rather large arrow that almost found its bull's eye in his bellybutton.

He didn't think. He just ran.

The air burned like fire in his lungs as he ran as hard and as fast as he could, it was almost as if he were running into the wind due to the denser air, he could hear shouting and the sound of pursuing footsteps behind him. He didn't stop to look, just bowed his head and poured every ounce of strength and speed into escape. He'd survived the Purges, he's survived the streets of a dead Planet, he had survived the Second Rise of Voldemort - he was not going to die here, now, he refused to die.

He could hear the Native snarling at him, it was the younger one, the one who tried to shoot him earlier.

Tsu'tey had darted after the Sky Person the moment he escaped N'deh's grasp, the Demon moved far more swiftly than any other of his kind and with a lot more familiarity through the trees - which only cemented his belief that this was the Demon who desecrated their Sacred Grounds! The little Sky Person launched himself up a tree, bare hands and feet getting purchase in the thick bark, Tsu'tey snarled furiously, he was not allowing this Demon to escape!

Swift fingers unslung his bow, a blue fletched arrow already being lined up against a pink back only to pause, a moment before release.

A single Atokirina, a seed from the Sacred Tree, drifted across his line of sight, silvery white tendrils floating gently.

Golden eyes narrowed, and he adjusted his aim. He could not shoot through one of the seeds of the Sacred Tree, he would not dare betray \_Eywa \_so.

\_There!\_

He released the arrow with a shrill of cry of glee as the Demon scampered across a tree-branch, well clear of the Atokirina.

Harry stumbled with a curse, his foot slipping from the tree branch he was running on, his side burned and the Wizard tumbled to the forest floor below with a hard \_THUD\_. He rolled and skidded back to his feet, knife wrenched free from its sheath as he crouched on the ground, the blue skinned Native dropping down in front of him, lips curled back into a victorious snarl.

Harry bared his teeth and snarled right back at the lion-faced bastard.

Tsu'tey hissed at the defiant action, pulling his own knife from its sheath, if this Demon wished to fight honourably then he would acknowledge him - even though Demons did not deserve such a death.

The Wizard pressed a hand against the tear in his side, it wasn't deep but it was still fairly bad, that bastard had scraped him with his arrow, if Harry hadn't stumbled when he did then he was fairly sure he would have taken it in the spine. Already he could feel the edges of the wound burning and tingling unpleasantly. Poisoned arrows, \_fucker!\_

The two began to circle each other, knives held at the ready, green and gold clashing as they waited for the other one to make the first move.

"\_Ma Tsu'tey!\_" a female voice called, making the Na'vi twitch slightly and Harry's eyes narrow in preparation.

The human could feel his temperature getting higher and higher as the poison took its toll on him, he was going to faint soon, damn, no wonder this bastard seemed so ready to fight him in hand to hand, he was just \_waiting\_ for the poison to take affect and put him under. What a fucking \_coward!\_

A light breeze swept between them, bringing with it a floating white seed.

Harry paused, seeing the little white seed, those things... they didn't just drift \_anywhere\_, he had seen them flying against the wind, distantly, in the back of his still clamouring mind, he could hear the Mother crooning to him. The seed looked a little like a silvery white jellyfish, beautiful in how fragile and pure it seemed to be, he could \_feel\_ something emanating from the little floating seed. The Native seemed to be transfixed with it as well.

Harry sighed and stowed his knife away, he wasn't a spiritual person by any stretch of the imagination, but even he knew a sign from the Mother when he saw one. He couldn't identify \_what\_ he could sense from it, but it felt similar to the Mother, and if she was standing between their fight then obviously she did not wish them to cross blades. Harry didn't think he would have been much of a match anyway in his current state, already his vision was beginning to blur and his face feel too hot and his skull too small.

Tsu'tey paused, another Atokirina drifting between them, floating harmlessly, almost beseechingly in front of him. For a moment he could imagine that the Great Mother was trying to tell him to kill the Demon for her sake, because it was her will but... But then the

Demon sighed and sheathed his knife, standing straight and giving him a slight nod before turning and walking away.

Surely his eyes were deceiving him.

None of the Sky People, not even Grace, had believed or heeded any of \_Eywa\_'s signs, they didn't understand them but he... this one... the one who moved as though he were one of the People, the one who panicked when Grace, a Demon in a False Skin, came too close... A demon who was still alive after being struck with one of his Arrows.

Tsu'tey didn't know what to think, already he could hear Neytiri approaching and flicked his ears with indecision, tail swaying thoughtfully.

Atokirina floated lazily in the same direction as the Demon had gone and the young Na'vi followed, ducking under the seed to chase after the Demon's trail, the Sky Person was moving slowly, stumbling slightly. The poison was working, but not nearly fast enough to kill him, it would be a torturous death - Tsu'tey couldn't help the smirk of pleasure at the thought of the Demon dying in agony, the same agony they inflicted upon the Great Mother.

He tensed slightly and darted behind a tree, the familiar cry of an Ikran reaching his ears. Wild Ikran had been known to carry off a Na'vi if the predator were hungry enough and the Hunter careless enough.

Crouching down and peering through the foliage he paused, not really understanding what he was seeing.

The Demon was leaning against an Ikran, the beast's brown and blue-green patterned hide bright and healthy as he crooned and nuzzled against the Sky Person who looked so ridiculously small it would have been amusing to the Hunter. The Ikran could have easily fit the Demon's skull twice over within his jaws. Instead, he crouched



down, lowering himself enough so the now, quite obviously, sick Sky Person could climb on.

He clung, like a monkey, to the Ikran, arms around his neck, feet hooked under his wings and the mighty beast hissed - Tsu'tey didn't understand, the beast was treating the Demon as though it were one of his own hatchlings, even communicating in the same fashion. They had not even initiated Tsaheylu and yet, and yet the beast took to the air regardless, the Demon half unconscious on his back.

He did not move from his place until Neytiri finally came to his side, looking upset and yet curious about what happened to the Sky Person. He couldn't even find it in himself to be frustrated with her inappropriate fascination with

their species, too stunned and confused by what he had witnessed.

Later he would convince himself that \_Eywa\_ wished the Demon's escape so that he may die alone and in agony.

For some reason, the thought did not help him sleep later in the night.

---

\*\*It took forever to get that scene down. You have no idea how many times I rewrote this from the part where they hit the ground and took their knives out. First time, Grace showed up and spooked Harry into bolting again - Tsu'tey wasn't able to keep up with him on his panic-sprint through the forest. Second, a Thanator shows up and chases Harry away from the scene. Third, the same Thanator chases both Tsu'tey and Harry over a cliff where Zeus catches Harry - who then reaches for Tsu'tey not knowing that the fall won't kill him like it would have killed him. Only Tsu'tey slashes his fingers for his gesture. \*\*

\*\*And lastly, we have the finished product. \*\*

\*\*Eitherway, Harry was not supposed to have a pleasant first encounter with the Na'vi, Tsu'tey especially. XDD Sorry folks, but this

makes their getting together a little more interesting, yah?\*\*

\*\*Hope your weekends were nice. \*\*

# Chapter 7

## 6. Chapter 6

**\*\*FIRELFY\*\***

**\*\*Chapter Six\*\***

---

Last time:

\_He did not move from his place until Neytiri finally came to his side, looking upset and yet curious about what happened to the Sky Person. He couldn't even find it in himself to be frustrated with her inappropriate fascination with their species, too stunned and confused by what he had witnessed.\_

\_Later he would convince himself that \_Eywa\_ wished the Demon's escape so that he may die alone and in agony. \_

\_For some reason, the thought did not help him sleep later in the night.\_

---

And Now:

Harry passed out half way back to the Den.

Zeus crawled into the den with him still sprawled across his back and gently curled up on his bed of leaves, wriggling until Harry rolled gently to the floor beside him where he kept watchful golden eyes on his Rider, crooning in concern as the human became feverish and began to pant. The next three days he suffered from fevers and nightmares, the slash on his side oozing pus and scabbing over only to be pulled open as he thrashed in his sleep, allowing more pus to ooze out.

The Basilisk blood saved his life, it prevented the poison from killing him but it was in no way strong enough to completely neutralise it, his own immune system had to do that. Thankfully, his immune system had been one of those things that \_Eywa\_ had tweaked while modifying his body to survive in the Pandorian wilderness.

As punishment for his actions, \_Eywa\_ sent dreams and visions to the Hunter who harmed her New Life, her Little Life whom she had grown so fond of. She did not accept individuals into her heart often, often, her favourites were selected to become Tsahik of the People, these people were the ones she chose to contact. Little Life, New Life, so hurt and scared, so different appearing at her doorstep. She had done what any mother would have done, she tried to sooth him, discover his hurts and heal them over. Little Life had been so frightened of her it would have broken her heart had she possessed one. She favoured him, yes, perhaps more than her other Children because he favoured her so.

She could feel it every time he set foot outside his den, his eyes were not blind to the beauty of her children, he fell in love with them time and time again, with such childlike enthusiasm and excitement as he compared what he found to the wonders of children from his birth Mother. She felt her affection grow with each new discovery he showed her, like a mother watching a newborn learn how to walk and talk, his accomplishments seemed so much dearer than those of the People, than her Blessed, because they no longer took such simple delight in her.

They loved her and worshipped her, they respected all that she was, but the People were old, they were no longer children in her eyes, they no longer needed her guidance. They knew the Way.

Well, \_most\_ of them, she would be \_reminding\_ those who had forgotten.

---

Harry woke on the fourth day, exhausted, hungry, thirsty and needing a piss desperately, Zeus had been so excited that he had nearly

trampled Harry and destroyed the den with pure glee. For the next few days, Harry alternated between long bouts of sleep with drinking water and eating bananas as they were the only things he could keep down.

Zeus finally felt comfortable to leave him to go and hunt for himself, he occasionally brought something back for Harry who couldn't keep it down - so inevitably the Wyvern would eat it anyway. The silver female who he had taken a shine to also showed up on occasion, keeping her distance from Harry but she could croon in confused concern when he stumbled or threw up. Two weeks or so after he was poisoned, he finally felt well enough to eat real foods. Most of what he had stored was mouldy, rancid or rotten by this point so he merely tossed them, the insects would live of them or some scavenger who had a stronger stomach than Harry would gladly partake in the free food.

Harry decided to put all thoughts of contact with the Natives firmly out of his mind.

If they had contact with Muggles that wasn't hostile, chances were that if they knew of the Magi and realised he was the last survivor, he would have a lot more to worry about than the Muggles who couldn't navigate their way through a paper bag without some form of technology, let alone a jungle like this. The Natives though... they could. And if all of them used poisoned Arrows, Harry didn't rate his chances of survival very high.

He went back to life as it was before, all desire of exploring further than the Valley effectively culled.

---

Grace was beside herself, she knew it, everyone else knew it - hell, she completely blanked Quaritch when he made his typical '\_Limp-dicked Science Major\_' comments, hadn't even noticed him opening his mouth she was so absorbed in her thoughts.

The Marines were stumped, the Scientists concerned, Selfridge ecstatic... Grace was completely brain locked.

Muggle.

The boy had called her a Muggle, the word rolled off his tongue without hesitation, without stutter or stumble, without awkwardness, as if he had been saying it his whole life. He called her Muggle while she wore the skin of an Avatar. He knew what she was without ever laying eyes on her real body.

She didn't know what to think. How to react.

Then Neytiri and her mother, Mo'at the Tsahik, began to question her about the boy, about the people he came from. And Grace hadn't been able to give them the answers they wanted, she was too shocked, too confused, too much of many things, N'deh had to physically support her back to Trudy's Pick Up Point.

The boy called her a Muggle, he was running around Pandora without an Exo-pack, he was physically powerful enough to give a Na'vi some difficulties, if what Tsu'tey told her he was also somewhat immune to the Neuro-toxins they tipped their arrows in. If what she gathered from Neytiri and her mother, Eywa favoured him, or at least, his power was somehow sending them visions of his past, of the Purges - oh gods, the Na'vi knew about the Purges but how? How did they know? Neytiri said Eywa sent them dreams of the Blessed dying, Grace wasn't sure how to react to that.

Everyone had always assumed that Humanity was Blessed, that the 'Muggles' were Blessed because they had won the War - if it could even be called a War, they had outnumbered the Wizards by five thousand to one! But the Na'vi called the Magic users the Blessed. Grace... Grace was a botanist, her knowledge of History was shaky but she had always had an interest in the Purges because her Great Grandfather had an Aunt who was once one of the Magic Folk before her death. She was perhaps one of the few

people who realised, who even noticed that the sudden decline of the Planet's biodiversity correlated with the Purges almost perfectly.

It was almost like... The death of the Magic Folk caused the Planet to wither as well.

The abject terror in the boy's eyes couldn't have been faked. He looked at her as though she were Death incarnate, as if Satan himself were approaching him with arms outstretched and the promise of eternal pain and damnation in his eyes. The Scientist closed her eyes and hid her face in her folded arms, ignoring the looks of concern exchanged between the Scientists around her. She couldn't blame him for that fear if he was a survivor - who was she kidding? Of course he was! Her Inner-Scientist could demand evidence all it wanted, solid hard proof, but every fibre of her being told her that he was Magic, that he was responsible for the dreams the Tsahik were experiencing, that he was undeniably alive regardless of what Tsu'tey told her and himself.

The question now was, did she tell Selfridge and Quaritch they had a Purge Survivor running around the jungles of Pandora? She pursed her lips and sat up, barking for a cigarette and a bottle of whiskey.

She really, really wanted to be drunk right now.

---

It had been almost a year since Harry had arrived on Pandora.

Today was a day of reflection, mourning and thoughts of friends long departed. Harry had made his way to the Mother's Willow Tree and sat with her, in between the roots, until darkness fell and her tendrils glowed in the night, swaying in the slight breeze. Little drifting white seeds floated across the air, upon and around him.

Today was a day to remember his friends and all that he and Gaia had lost.

Hermione would have loved Pandora, probably more than him, the plants, the animals, the sheer differences between here and home and the similarities that persisted anyway. Her brown eyes would be alight with curiosity, fascination and determination to discover everything she could, not even the threat of death, dismemberment and consumption would have prevented her from discovering everything that she could.

Ron would have been torn between horror at the lack of comfortable amenities, the fact that he would have to hunt and kill his own food, live off meat and fruit and vegetables - no more Chocolate, or Quidditch, unless they could somehow modify the game to work while riding Wyverns. Speaking of, no doubt his bestfriend and brother in all but blood would be right alongside him trying to tame one of them to ride on. He would have loved to ride one, all the weird things around them, he would have watched Harry's back as Harry watched his - they would go back to the old days of the War, fighting back to back, hand in hand, knowing the other's mind and what they planned to do before they did it. They moved as one.

Luna... his sweet Luna, she would have loved it here as well. Naming all the animals she could find, digging her hands into the earth and marvelling at the Mother's presence, the peace and warmth she gave them. She would have danced with the floating white seeds, called them something improbable like... Willowthwhisps or Faeries, or Sky Seeds,

maybe even Angels. He didn't know. For all he knew she would have named them as just '\_Seeds\_'. He smiled wryly, she would probably use them as hair accessories - he felt the Mother's bemusement at that thought and chuckled quietly, gently blowing one of the Seeds in his hands away. Watching it dance upon the wind.

A year already on Pandora.

He wondered if Gaia was still alive, still suffering under the Muggles. His heart twisted at the thought of abandoning her like that but... he physically could not stay. Not with the Muggles, not with the



constant Mind Rape, not with the echoes of insanity growing ever stronger in the back of his mind as Gaia screamed and whispered and tried to \_twist\_ at him, unknowingly leaving shreds of her consciousness and insanity behind as she desperately tried to get at his magic. He couldn't remain.

He felt warmth flare within him, a phantom sensation but he smiled none the less at the Mother's attempt at comfort, it felt almost as if she were trying to hug him from the inside. At least she was pleased to have him.

---

Harry was hunting.

It was five months after his '\_remembrance\_' day and life was the same as it always had been, save now with the addition of a small clutch of eggs which were lovingly being looked after by both Zeus and his mate - Hera, the silver female. Hence why Harry was hunting more than usual, neither of them were willing to leave the clutch for prolonged periods of time and hunting took both time and effort, so Harry picked up some of the slack while Zeus hunted to provide for himself and for Hera. He didn't eat much meat compared to them anyway, he could live off fruits and nuts and tree bark if he had to.

Right now he was stalking one of the alien blue Deer outside of the valley. He was worried about overhunting a certain area so he had widened his horizons and ventured out of the Valley and further into the forest. Yes, it meant further to travel back with his kill but Feather Light charms went a long way for ease of transport, it was just cumbersome.

The forest had been eerily quiet for a while now, it was making all the hairs on the back of Harry's neck stand straight as he quietly crept through the undergrowth like a shadow. It was really starting to get to him. Harry swallowed tightly and shifted his grip on his knife, he needed to head back and head back \_now\_.

He flipped the knife and threw it, silver edge catching the light and striking the Hexapede in the side of the head with a satisfying meaty '\_thunk\_'. Harry's mouth twitched slightly and he shot out of the bushes to retrieve his kill. She, for it was a Doe, had died instantly and without pain, never even knowing he was there. He yanked the knife from her skull and cleaned the blade on a clump of grass, already drawing up the magic for a Feather Light charm as he did so.

Two hundred yards away, several SecOps Soldiers stared.

Harry paused, all his muscles tensing as he crouched over his kill. He turned, slowly, to face them. Feeling all the blood drain from his face as he took in the group of sixteen soldiers, all older than him, clad in green camouflage, faces obscured by the reflected sun glaring off their breathing masks, glinting off black metal guns. His mouth went dry and his stomach tensed. Muggles, \_armed\_ Muggles.

The world seemed to come to a stop as the group stood off.

Then someone's radio crackled and all hell broke loose.

---

Corporal Lyle Wainfleet(1) thought he had seen it all, seen everything Pandora had ready throw at them.

Barely a year ago their formerly somewhat troublesome location in the forest suddenly became a hellhole, the wildlife and plants suddenly going nutso and attacking them at all hours of the day. Pretty soon it became an unofficial motto that warm guns, sharp eyes and quick fingers meant a longer life span. The Scientists were busy jacking off and squirming with prepubescent excitement over the sight of real tits for the first time about the sudden change in the animals change in behaviour to be of much use. They wanted to study what was happening, not fucking stop it.

After seeing a bloody Forest Banshee \_carry\_ a fucking \_Slinth\_ into the compound, Lyle had \_genuinely\_ thought he had seen it all. (The

term 'when pigs fly' was no longer even \_uttered\_ on Pandora. Because guaranteed the moment it was said, Babe would be winging his pink butt overhead.)

Then, during a routine patrol some five miles out of the Kill Zone at Hell's Gate, they catch a \_human - kid\_ running around without an Exo-pack, without fucking \_shoes\_ and actually killing a Hexapede with just a throwing knife! Honestly, if this weren't Pandora, Lyle would have wondered what freaky Drugs the Scientists were sneaking into the bloody food - crack pot, basement freaks.

His radio crackled, Quaritch demanding to know why everything had gone quiet, and then suddenly everyone was moving, shouting at the kid to get down on the ground and drop his weapon and put his hands up at the same time. The kid bolted, probably scared out of his fucking mind of Lyle though about it - he didn't. Instead he took out a tazer from his pocket and took careful aim as he crashed through the undergrowth after the kid with the rest of his unit. He'd brought the thing for amusement mainly, shoot one of those blue monkey bastards in the back of the head with it and watch 'em twitch and flop around.

The kid jumped, trying to climb into one of the trees and Lyle fired.

Curly green ribbons shooting out from the end of his gun and stabbing the kid in the small of his back. He shrieked as the electrical current struck, hitting the ground and writhing as the current continued to course through his body, Lyle let it, smirking in amusement as the kid began to tear up. Aw, did it hurt little baby?

"Winfleet, cut it off," one of the other Marines snapped, glaring at him. Sucking on his teeth, Lyle grunted but did as he was told, cutting off the juice.

The kid groaned, twitching on the forest floor, eyes open and unseeing as he tried to breathe with paralysed lungs, eventually his body obeying him and drawing in great shuddering gasps of the poisonous air.

"\_What is happening out there? Report!\_" Quaritch barked through their radios.

"Sir," their CO began, "We..." he trailed off, not entirely sure how to explain the situation, "We've found a human, Sir. Not one of ours. A kid." A glance was exchanged between the Soldiers. "He's not wearing an Exo-pack. And he's alive. Sir."

There was a moment of silence on the other end.

"\_Can you say that pile of bullshit again, Captain?\_" the Security Head sneered angrily down the line. No doubt furious at the thought they were playing him.

"It's true, sir," another one of the Team piped up, "Human male, Caucasian, roughly 5'5" in height, black hair, green eyes. He isn't wearing an Exo-pack and he isn't suffering any negative affects from the atmosphere."

There was a growl on the other end, "\_By all means, bring in this mystery brat. But if you're fucking with me..."\_" he left the threat hanging; they could imagine what Quaritch would make them do if this turned out to be a hoax. Quaritch was a good guy, loyal, his career in the Army was his \_life\_, his men were his responsibility and he refused to allow them to come to harm - hence his never ending war against Pandora, but he refused to tolerate slackers, liars or timewasters.

"Sir, yes, Sir," the team chorused.

"\_Over and out\_"

"Wainfleet, bind his hands and feet. Behind his back. Jenkins, carry him," their CO commanded, nodding to the biggest and most physically strong member of the team.

Grinning, Lyle pulled a couple of cable ties from his pocket and crouched down beside the kid who tried to roll away from him, his

body still twitching and jerking sporadically against his will. He roughly hauled the kid up and fixed his hands behind his back, swiftly followed by his disgustingly filthy feet. The kid had some muscle on him surprisingly and he smelt like cut grass and spices to Lyle's nose.

He shoved the kid backwards, off him, when he had made sure his feet were secure.

"Careful Wainfleet," the CO snarled when the kid's head smacked into the ground. Lyle merely shrugged lazily with a smirk as Jenkins frowned darkly at him and gently scooped the kid up in a fireman's lift, "Let's go. Colonel Quaritch'll have our asses in a sling if we don't make doubletime."

"Sir!" the group barked in tandem, saluting before turning as one and beginning the long jog back to the base, their precious cargo bouncing on Jenkins's shoulder uncomfortably, his whole body filled with stabbing pains. Especially his back where the flesh was no doubt burned and slightly charred from the use of the Tazer.

In the trees above, N'deh frowned, watching the departing group.

---

When Harry woke - because he had been knocked unconscious when he finally managed to regain enough control of his limbs to plant a foot into the groin of the guy who was carrying him - he was in a sealed tank, cold metal and glass surrounding him.

If he had been standing, he was fairly certain his legs would have given out on him. As it was, he moved a shaking arm and covered his eyes, hiding from the fluorescent glare above.

"\_I see Pocahontas is awake\_" a baritone voice came in over the intercom. Harry flinched but otherwise didn't acknowledge the Muggle who spoke to him, his heart had already sank down into the floor and he felt tired, so very, very tired. He was going to die here.

Die by the hand of an enemy he thought he had escaped long ago.  
How ironic.

"\_Back the fuck off, Quaritch, you've got no clue what you're dealing with,\_" another voice, female this time, snarled.

Harry sighed and slowly pushed himself upright, staring at the glass screen that kept him separated from a ginger haired woman who looked so similar to how he would have imagined

Ginny had she ever lived long enough to reach the age, and a silver haired man with scars on almost every inch of flesh. He gave them both a long hard look before turning his attention to the room.

Square, nothing to look at, three windows looking into what seemed to be some kind of high-tech lab, air vents which pumped in the Pandorian air - thankfully, Harry wasn't sure if he could even breathe oxygen anymore. There was one door, but a Soldier in a breathing mask with a gun was in front of it, his finger resting not so innocently on the trigger. Harry felt his shoulders raise and his lip curl slightly at the perceived threat.

He ignored the argument that broke out between the Soldier and the Scientist as he calculated his chances of taking out the soldier and getting through the door or the vent to the outside world. They were slim and also rather grim. He didn't fancy the idea of getting dissected.

"\_Who do you work for?\_" the Soldier barked, apparently having won the argument against the ginger haired woman. Harry glanced at him before pointedly ignoring him, not even opening his mouth as he stared at the Soldier blocking his only means of freedom. Inside he was a gibbering mess of panic, terror and the left over echoes of Gaia.

Outside, Quaritch seethed at the blatant disrespect he'd been forced to deal with today, at least his Soldiers weren't wasting his time though, thank God for small mercies. But this kid, appearing out of

nowhere, breathing Pandorian air, ignoring him and no doubt plotting a way of getting back to those fucking Mud Monkeys that Augustine was fucking around with. Time for a little \_persuasion.\_

Keying in a few commands, he watched in satisfaction as the vents closed and changed, instead of the heavy atmosphere of Pandora, Oxygen began to be pumped into the room. The kid didn't notice at first but soon a frown began to come to his face as the air got thinner and he began to pant, unable to draw enough air in as he coughed.

"I'll say again," the Soldier growled as he reversed the command and allowed the Pandorian poison to filter back into the room, allowing the kid to breathe, "Who do you work for?"

The kid jerked his middle finger up at him with an angry snarl and Quaritch chuckled, it looked like someone had never been taught any manners. He replaced the air again and waited even longer this time as the kid slowly asphyxiated. "I can do this all day kid. You're the only one who's going to suffer."

Harry glared at him hatefully from his spot on the floor.

---

**\*\***(1) Corporal Lyle Wainfleet,**\*\*** one of the original Marines featured in the Project 880 script. He was the one who killed Tsu'tey by cutting off his Queue after he fell from the ship. He is killed literally 30 seconds later by Neytiri's Thanator - or rather, Zuleika's Manticore as they were both previously known.

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**\*\***Chapter Six finished. I bet you guys weren't expecting this huh? **\*\***

# Chapter 8

## 7. Chapter 7

**\*\*FIREFLY\*\***

**\*\*Chapter Seven\*\***

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**\*\*Note:\*\*** Some people expressed concerns about Harry's Magic and his Apparating in reviews - ANSWER TIME 8)

Harry can't use his magic like he used to. He has no Wand and I'll be explaining my way of using Magic later in this chapter. So it takes time for him to draw up the power and control for the spell. He couldn't really do anything in the last chapter with his magic because A) he was freaking out over the muggles, B) he was busy running away, and C) he was getting tortured so he couldn't really do anything there.

As for Apparation, I explained earlier that my idea of Apparation is slipping between the Air Particles. Harry can't do that on Pandora because the atmosphere is thicker, also, he can't breathe oxygen anymore so he would be too busy choking to Apparate and may risk Splinching himself. Having to hold his breath means that his concentration would be split, again, risking Splinching and possibly Apparating himself into a wall because he would hit the Pandorian atmosphere on the otherside of the wall and then be unable to go any further. Painful.

---

She was going to get gray hair before her time.

Grace growled in frustration, chewing aggressively on her cigarette filter as she examined the results from the kid's samples on her computer screen. She'd been able to gather some blood, hair and



body scans when he first came in, out like a light with a bloody knot on the back of his head from where one of those Jarheads cracked him with the butt of his rifle.

Currently he was sat shivering from both cold and hunger in one of her lab-bays because it was one of the only locations in the facility that had air vents that filtered Pandorian atmosphere and oxygen respectively. Quaritch was having himself a bloody fanfare of a time messing with those controls to torment the poor kid but at least now he had opted to leave him alone, the only downside now was that he was using the old starvation and sleep deprivation techniques to try and get answers from him. She doubted it would work - his bones showed signs of extensive childhood malnutrition along with something that was both fascinating and frightening.

Carbon fibre. His bones had been reinforced with the same naturally occurring carbon fibre that the Na'vi had, not to mention that his muscle fibres had changed as well, become stronger and more capable. The kid barely topped a rather diminutive 5'5" in height but still remained very thin and lean with hard wiry muscle cording his body. His skin was slightly tanned but he also had freckles, they were hardly noticeable, just tiny pinpoints of skin that were lighter than the rest of his body, they ran in complicated patterns up his chest, stomach and down his arms, on his feet as well. The same freckled markings that the Na'vi had on their bodies. His hair was black and longer than the last time she saw him but at least it was somewhat behaved, hanging down and just brushing his shoulders in wild locks. Neytiri would love to get her hands on that, she adored braiding hair. His eyes were unique as well, the same shape as a Na'vi's but smaller, still fairly big but not overly noticeable as inhuman. He had quite the collection of scars as well, some so old they had completely dissolved save for just a thin pale line on his skin, like the ones that patterned his arms, chest and forehead, barely visible. The newer ones, like the slash on his stomach where Tsu'tey's arrow caught him, the scars that patterned his leg from where he had been mauled by a Thanator - how the hell he survived she would never know (He stabbed his knife to its eye. There was

now a three eyed Thanator running around with a taste for human flesh and a healthy respect for their weapons). And the new addition of two burns on the small of his back where the Tazer wires hit him.

The kid had been through the wars, but his body had \_adapted\_ to life on Pandora. The carbon fibre in his bones, the mutation of his muscles, the beginnings of Bioluminescent patterns evolving on his skin, the shape of his eyes and the elongation of his canines. It was as if the longer he stayed on the planet, ate its food, drank its water and breathed its air, he became a part of it and slowly but surely changed to better fit.

Whatever had happened to him had changed him on the genetic level.

It was like he was a stepping stone between humanity and Na'vi, the missing link similar to the one between Man and Ape. Afterall, Doctor Lovecraft the creator of the AVATAR programme - the Dark Dreamer project - had once rather famously said:

"\_Humanity is far more closely related genetically to a garden slug than a Na'vi.\_"

He would eat his boots to see this impossibility sat in front of him now, Grace mused, a small smile curling onto her lips at the thought of the old bastard frothing at the mouth and trying to get into the labs. The mental image made her laugh outright before a more sobering thought came to mind.

Lovecraft developed the Dark Dreamer project and the AVATAR programme on information gleaned from old Magic books regarding Possession, Horcrux and Mind Arts, he applied what he learned from them onto Death Row Convicts through a process of \_Trial and Error\_. She remembered him lamenting the fact he had never been able to get his hands on a Witch or a Wizard for his project, he claimed that they already possessed a symbiotic resonance with all other Witches and Wizards and even other forms of life. He had raged more than once after a bottle of something potent found its

way into his hands that those Military and Religious fools had destroyed what had perhaps been the greatest treasure trove of knowledge and discovery to ever grace humanity since they learned of fucking \_Gravity\_. Then he would sob about never having got his greasy fingers on a Werewolf because they would have been \_perfect\_ research specimens for his project.

There was a reason why Cordell Lovecraft's awards for his work were being contested and quite viciously so by Animal Rights Activists and the UN-Pan Faith Council.

Brilliant man, but a sociopath dedicated solely to science and discovery. No, if he \_was\_ here, Grace wouldn't allow him within three hundred yards of the Wizard trapped within their lock up, if she did, no doubt he would be strapped down on a gurney and dissected like so many of his ancestors back on Earth.

But that was another thing. His age was unknown.

According to the Carbon dating she did on his bones, he should be well into his hundreds, but physically... Physically in everything from his bone structure, his teeth, his hair and finger nails, even the number of cell divisions he still had left. He was barely into his mid-twenties. Even then he hardly looked it, probably due to the Malnutrition but he looked as though he were eighteen.

In actuality, Harry was about twenty one, twenty two. Maybe, he wasn't sure. Time was a little skewed for him after sleeping for so long and never getting to see a calendar for the past seven years since he left Earth.

Grace sighed, she was undoubtedly looking at a Wizard, but something was off about him.

She needed a fuller more in-depth look into his body, something she wasn't going to get with Ranger Rick and his cowboys' cockblocking her at every turn. Fuckers, they asked her to find out everything she could about him even though she was no Biologist, and she was, but

when she asks for a better look she may as well have been kicked up the ass and told to get back in the kitchen. Marines, not a braincell to share between the whole lot of them.

The red head leaned back in her chair and stubbed her cigarette out. Maybe she should try to talk to him?

---

Hm, his lip was still sore.

Harry sighed, leaning against the wall as he tried to catch his breath, he'd gotten into a fight with the Marine at the door again, got himself a split lip, a black eye and some bruising on his stomach for the effort but he was proud to say the other guy was worse off. They had to cart him off to the Hospital Wing on a stretcher.

But now, after the first time Harry had managed to take the door guard unawares, they no longer posted them inside the room but rather outside the door, which was electronically locked at all times. Harry sucked with computers - he could break them with a concentrated burst of magic but that was about as far as his skill with technology went.

He frowned when he realised that someone was at the windows watching him, the woman with curly red hair and green eyes, she was an older woman who wore a labcoat and had a cigarette hanging from between her lips. She looked familiar now that he had a better look at her and Harry glowered at her from his corner. At least he wasn't looking at the Hard-Ass's pretty face anymore.

The two stared at each other for a time before the woman sighed and stubbed her cigarette out, "\_I know what you are\_", she said, freezing Harry's blood.

There was a moment of silence before Harry asked, "Gunna kill me?" raspily.

Another long silence stretched out before she shook her head, "\_... No.\_"

---

To be honest, Grace hadn't thought the kid would speak to her, which was why she said what she had, trying to prompt a response out of him. It wasn't what she wanted but at least now they knew he spoke English and had an understanding of his people's History with theirs. He sounded like he hadn't spoken in months which was probably likely.

"What's your name?" she asked, leaning against the window ledge, she had to be careful here, Quaritch wouldn't let her talk to the kid alone so she had to deal with both him and Selfridge hovering just out of sight listening in. She was playing with fire and if she wasn't careful, everyone would get burned.

There was another stretch of silence, as if he were weighing the pros and cons of telling her before he finally

shrugged, "\_Harry\_" he stated flatly, "\_You?\_"

"Grace," she admitted, her tone slightly relieved that he was at least willing to give her that. But still, Harry? That was a very old name, one that was hardly - scratch that, \_never\_ used these days. "How old are you, you barely look old enough to have left school, let alone come to Pandora."

His mouth curled unpleasantly, as if he were enjoying a joke at everyone else's expense and he was the only one who could ever understand it, "\_Dunno. Never bothered checking\_"

How extremely unhelpful. She let that one go though, "How'd you get to be here anyway?"

"\_Magic\_" he told her, his voice mocking and his eyes glinting maliciously. It took everything she had not to turn and look at Selfridge and Quaritch to see if they were taking his words seriously,

if they did, she didn't put his life expectancy into double digits of minutes let alone days.

When no order to kill him came, she knew they had taken it as some kind of mocking jibe, and she smirked at the kid, "Very funny. How did you really get here?"

"\_Why do you want to know?\_" he countered sharply, "\_And for that matter, why am I here? Is getting lunch suddenly a Crime on this Planet?\_" he sneered.

Grace nodded, "It's a good question. One I don't know the answer to. I'll look into it. As for why I want to know, you're breathing poison, I want to know how you do that. I want to know how you survived Pandora with nothing but a knife and a pair of pants!"

"\_It's called common sense and respect for the world around you. But then again, I wouldn't expect one of \_your\_ kind to understand that. You've killed Earth, so like the Virus you were created to be, you're moving onto a new Planet\_."

The look on the kid's face was pure poison \_hate\_. It made Selfridge shiver slightly, he had never faced someone who \_hated\_ like that before in his life. Oh sure he had come nose to nose with animal rights activists who treated him like some kind of terrorist or the second coming of Hitler, but that was always disgust and anger and self righteousness that reflected in their eyes. It was unreasoning, all consuming, \_justified\_ hatred. Quaritch shifted his weight, recognising the look for what it was, it was the look of someone who hated with every fibre of their being, knew it, accepted it, embraced it and most frighteningly of all, \_controlled it\_.

Grace swallowed, "Created?" she asked, inhaling on her cigarette shakily.

Harry's smile was sharp and angry, "\_I have nothing more to say to you, \_bitch\_.\_"

---

Grace sighed and stepped away from the glass, turning the communicator off.

"We're not getting anything else out of him," she told Selfridge and Quaritch, "Why are we keeping him here anyway? He's clearly not a member of the team and he can't even survive here."

The marine sneered at her, "We keep him here because he's human and he belongs with us."

She shook her head, "He \_hates\_ our whole \_species\_ and with damn good reason."

"And what might that reason be? What is he if he isn't human? He looks like us, walks like us, talks like is, then surely he'll want to get away from those fleabitten savages and rejoin with civilisation," Selfridge demanded, scowling and looking rather like a ruffled pomeranian if Grace could compare him to any kind of animal she was familiar with. He was clearly ignoring everything the kid said about not being a member of their species, apparently someone used to fall asleep during their History lessons. How typical.

She glared at him, "He's something we've got no business keeping locked up," she told him seriously before turning and marching away.

Selfridge frowned and glanced back into the room at the kid who was watching him with eyes as sharp as broken glass, he looked cold, and hungry. Was it really right of them to treat someone like that after they'd been living in the jungle of Pandora for god only knows how long? Maybe if they treated him with a little more kindness he would be more willing to speak to them? Quaritch's Stick method wasn't working at all. Augustine had treated him like a thinking, living being and actually got results.

He guessed the old adage of more bees with Honey than Vinegar held true even today.

---

Harry had been given food, a change of clothes and an actual bed, a soldier marched him out of the room and into a small shower room where he was told to wash up. The abrasive antiseptic soap burned his skin but in a good way - he had missed hot showers and good soap since arriving on Pandora. Maybe he should look into possibly making his own?

He refused to wear the boots and after being shirtless for so long the fabric felt restrictive across his shoulders, but at least he was warmer now with them on. He didn't touch the food though, he didn't trust these people not to drug him and that shit was the synthetic crap that almost killed him back on earth. That was back when he at least had a semi-Muggle like biology, now though, he couldn't even fucking breathe their air. He dreaded to think what would happen if he ate their food. He drank the water and left the cheap synthetic crap where it was.

And he waited.

He gathered his strength and he focused his magic and he \_waited\_.

Waited for the opportune moment.

---

Eywa

was angry, so very angry.

Neytiri shivered and curled against her mother, the young girl's ears folding back against her skull in distress as her mother tried to sooth her. She was brave for her age of thirteen, she was soon to be a Warrior of the People, but the Great Mother's fury was something to shake the earth beneath their feet as the sky in the distance where the Sky People made their home resounded in chaos.

She was angry with the Sky People.



The young Na'vi looked to her mother who nodded and looked to her Mate, the grim faced Warrior meeting their gaze and nodding before turning to his eldest Daughter, Sylwanin, his youngest daughter's Intended, Tsu'tey, and the current head of the Warriors, N'deh. The three nodded wordlessly and scampered off, long legs taking them up Hometree to where their Ikran roosted, ready for flight.

They were to go and see what was happening.

---

The walls trembled and alarms blared throughout the base.

Harry smiled as he felt the Mother's anger through the solid metal walls. Cold metal. He had forgotten how much it served to block out Magic and the Planet's influence, steel and iron more than anything. But their effects were stronger here as they were from Gaia and not the Mother. Steel and Iron were as alien to her as the Muggles were, she could not sense where the Muggles were on her surface because there was no piece of her within them as there now was within Harry. She could not reach through the foreign metals that had not come from her to him.

He couldn't use or control his magic in this room, not in the way he should be able to in any case.

The ways of Magic were mysterious, not many knew of them. Hermione had been utterly fascinated by the whole thing and delved into a fanatical research hunt, this was only heightened when the Purges began as she desperately to look into a way of explaining to the Muggles that they weren't so different, they weren't demons, they just had a different kind of body.

Magic worked by taking in the natural energy from the world around them, they filtered it through their Magical Core, their Soul, converting it into Magic as humanity knows it and then it is pushed through channels in their bodies to create spells. The mind gives it direction, emotion power and the body produces it. Motive, Action

and Outcome. They were essential in spell casting because they were what controlled and produced the spell.

On Earth, the younger Planet, already half dead with Muggles having torn her open and raped her time and time again. She was already dying when Harry was born. Compared to the Witches and Wizards of ages past, he was practically a Squib. He wouldn't have even been accepted into Hogwarts back in the Founder's Age, he would have been laughed out of the Great Hall for even suggesting it.

But Pandora... she was strong, fresh, older and vastly more powerful than Gaia. And it affected every spell Harry attempted to do.

He had to leash his power tightly, control it and filter it through his tiny core as best he could, it was hard, the power was so strong and thick that sometimes it was almost impossible to squeeze through his tiny magical channels. Hence why it took so long to call upon his Magic where as on earth, all he needed to do was wave his arm and summon the spell to see it done.

But this time, this time he didn't bother.

When the alarms went off, he waited just long enough to be certain that everyone had left before he got to his feet, waltzed to the door and slapped his palm against the metal keypad and called up his magic.

He gasped and fell to his knees, fingers gripping the pad as he felt the power he had stored within himself \_burn\_ through his body and the keypad promptly bursting into flames with a shriek of feedback. The lights in the room all shattering as he did so.

Panting hard, Harry scrambled to his feet, shaking his burned hand out as he charged down the short corridor to the outside world. The Mother's mind filling him so suddenly that he stumbled and fell over, tumbling gracelessly to the floor as her presence overwhelmed him, drowning him, for all of a moment. He couldn't find it in himself to be frightened because it felt like one of Molly Weasleys' massive bear

hugs after an adventure that was a bit too dangerous for her peace of mind. He almost expected a scolding from the Mother before she withdrew, but she didn't, he felt her nudging him forward and he climbed unsteadily to his feet and ran towards the Compound walls up ahead.

The ground was shaking and he could hear one of the automatic guns going off as it got

louder and louder and louder.

The wall punched in and something roared on the other side of the wall before another punch appeared and the whole thing came down in an explosion of dust and brick and sheet metal. Revealing a trio of Hammer-head Rhinos who promptly took off through the compound, crushing and bashing and eating whatever they came across.

Harry didn't interfere with them; he took off running out of the gaping hole in the wall while the guns desperately tried to shoot through the thick armoured hide of the Hammer-heads. He ran until he reached the forest and kept running.

He stumbled and abruptly veered off in another direction as he saw a group of Marines come hurtling through the undergrowth, shooting everything that moved.

He had barely gone three hundred metres before something bowled into him from above with a feral snarl.

Harry and whatever it was that attacked him fell to the ground, whatever it was attempting to pin him down but he was having none of that and wrestled himself free, planting knees, elbows, fists and feet into anything that came within range before they were suddenly thrown apart.

It was then he realised it was the bastard who shot him with that arrow earlier in the year and he snarled at him. He was being restrained by the older blue guy who caught him outside the school

with the Muggle woman, the one he probably hurt trying to escape he realised a little guiltily. There was another blue person, a woman, much older than the bastard but younger than the quiet guy who held him back.

They were all arguing about something and suddenly the bastard was pulling out a knife and gesturing angrily to Harry, who then saw far more of the blue woman than he ever wanted to see.

Sylwanin snarled at Tsu'tey, crouching over the Not Sky Person her mother and her little sister had been seeing in dreams sent from the Great Mother, her tail lashed from side to side as she bared her teeth in a warning to her little brother-to-be. Harry had a hand clapped over his eyes as his cheeks burned bright red.

N'deh then did something that shocked everyone, he started to laugh.

---

I surprise myself sometimes. Second rewrite of Chapter 7. Done in three hours. Like I said. I surprise myself sometimes. That has to be a new record.

**\*\*Hope you enjoyed.\*\***

# Chapter 9

## 8. Chapter 8

**\*\*FIREFLY\*\***

**\*\*Chapter Eight**

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Previously:

They were all arguing about something and suddenly the bastard was pulling out a knife and gesturing angrily to Harry, who then saw far more of the blue woman than he ever wanted to see.

Sylwanin snarled at Tsu'tey, crouching over the Not Sky Person her mother and her little sister had been seeing in dreams sent from the Great Mother, her tail lashed from side to side as she bared her teeth in a warning to her little brother-to-be. Harry had a hand clapped over his eyes as his cheeks burned bright red.

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---

And Now:

Tsu'tey sneered at the Demon trailing behind N'deh, he had no purpose being here, he did not understand why Sylwanin would not just let him end the Demon's cursed existence. He was small and weak and \_pink\_. It would be a mercy.

Harry mean while, was trying to prevent himself from doing something very childish that would either embarrass him or start another fight by turning around and kicking that glowering sour brat in the shins. He would have gone for the balls but since they were currently at his head height he wasn't sure if he was actually flexible

enough to get his foot that high. He didn't want to look stupid by even attempting it.

At least he was keeping up with the three insanely tall people, his shorter legs having to move three times faster to keep up with their graceful loping strides that devoured the distance between the Human settlement and this '\_Hometree\_' place they were taking him to. He got the \_distinct\_ impression that he didn't have a choice in going with them. It probably had something to do with the short sword - or rather the long knife - in that foul tempered brat's hand and how he jabbed it in Harry's direction with a menacing growl whenever it looked like the Wizard was going to bolt.

Sylwanin was having mixed feelings about this, he was obviously different from other Sky People she had encountered, he had been running \_away\_ from them for one. Add to that, his reactions were non-violent, non-hostile to her and N'deh, Tsu'tey was the only one who received any visible kind of hostility - though if what N'deh told her of their first meeting, her soon to be brother deserved it.

The Sky Person had stripped out of that thing Grace called a '\_Shirt\_' and tied it around his waist. She could see the patterns of The People coiling up his pink skin, marks of battle, some long faded others fresh and clear, he moved with ease and kept up with them easily, his head and eyes, those bright green eyes that haunted her mother and sister, moving and watching and judging all that he saw. She wondered what he thought of them, their behaviour and their appearance. For surely they must look as strange to him as he did to them, and yet he was... he felt young, almost as young as her sister, yet if what she recalled of Sky People he was most likely her age, possibly even somewhat older. Tsu'tey had clearly not left a good impression, and the Warrior was just as hostile to the Not Sky Person though not though any personal wrongdoing, simply for being what he is. N'deh actually seemed fond of him, as much as N'deh could be fond of someone, he was rather withdrawn from the rest of the Tribe, he held his own council but was reliable and well respected. She had heard that once he had intended to Mate with a

woman of the People only for \_Eywa\_ to reject their union - the woman had not spoken to him since and for so long he continued to love her regardless. Sylwanin sincerely hoped that Grace would be able to salve the hurts that Xios had inadvertently caused his heart.

She shook herself of her thoughts, she should not think such things while escorting a prisoner to the Tsahik, he could have escaped while her mind wandered.

A quick glance back revealed him looking mutinous and unhappy as he kept pace with them, glancing longingly at the forest as though desiring escape, undoubtedly he was. But not for the reason she believed, Harry was concerned for Zeus and Hera, especially for their clutch. Zeus would probably be in a right state, Harry had been missing for a while and if Zeus was too busy looking for him instead of providing for his mate, Hera may have to leave her eggs to look for food, either allowing them to cool, or leaving them open for some predator to come and consume them. Either way, he wanted this over with already so he could go back and make sure his Wyverns were alright.

It was a shame he had never learned the Animagus Transformation, it would have been useful to just change form and slip off while the giants were busy freaking out and wondering what the hell just happened. Though knowing his luck his Animagus form wouldn't be able to breathe the atmosphere, or be too physically weak to fly or climb or run faster than his human self. Ain't life a bitch?

Darkness had begun to creep up over the horizon and the plant-life around him was already glowing dimly with bioluminescence. Unbeknownst to Harry the white markings that patterned his skin were glowing as well, very slightly but it was enough for N'deh to notice and the Hunter stared briefly. Those markings were the Blessing of \_Eywa\_, they showed her favour to The People.

He glanced over to Tsu'tey who was looking exceptionally sour as he glared at the Sky Person's back.

They began to slow into a jog as the shadow of Hometree darkened the forest around them, Harry's head craning up to stare at the massive tree. Hot damn, they sure do grow 'em big here... he was getting flashbacks to his lessons on Norse Mythology, the tree of Yggdrasil, and Odin's six legged horse. Green eyes lingered on the Na'vi mounts, the humans called them Dire Horse, the People Pa'li, sat upon their armoured backs were yet more blue people dressed similarly and with haircuts similar to the Brat behind him and the Old Man, he saw women amidst them dressed similarly to the Woman who was leading him on. They were all armed with bows larger than he was and all possessed unfriendly golden eyes focused on him, he fought not to stick his tongue out or bare his teeth, this was a different culture, poking his tongue out might be inviting someone to cut it out - or do something else with it that he wasn't keen on anyone but Luna doing. Even though she was dead.

The group began to slow to a walk and the Brat moved to grab Harry, catching movement from the corner of his eye, fists far too used to fighting for his life snapped back and a pointy elbow was driven into a location that no man ever wished to receive a pointy elbow.

To his credit, Tsu'tey only hissed in pain and hunched slightly as the Demon danced out of arms reach, watching him with narrowed beady little eyes. He took a deep breath and straightened painfully, jutting his chin out to prove he was unhurt from the \_painful\_ blow, Sylwanin looked torn between hilarity and concern - N'deh had no problem with smirking at him and patting his shoulder as he passed.

"You should know better than to treat some that \_Eywa\_ favours so like that. They are always full of surprises," the old Hunter told him, his voice almost mocking to Tsu'tey's ears. He folded them back and hissed at the old man and at the Sky Demon, before awkwardly stomping off as best he could while obviously trying to avoid causing himself pain.

Harry winced, looking up at the woman apologetically making her pause when she glanced down at him. He hoped that his expression



conveyed his feelings properly, he didn't know if anyone but the old man could speak English, and even then his words were broken and heavily accented. Not that his seemed very different to them, he was using a long dead accent and words that probably hadn't been used in over a century.

Sylwanin floundered a little before she awkwardly patted him on the head and gestured for the little Sky Person to follow her. She didn't know why but when he looked at her like that something in her chest squeezed and she had nearly hugged him as she would her beloved Neytiri.

"This way," she told him slowly, knowing he did not speak Na'vi.

Harry trailed after the woman, looking around him in wonder, this place was built similarly to his home but it was so much bigger, obviously built for more than just one person and a pair of Wyverns. Burning torches lit everything even as leather balloons filled with something glowed and offered their own pale blue-green light, casting eerie shadows on the wooden walls. Everything was so natural and well made, so different and \_alien\_ that he found himself smiling in delighted wonder despite himself and his resolution to be as belligerent and uncooperative as possible. The smile fell from his lips as all the incredibly tall blue people clustered around him and the woman, murmuring, eyeing him with a mixed response of hatred, confusion, fear, curiosity and wariness.

One man reached out to touch him but Harry skipped out of reach before his fingers could brush him, he shot the man a wide eyed look of confusion and scampered a little closer to Sylwanin. He wasn't sure if he liked the look in that one's eyes.

All too soon they were stopping, right in the middle of the crowd and in front of a distinguished looking older man, older than N'deh by quite a way if Harry's eyes weren't deceiving him. He was clad in different fashion to everyone else, he must have been the leader, he wore more feathers and beads than the others and had an odd

headdress. He felt like he was looking at a tribe of Native Americans from before the Colonisations.

He swallowed tightly and hoped that he wouldn't receive the same treatment as the invading White Man did, or what the White Men did to the Natives.

He'd had his fill of torture for a lifetime. And death. Especially his death. It got boring after a while.

Neytiri gasped as she saw the

Not Sky Person from her dreams, her whole body froze where she was, at the top of the spiral, peering between the support roots like a Human child did through the banister of the stairs. She twitched and turned her head to watch her mother prowl past her and down into the Communal Ground, beaded shawl clicking delicately with her every movement.

Her father seemed to be studying the little Not Sky Person, green eyes watched her father warily and though for his size and comically pink skin, the way he turned his head to watch the Olo'eyktan and shifted his body made him suddenly seem very dangerous in her eyes. She did not question her instincts, the instincts Eywa gifted her with, they told her that this person could be a great friend, or a great threat. She hoped her father would See and treat him as friend.

She clasped her hands together over her stomach and prayed to the Great Mother that this eve would be a turn for the Better.

Harry swallowed nervously as the Hagrid sized people circled him, the distinguished looking man joined by a regal looking woman as they both studied him. He twitched and shifted out of reach when the woman reach for him, he didn't know if they would harm him or not and while he wasn't especially fond of these people, he didn't really want to hurt them - but he would defend himself.

That promise must have communicated itself to them because the woman stepped back and ceased to circle him, he could feel the Mother hum in the back of his head. She seemed smug so he could only assume her attack on the Muggles had gone in her favour, he felt her presence wrap around him soothingly and he knew these people wouldn't hurt him without provocation.

He relaxed and offered the regal looking woman a slightly shy smile from under his hair.

She stared at him for a moment before she too, smiled, revealing that yes, she was a staggeringly beautiful woman beneath the harsh lines of disapproval and age. Her fangs caught the firelight and despite the unintentionally ominous looking sight Harry allowed her outreaching hand to land on his hair without tensing.

Their hands were fascinating, long with only three fingers and an equally long thumb, they curved and seemed almost boneless if it weren't for the clear joints he could see beneath the skin. But still, they moved and curled seemingly without the care for joints. He allowed the woman to smooth her hand through his hair, fingers slightly scraping his scalp, he practically held his breath as it slid down to the back of his neck, making him shiver at the strangely sensitive skin she touched.

"\_You have been favoured by \_Eywa," she said in English, taking Harry by surprise.

Then what she said hit him, "\_The Mother? Is that what she's called?\_" he asked curiously.

Mo'at smiled, "\_Yes. She tells us much about you. Your people. Your Mother.\_" Her eyes closed briefly in mourning for a Planet she had never known and Harry looked down at his feet, hands fisting angrily at the reminder of Gaia's fate, and a little betrayal at the Mother for revealing a past he wished to escape to complete strangers.

"\_What do you want from me?\_" Harry asked, because no one save for a few countable on one hand had touched him softly without wanting anything in return, without demanding something of him.

The Tsahik smoothed the pad of her thumb down the back of his neck, against his will he felt himself almost becoming boneless, were he a cat he probably would have started purring. As it was he panicked slightly and pulled free of her, his hands snapping back to hide the sensitive area of skin, feeling the very fine dusting of downy hair that grew there had gotten longer. Mo'at had to smile at his childish response, he was more like them than even he realised, she could see a few mothers in the crowd stifling their own confused smiles at his reaction - it was the same one all children on the cusp of adolescence had when their mother's tried to braid their Queue.

She crouched in front of him so they were at eye level, Harry allowed himself a brief moment of insufferable jealousy at how graceful these people were before she spoke with the same kind of slow consideration as someone who was tasting the words, "\_Just as the Sky People were to you, so you will be to The People.\_" Harry felt the blood drain from his face, he wouldn't hurt them! He wouldn't! Mo'at gently pressed her hands to his chest, the two of them lost in their conversation paying no mind to the clustering Na'vi and their confusion, Neytiri was translating what was being said to her people, "\_Eywa has chosen you as a Child of her Favour. You are a Brother to The People and will be welcome in Hometree.\_"

Harry was practically hyperventilating at this point, he didn't know how to feel. On the one hand he was deliriously happy, he had just been accepted regardless of his past, of his sins, of his appearance, so easily and with such kindness these people had offered him a home. But at what cost to them? If the Muggles discovered his presence, realised what he was...

Against his will his eyes slid away from the Tsahik's eyes and looked to the people around him, unknowingly appearing to them as a lost and frightened child, green eyes lingered on the children, on the elderly, on a little girl holding her older brother's hand, a kind of rag

doll made out of dried grasses and fabric, coloured with blue, purple and yellow dye clutched in her little hands.

He couldn't sentence these people to death.

He looked to Mo'at and gently gripped the hands that pressed against his chest and gently pushed them away, back towards her. "I... I am happy, happier than you could ever know that you would offer me this." He swallowed and looked down at his feet, at the ground, unable to meet her golden eyes because he knew that if he did he would ignore everything his mind was telling him and join these people. He would join them because he was so tired of being alone, he had Zeus and he had Hera and he was content, but these were people, this was community, this was something he thought he could never have again and it broke his heart to turn away from it. He wouldn't have been able to stop the tears that began to sting and roll down his cheeks even if he had wanted to.

"But I cannot. You know of the Magi, you know of the Purges and of the Sky People's hate for my kind. I... I would blight your people if they discovered me." His eyes unwillingly tracked to a young woman, an infant curled at her breast, sucking its thumb and staring at him with all the wide eyed innocence and curiosity that a child could. He could not pull his eyes away from that which he would never ever experience, from the life that would be forever barred to him now that Luna was dead.

"I would not wish my People's fate onto yours."

Mo'at followed his gaze and closed her eyes in understanding. Neytiri couldn't even bring herself to translate what the Not Sky Person had just said, she could feel her heart breaking into a thousand pieces for him, for his pain and she cried with him.

Harry finally managed to tear his eyes away when he felt a soft pressure on his forehead, the blue woman in the red and yellow beads having just pressed a kiss to his forehead before unfolding to her full height. He looked up at her and for a moment she could feel

her heart break for him, he seemed so young and yet he stood as a Warrior, as an adult years before his time, she placed her hands on his cheeks, using her thumbs to catch and wipe away his tears.

"\_Little Brother,\_" she told him, "\_You are welcome in the eyes of Eywa and her People.\_"

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Yes MUCH shorter than usual but I just wanted to get this out there.\*\*

\*\*The past few days have been BEYOND hectic. The Festival taking place this weekend caused no end of problems in my department at work both Thursday and Friday. Not to mention the fact that two of my housemates are moving out, we've got people coming in to view the House to see if they want to move in as well. I lose my job next week on Friday so I've been busy job hunting and freaking out over Bills and Council Tax and Rent. My laptop decided to go completely postal earlier and I needed Michael to come in and fix it. We had to change my Browser, uninstall a few things, install over 30 Windows Updates that my not-working Antivirus blocked, reinstall it, install more Windows Updates FOR the Updates and then finally - here we are.\*\*

\*\*(sigh) \*\*

# Chapter 10

## 9. Chapter 9

**\*\*FIREFLY\*\***

**\*\*Chapter Nine\*\***

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Last time:

\_Harry finally managed to tear his eyes away went he felt a soft pressure on his forehead, the blue woman in the red and yellow beads having just pressed a kiss to his forehead before unfolding to her full height. He looked up at her and for a moment she could feel her heart break for him, he seemed so young and yet he stood as a Warrior, as an adult years before his time, she placed her hands on his cheeks, using her thumbs to catch and wipe away his tears.\_

\_"\_Little Brother\_" she told him, "\_You are welcome in the eyes of Eywa and her People\_"\_

And Now:

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Despite his refusal to remain with them, Harry still found himself being forced to stay for the evening meal.

A little girl, two feet taller than he was, had attached herself to his side introducing him to everyone and everything, her name was Neytiri, she was apparently the daughter of the woman from earlier, the one who accepted him. He learned more names than he thought he would be able to remember and discovered that the woman he got an eyeful from earlier was her elder sister Sylwanin, one of the Warriors, and the brat who scraped him with that poisoned arrow

was called Tsu'tey. They were students in Grace's school which was how they could speak English.

Neytiri pointed at almost everything, telling him the words for them, he learned a fair bit just listening to her chattering away in her strangely thick accent, her fingers fluttering in their queer jointless way. She led him through the tree with all the enthusiasm of a small child and Harry trotted after her, half smiling in that bemused way boys often did when their girlfriends started going off on one and they didn't understand a damn thing they were saying.

Harry let her, they sat beside one another for the evening meal, Neytiri chattering a mile a minute making grand gestures and occasionally slipping back into Na'vi when she couldn't find an English word to accurately describe what she was trying to tell him. It was obvious that this frustrated her but she brushed it aside quickly enough as she explained to him the songs that were being sung throughout the hall. It was nice to be around people again, even if they were all so large in comparison to him, he smiled slightly as the children all clustered around him, poking and prodding at the Sky Person in their midst. Neytiri had already begun to play with his hair and for some reason the rest of the children had followed suit, they were all chattering to one another, laughing and giggling while he sat in the middle of them in long suffering silence, trying to eat his food and ignore the chortling of the adults around them watching.

He could only twitch slightly in annoyance as the girls giggled and added yellow and pink feathers to his now braided and beaded mane.

The food was good at least. He was definitely going to figure out how to make this stuff. It tasted way better than the bread he'd made, not as sweet though. He had ignored the glaring from Tsu'tey the whole night, though it was getting rather old if Harry were completely honest. Old to the point where he had almost offered to put the brat over his knee and smack his backside until he couldn't sit down straight - it was usually an affective threat for when little Teddy was getting out of hand, once he was old enough to understand what a



spanking was (and being the son of a Marauder he learned fairly quickly).

Somehow, and Harry blamed Neytiri's puppy-dog eyes for this, Mo'at managed to convince him to join them for the night, so that it would be safer for him to travel back to his home with the morning lights. He had attempted to refuse but Neytiri had already taken hold of his hand and begun to pull him towards their family hammock - he didn't have a choice when it came to the not-so-little girl. She had him wrapped around her long little finger and she knew it, her parents knew it, her sister knew it if the elder woman's giggling was any indication.

So that was how Harry ended up sleeping in a Hammock with four very big blue aliens, Neytiri having pulled him between herself and her mother so he was trapped in the middle of them with no means of escape without waking Sylwanin or Eytukan. She would have so been a Slytherin had she been a Witch.

---

The next morning saw him having to fend off the children who tried to get him to stay and eventually losing his temper with Tsu'tey and childishy kicking him in the shins - the Warrior had given him such a bemused look that Harry had flushed instinctively out of embarrassment even as he glared up at him and told him to stop acting like a child (and yes, he was well aware of the hypocrisy in that statement considering how he'd just kicked the other man in the shins). It had provided the children with a great amount of amusement so all the Na'vi did was snarl at him and stomp off to his Horse.

It almost took a crowbar to pry Neytiri from him when he finally decided to leave, as it was, he had to run like a mad-man and escape her before she '\_let\_' him leave - she said she let him, Harry wouldn't disabuse her of the notion the next time he saw her because a little girl's pride was a dangerous thing and she was \_much\_ bigger than him.

Having one of the Na'vi warriors attempting to follow him was... annoying.

He just ignored it though, concentrated on getting home and dealing with Zeus and Hera, he thought about grabbing something to eat on his way back before realising that those damn Muggles had taken his knife - he would have to see if he could make a new one or trade with the Omaticaya for one of those short swords. He kept going regardless, more than anything, he just wanted to make sure his wyvern were safe and alright.

He eventually realised that his Na'vi follower had fallen behind by the time he reached the top of the pathway to the Flying Mountains, perhaps this was a route that was considered structurally unsound by them? They were a lot bigger and heavier if his early morning encounter with suffocation courtesy of Neytiri - she was a snuggler - was any indication. He shrugged, not his problem he decided, launching himself onto the dangling vines and hauling ass up into one of the water caves leading to the root connectors.

---

In all honest, no, Tsu'tey \_had not\_ fallen behind, he had mounted his Ikran and watched from afar as the Sky Demon moved through their Sacred Place and up the Iknimiya with an ease that even the most experienced of warriors lacked. He sneered angrily at such familiarity.

Not long after he vanished into the Mountain, he saw him again walking leisurely across the roots that connected each of the mountains together, thankfully he was not heading towards the Ikran Rookeries but instead to a smaller Mountain that overlooked...

The blood drained from Tsu'tey's face out of sheer fury.

His Ikran squawked and crowed uncomfortably and banked away from the Sky Demon, against Tsu'tey's will. The Na'vi hunter growled and tried to urge the creature back, the Demon needed to die! But still, his Mount refused, crooning in distress as he folded his wings

and swooped onto a near-by mountain, shivering as he landed and lashing his tail. Clearly not wishing to take to the skies again and Tsu'tey was beyond himself, first that Demon desecrates their Scared Lands, pollutes the Well of Souls, bewitches his family and his woman and now causes even his own Partner to turn against him.

He jumped from the Beast's back and growled at him, the Ikran croaked apologetically but made no move to indicate he would take to the skies, so Tsu'tey left him. Gripped his bow tight and took to the Iknimaya with vengeance on his mind.

Were \_Eywa\_ capable of sighing, she would have done so. Really, Neytiri was correct when she mused over how Tsu'tey's anger often blinded him to what he was actually seeing, and so he no longer Saw. It was not wholly his fault though, memories of his mother and father, her death and the way his father raised him before his own sang through her mind and she understood her Child. His love for her and fanatical hatred of all that could harm her - hence his hatred of the Sky People whom he saw no difference between pink skin.

Perhaps her new Little Life could teach him to See and to Hear?

Even when he had not been able to, his memories showed her that he always heeded the Mother when he heard her, he protected all of her Life, even that of the Muggles. Such a brave little Warrior. Too young to fight as he had. And too kind to kill as he had been forced to.

Yes, it would be good for the young Hunter to See things from a different perspective.

\_Eywa\_ began to plot and, crawling onto the cliff edge of his home, Harry felt a chill of foreboding run down his spine.

---

Zeus had been frantic with excitement when Harry reappeared. The Wyvern had launched himself across the clearing and bowled him

over with piercing shrieks of delight, those horn tendrils sweeping over his body as he nuzzled and snapped at his hair and trousers looking for injuries and taking in his scent.

All too soon the creature was flicking his tail around and pushing Harry towards Hera for her own inspection, she was much more thorough from her spot in the nest, crooning as she wrapped her tail around the little Sky Person she had not imagined she would ever miss. Zeus ruffled his wings and coiled his neck about his Mate's and intertwined his tail around Harry as well, making the Wizard feel a little squished but also incredibly happy.

They weren't people, but they were family.

He curled against their tails, winding his arms around their interlocked tails and sighed happily, his eyes closing and a smile playing on his lips as the pair began to sing to one another. He was home, this was home.

Bow hanging limply in his fingers, Tsu'tey's face twisted furiously but... he just couldn't bring himself to fire.

He turned and he stormed off. At least now he knew why the Sky Person had not wished to stay with The People. He had family here.

---

Harry did indeed flub making his knife - spectacularly so.

In the end, he admitted defeat and took several scales from the Bitch Fish, a few other little things and a basket of the banana fruits and a few of the bread seeds he had foraged before getting a lift down to the Omaticaya's Hometree to see if he could trade for a new one. It was a little embarrassing to suddenly have a hullabaloo kick off around him when he showed the scales to Neytiri when she came bounding over asking why he was here and how he got there as Zeus had already flown up into the upper reaches of the tree by this point.

Apparently Bitch!Fish were something of an impressive catch - very impressive if the way the Warriors had suddenly begun to eye him with a whole lot more respect and interest. They had even hissed and made guttural sounds of anger and disgust when Neytiri explained that the Sky People had stolen his knife and he needed a new one, hence why he was here, to trade for one.

A mature Na'vi stepped forward, her clothing was decorated with beads and leather, she wore a lot of brown and yellow tones and walked with metal charms strewn through her hair. She gestured to his arm guards and spoke, her fingers flicking gracefully enunciating her words. Judging by how everyone listened and nodded, casting their own curious and admiring glances to his wrist guards, she was well respected and knew what she was talking about.

"Zuleika says she will make you a knife, if, in exchange, you make her one of those," Neytiri translated, her golden eyes alight with excitement as she pointed to his wrist guards. Harry looked down at them, the overlapping plates of armoured fish scales that he'd had to grind against a rock until he reached the desired size and shape and then looked at the woman who watched him patiently.

"Tell her, I agree, but I will need to measure her hands so that I can adjust them specifically for her. It should take a week to make," he told the young Na'vi Princess who nodded enthusiastically, happy that the Great Mother had given her a little brother in Spirit even if not in blood. She had accepted the task her mother had given her to protect and guide their little brother until he understood the ways of The People, she was sad that he couldn't remain but she remembered his dreams, the dreams sent by Eywa, and understood the reasons for his distance. How many years had it been since he last stood amidst his people and laughed and smiled? She had seen the memories of his Mate, his woman he was going to Court, they were a good match. But now she was dead and he was alone. She couldn't imagine how difficult and lonely his life must be.

Zuleika nodded and smiled at him, she was a stunningly beautiful woman when she did, she gestured to him to follow and, after

gathering up his scales, he trotted curiously after the Amazonian woman. He had always been a midget but he knew he was going to get a crick in his neck if he carried on hanging around the Omaticaya.

They moved down a small passage between rocks to an enclosed area, a very warm enclosed area that smelt of burning things and hot metal. A forge.

Green eyes widened as he observed Zuleika's crude forge, made out of stone and tended carefully, he could see that she had placed everything \_just\_ so as to not disturb or harm the environment around her. A large number of tools were placed on shelves made out of stiff woven palm-leaves, some were metal, most were stone. The Na'vi woman gestured for him and Neytiri to sit down, Neytiri crouching cheerfully on the ground, her long legs curled beneath her, while Harry hopped up, sitting on a large rock so he would at least be somewhat eyelevel with the older woman.

She spoke, gesturing to the forge and then to Harry, making slashing movements with her closed fingers.

"She says that she will make your knife here, out of the Mother's Bone," explained Neytiri, nodding to a basket full of metal ore, still slightly wet from where Zuleika had harvested it from the riverbeds. Little did Harry know those rocks were the very reason the humans had come to Pandora, Unobtainium. "Like you must make the- " she gestured wordlessly to his wrist guards, frustration twisting her face due to her lack of knowledge, " -for her, she must make the knife for you. She says it will take a week, she will give you the knife when you give her the- "

"Wrist guards," Harry supplied with a small smile. He nodded, "Sounds fair. Could you ask her to hold her hands out so I can measure them?" he asked, Neytiri nodded and spoke, gesturing.

Harry caught a few words and filed them away along with their meanings.

Zuleika smiled warmly and stretched her hands out. Harry examined them, pressing his smaller fingers between the bones he could feel in her skin, she had lovely hands, rough though with hard work. Easily the same size as his head, this would take more scales than he had but no matter, he would hunt another one. Taking one of the scales from his basket he began to lay them one after the other against her arm, checking how they overlapped and '\_hmm\_'ing under his breath. Neytiri and Zuleika watched with rapt attention as he used a small stick of charcoal to mark the scales where he intended to file them and bore holes for the leather straps.

Smiling slightly, Harry began to pack the scales away, being careful not to allow the charcoal to smudge.

"All done. You'll want them for both arms, right?" he asked, glancing to Neytiri for a translation.

Zuleika looked a little perturbed for a moment before shaking her head and holding up just the one finger and speaking, Neytiri nodded before turning to Harry to explain, "She wears her right arm with pride. It is proof of Pa'li Makto - Horse rider," the young girl explained, gesturing to the leather bracer that Zuleika was already wearing. Harry nodded thoughtfully.

"Just the one then," he agreed, which was good because he only had enough scales for one. It looked like he wouldn't have to risk life and limb for a while just to bring down another Bitch!Fish.

Zuleika smiled and began to examine him so she could make a suitable knife.

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He was successful in his endeavours to get a knife but no one seemed willing to trade anything for his bananas, they kept telling him he should keep them and Neytiri was no help because she couldn't find the right words to explain why they wouldn't accept them. In the end he just guessed that they must either be considered to taste awful or be poisonous to the Na'vi.

He could only sigh, bid Neytiri goodbye and make his way to the forest where he intended to catch some meat before heading home, Zeus would follow in his own time - he had afterall never explored this area of the jungle as far as Harry was aware. The young Wizard hummed under his breath, old songs from Earth, songs he was fairly sure had long been forgotten in the past century, he wondered what kind of music was being played on earth now, did they even have music? He couldn't remember any music coming from the clubs - though to be honest they were not the places people went to for music.

He put it out of his mind before his emotions got the better of him and he started thinking on things that he shouldn't if he wished to remain dry eyed and sane.

He stopped and sighed, "Would you knock it off?" he asked loudly, "Anyone else would get the wrong idea about your following me, y'know." The wizard turned around and looked directly up and slightly to the left, his eyes locking with a suspicious shadow in the fork of a tree.

Harry watched silently, not moving his eyes in the slightest as the silence stretched on and eventually, finally, the shadow moved forward and into the light, revealing the bratty Hunter - Tsu'tey.

The two stood in a stare-off for a few more minutes before Harry's natural impatience and hot headedness kicked in, he made a sound of disgust in the back of his throat as he adjusted the strap of his basket-carrier. "Why are you following me?" he asked sharply, glaring up at the hunter who seemed to bristle slightly at his hostile tone.

"You said no to Tsahik's offer of Home," he told the Wizard, sounding indignant.

Harry nodded, wondering where this was going, "Yes. It was not safe."



"Then why do you come here? You should go away," the teenager hissed, baring fangs at him as his tail lashed in agitation.

The Wizard's eyebrow rose, "Isn't that what I'm doing right now?" he asked flatly.

Tsu'tey sneered, "Forever," he snapped as if it were obvious. And it was, Harry just enjoyed winding him up.

"Can't. Zuleika is making me a knife," he pointed out, fighting back a smirk as he turned away, dismissing the Hunter as he began to walk off.

"If it is not safe then why do you return?"

Harry sighed, wondering how to explain this to someone who was obviously mentally deficient, he stopped and turned slightly, looking over his shoulder to the eight-foot being who had just jumped to the forest floor, practically towering over him even at their current distance. Harry wasn't impressed.

"I can survive alone, yes. But it makes things... difficult. The People know more than I do, I learn, I trade, I get what I need. But I stay away. If the Sky People discover me... realise what I am... they would destroy The People to kill me," he explained his voice wavering only very slightly as memories of the Purges flared in his mind's eye.

Tsu'tey made a cutting gesture with his hand, baring his teeth at the Wizard in a parody of a snarl and a smile, arrogance oozed from him the human noted almost absently. He remembered a time when he too was arrogant like that, so certain that the Muggles wouldn't, couldn't, hurt the Magical World,

not when they could disappear so effectively, not when they could raise the very oceans and boil the air around them. But they hadn't accounted for the Muggles' technology, for how ruthless and efficient they were when combating what they all considered to be a common

threat, there were no safe havens, there were no hiding places, there were no allies. Us against Them. Unrelenting, all out, fight to the death war. No prisoners. No holds barred. That arrogance had cost them \_everything\_.

"We will fight and we will win," he told the Not Sky Person so firmly that it made him bristle visible.

Tsu'tey watched scornfully as the Outsider looked away from him, his eyes going far away, "We thought so too. That arrogance will get you killed, Tsu'tey. Do \_not\_ underestimate them. They've wiped my People out entirely."

"Then they should have fought harder," he snapped, unsympathetically.

Harry whipped around to glare at him, "We fought with everything we had and more! We \_could not win\_!"

"Then you were weak and it would have happened anyway."

The next thing Tsu'tey knew he was being bowled over by ninety pounds of pissed off Wizard. They hit the ground hard, skidding a few feet with the force of Harry's tackle. The Na'vi twisted himself and his weight trying to get some distance between them to pull his knife but the human didn't allow it, planting both knees into his stomach and grabbing at his arms as he tried to roll away Harry ended up forcing all the air out of his body as he landed on top of the Hunter, his head lunging forward to crack against Tsu'tey's nose as his head arched up reflexively as all the air wooshed from his lungs.

The force of the blow flung the Na'vi's head back against the earth and it was quickly followed up by several sharp hooks from the Wizard who was just raining blows down on anything he could reach. All the while, Harry was screaming at him.

"You have \_no\_ idea what those \_THINGS\_ are capable of! You think Bows and Arrows will be able to do a damn thing to the

creatures that \_destroyed a \_Planet\_!

"How were the children supposed to fight! How were they supposed to fight when they were being strangled in their sleep, drowned by their own parents, how were the babies supposed to fight when they were having their necks broken!

"How were we supposed to defend ourselves when \_nothing\_ worked! We turned the very air around them to poison and they didn't stop! We burned the skies and they didn't stop!" he shouted, memories of the bodies, the fights, the horrors flashing vividly behind his eyes. He wrapped his hands around Tsu'tey's neck, tear rimmed eyes glaring murder down at that horrified Warrior.

"Don't you \_FUCKING\_ DARE SAY THAT WE HAD IT COMING YOU ARROGANT \*\*BRAT!\*\*" he roared, squeezing \_hard\_.

The fist that struck the side of his head flung him aside like a rag doll, his world spun and blackened at the edges as his body hit the ground and bounced, rolling gracelessly a few feet before he twisted and skidded on his hands and knees. Shaking his head like he had water in his ears as he glared at the Warrior who scrambled to his feet and hissed at him, his expression hard to read as it looked torn between fear, wariness, alarm, anger and a hundred other different things - it didn't take a genius to notice the flicker of shame and guilt but Harry was too far gone on anger to even recognise it when he saw it.

"They \_wiped us off the face of the Planet\_." Tsu'tey stared at the Not Human, his throat burned and his face and chest ached with the force of the blows from earlier, he was different now than earlier, feral and angry, filled with so much pain and hate it... it \_frightened\_ the Na'vi. "There's NO ONE LEFT!" he screamed leaving the Warrior feeling sick to his stomach as all the fight just seemed to leave the tiny pink form in front of him. He slumped, his head bowed as tears struck the ground in front of him.

"No one left. No one alive." Green eyes looked up and the Na'vi tensed in alarm as the Not Sky Person lunged forward again, feet tearing the earth behind him.

"\_THERE'S \_\*\*NO ONE\*\* \_\*\*LEFT\*\* !\_\_"

He was \_fast\_, Tsu'tey bit back a curse as the Wizard twisted in mid lunge as he jumped side, following him, his face twisted in pain and anger as the Na'vi lashed out - trying to ward him off. Neither of them hit home though as a shriek pierced the air and a shadow barrelled between them, hissing and snarling.

It took Tsu'tey a split second to realise it was an Ikran, the brown Ikran he had seen the Not Sky Person fly on earlier, it was hissing and snarling at him, using its body to block the Not Sky Person. Trying to... protect \_him!\_

Harry snarled trying to wriggle free and rip that brat's head from his shoulders (\_alone-all-alone\_) and crush it like an egg (\_no-one-left\_). How dare he, how fucking \_\*\*dare\*\*\_ he! They were all dead. All dead. \_They were all dead all alone all dead oh god they were all dead he was alone alone alone alone alone always alone alone!\_

Harry's legs gave out, he couldn't breathe, his lungs were frozen.

The words just kept echoing in his head as Zeus coiled protectively around him, hissing and spitting at the Na'vi. He couldn't... he couldn't he had to... had to...

"Z-zeus," he croaked, latching onto the Wyvern's neck. His friend didn't even need him to say it, didn't need words, they never did, never had. He hissed threateningly at the Blue Skin before twisting and launching himself into the skies, powerful wings baring him and his Human back to their nest, back to their home. He flew faster than he had ever flown before in his life.

His Human was breaking, breaking, breaking. The cracks had been growing and healing and fracturing again and again and again, he

had shattered now. So many pieces, like crushed glass, shattered mirrors, sharp and beautiful with memories and emotions that cut oh-so very deeply.

Harry's heart bled as everything finally came crashing down.

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Apologies for the MAJOR delay on this Chapter. The past week has been all go on this end.

\*\*Last week of work, passing everything over onto colleagues and job hunting, housemates moving out, room changes, a Water Bill of over five hundred pounds coming in (no one's been paying the water since I moved in over a year ago!), cleaning the house, having new possible Housemates come in to take a look around, panicking over the sudden Council Tax bill of over five hundred pounds and a possible court summons this Friday - having to then tidy my room in its entirety to find every scrap of paper regarding Bank Statements and Council Tax Bills (And this means going through ALL my paperwork because I don't throw this shit away).\*\*

\*\*So yeah. It's taken an age and a half to get everything sorted.\*\*

\*\*I'm not sure if I'll be able to get an update up tomorrow. Bathroom cleaning, graphics requests AND a Job interview are kind of eating my time at the mo.\*\*

\*\*I'll try my hardest though.\*\*

# Chapter 11

10. Chapter 10

**\*\*FIREFLY\*\***

**\*\*Chapter Ten\*\***

---

Last time:

\_"Z-zeus," he croaked, latching onto the Wyvern's neck. His friend didn't even need him to say it, didn't need words, they never did, never had. He hissed threateningly at the Blue Skin before twisting and launching himself into the skies, powerful wings baring him and his Human back to their nest, back to their home. He flew faster than he had ever flown before in his life.\_

\_His Human was breaking, breaking, breaking. The cracks had been growing and healing and fracturing again and again and again, he had shattered now. So many pieces, like crushed glass, shattered mirrors, sharp and beautiful with memories and emotions that cut oh-so very deeply.\_

\_Harry's heart bled as everything finally came crashing down.\_

And now:

---

It faded.

Like breathing.

Like a pulse he felt it draw in and out, he felt it cold and warm, like a thing alive and it took him with it.

It didn't hurt here.

But it couldn't last.

Everything came tumbling down, like a house of cards blown in the wind, like an ant hill kicked open by a spiteful child and now his thoughts and fears and memories came spilling out in a panic like so many writhing squirming ants, all panicking, trying to find their places again, trying to squirrel away what was precious with no idea of where or how.

Logic, by its definition, had nothing to do with emotion.

When his emotions choked him, logic saved him, kept him going, kept him functioning. Kept him fighting and surviving even as everything around him turned to blood and ash. As friends and family and precious people fell and died and cried out in pain and loss. When they looked to him for safety, for salvation. He forced himself to function when his emotions churned and thrashed like a hurricane within him, he turned to logic, to cold hard facts and rational to keep his people alive, keep them functioning. He was their rock and their safe haven.

But that was in the Wars. In the Purges.

That was when he had someone to turn to, someone depending on him, a reason to fight, a goal to reach.

Something to live for.

And now... Now it had finally hit home that he had no one to return to, no one depending on him, no one and no reason to fight, no goal to reach and... overwhelmingly, inescapably hammering into his consciousness, nothing to live for.

It choked him.

It burned and it froze him.

It flayed him.

And he let it.

---

Zeus crooned, coiling protectively around his Mate and nest. Nest which held his precious children and his Broken Rider. The two legger had not moved, nor spoken, since he slipped from Zeus's back and against Hera's side. The female pulling him firmly against her warm bulk, protected, like the clutch beneath her folded wings because, even though they did not fly together, the human was precious to her as well.

It had been days.

Were it not for the steady rise and fall of his chest and the screaming thrashing nightmares that haunted his sleep the pair would have thought him dead. They tried to comfort him as best they could, crooning and singing to him as they did their own children, gentle touches, Hera snapped and nuzzled at his hair soothingly as often as she could but still he did not stir. Not even the promise of food, right there in front of him squirming and bleating in pain and fear could rouse him - and they did not twig the sudden intensity of his nightmares with the sound and smell of the dying creature. They were smart but not like that.

So they waited. They waited as the broken pieces of their human tried to put themselves back together as the sky above growled with anger and the winds picked up, causing the two Ikran to curl together tightly, hooking into the earth and flattening their wings over one another and their nest as the sky went dark, the sun blotted out. Lightning flashed in Harry's eyes.

And a storm raged over Pandora.

---

As much as he sorely wished to dismiss the Not Sky Person's words, Tsu'tey found himself unable to just brush them off as the desperate ramblings of a lesser creature. The memories of that explosive confrontation wouldn't let him, they played out in his mind's eye



continuously and consumed his waking thoughts. He was unable to forget or push aside those eyes, those green-green eyes burning with a thousand things left unspoken, a lifetime of fear and pain and horror and \_hatred\_. How the Not Sky Person \_hated\_.

That hatred moved him more than any other emotion. No creature could hate like that, not without just reason, not even the Sky People with their senseless destruction and greed and insanity could hate like that. And no being so beloved by Eywa would hate an undeserving soul.

Which led him to Grace.

His thoughts unable to settle, his stomach churning like a thousand \_Eltungawng\_, he went to the only person who knew Sky People better than the Forest. The Dreamwalker looked surprised to see him appear so suddenly in her school, he had not been too keen on her lessons when he was younger but attended them as it would be his advantage to speak English when he became Olo'eyktan. But now, it served a different, but just as important a purpose.

"\_I See You\_, Tsu'tey," the Dreamwalker greeted politely, and smiled happily to see him. She was always like that, always happy to see them and teach them, she was fascinated by them and their world, her face and eyes would light up whenever she found or met someone or something new, for a moment, Tsu'tey felt a little guilty that he would end up crushing that smile from her face. She had always been somewhat hesitant to speak on the subject of the Not Sky People, her face would pinch and twist in discomfort, shame and nervousness, as if she knew what she had to say would not please others. But he needed to know.

"What happened to the Not Sky People on your planet?" he demanded, foregoing the traditional pleasantries.

He knew to expect something unpleasant, he knew that the smile would fall from her face, but he had not been expecting the flash of emotions that broke across her face before she could control herself

and hide them away. Fear, horror, shame, a hundred other things he could not identify and then her eyes shuttered and her face just became weary. Too weary for a young woman barely old enough to Mate.

Whatever he had been expecting, that alone told him it was far worse than he had been imagining.

---

Grace could have sworn her blood ran cold when Tsu'tey asked that question.

Her stomach twisted itself into iron knots that felt as though they were trying to tear free of her body, she felt sick and shaky and all at once her fingers felt cold and she became light headed. As though suffering a dizzy spell. The Purges, oh gods above, he was asking about the Purges. This part of their history could destroy what relations they had with the indigenous people, the Omaticaya would banish all Dreamwalkers and Humans from the jungles in a heartbeat and no longer simply defend themselves but actively attack and look to battle with them.

She floundered in panic.

Everything in her head was telling her to lie, to tell Tsu'tey that the Magic Users deserved their deaths. That the Sky People - the Muggles - were defending themselves from a threat that sought to destroy them and their world. It would prevent the Na'vi from declaring war on humanity, prevent the loss of so many hundreds of lives should Quaritch decide to re-enact the Purges. But...

But...

Her heart wouldn't let her. It would let her ignore the millions of innocent children, **\*\*babies\*\***, slaughtered for a difference in their genetics that they had no control over. It would let her besmirch the lives of a species and civilisation destroyed for no reason other than human fear and paranoia, a species that they raped and destroyed

and stole everything that was good from and claimed it as their own. Half of their medical advancements came from knowledge stolen from these people, the deaths and dissections of creatures so pure and magical that the ones who did the killings could no longer stomach their cursed existence and took their own lives out of pure guilt.

She couldn't even lie to herself and say that humanity weren't monsters.

It was moments like these, when a single person stood at a crossroads, unknowingly carrying the fates of millions upon their shoulders, a simple truth, the knowledge of one's self, can make all the difference between a few lives and a million.

Grace sighed, feeling every year as old as her human self as she sat down on her desk, "Sit down Tsu'tey," she told him quietly, sounding so very old and tired that the Warrior did as he was told without his customary sneer, feeling guilt bite at his toes as he did so.

"It was over a hundred years ago when the Sky People discovered them. The Wizards..."

---

Neytiri chewed her lower lip anxiously, she was tired and heartsick of all the death and violence that consumed her dreams with fire and screaming. So very very tired, and so very frightened. She couldn't cope with it any longer, it was driving her insane.

She couldn't eat, the sight of meat, raw or cooked, turned her stomach. She couldn't look at a knife or a bow without wanting to take it in hand and run to the Sky People's settlement and kill those monsters, slaughter and destroy them until the soil ran red with blood and the fear in Hari's green eyes was gone and replaced with joy.

But she was not a hunter. She was not a warrior. She had not yet even become Pa'li Makto.

So all she could do was cling to her older sister, her beloved Sylwanin, her wonderful, powerful, proud sister with her muscular arms and back and kind amber eyes that watched and listened without comment or reproach as her precious little sister poured her heart and soul out to her in hiccuping sobs. Told her about the horrors that plagued her sleep, about

the Sky People's insanity and fury. Told her of horrors that made her mouth dry and her heart cold.

Ignited the fires of war in that cold fearful heart, swallowing all fear and leaving nothing but anger and justice.

And all the while, Eywa raged.

---

Tsu'tey was... numb. Yes, that was a good way to describe it as he left Grace and began his trek back to Hometree.

He was numb, unable to feel the dirt beneath his feet, the plants that brushed his skin nor hear the trilling calls of the \_Syaksyuk\_ above. All he was aware of was the maelstrom of emotion, thoughts and memories that thundered through his head like a herd of panicked \_Talioang\_.

The Wizards had been hunted down and wiped out in under five years, along with every creature, location and object relating to them. Everything of value stolen from their corpses and claimed by the greedy Sky People, the Muggles. It turned Tsu'tey's stomach to hear of the Purges in such detail, at first he had been angry and furious and planning to attack Grace, but the discovery that she had family who had been Magic stilled him, especially when she described what the non-magic families were subjected to. It chilled him to the core as he recalled those blazing pain filled, hateful green eyes.

'\_There's \_no one\_ left!\_'

How could he have been so cruel and thoughtless?

Shame made his skin crawl and his guts writhe, he felt sick, as though he were about to throw up but could not muster the strength. He dreaded to think how the Not Sky Person - how \_Hari\_ - was thinking or feeling. The guilt was almost physically painful as he dashed back to Hometree, fully intending on hunting Hari down and apologising.

The Wizard had left his basket behind and, in a moment of numb consideration, Tsu'tey had brought it back to Hometree with him, most likely out of guilt. Now, he would return it and beg for forgiveness and even if he never received it, Tsu'tey would ensure that the Wizard would never have to suffer as he had on his Home, he would not let a Dreamwalker or a Sky Person anywhere near him. He had been through enough.

He was a Warrior, one more than worthy of Tsu'tey's respect, he may have been pink and tiny, but his heart was strong and proud. A heart that Tsu'tey may have broken beyond repair just when it was healing from the nightmare.

Fear of what such a tiny and broken being could meet within the forests had Tsu'tey practically sprinting through the Village, ignoring the curious and playful calls of his brothers and sisters, his fellow Warriors, as he loped to the upper branches. Almost as if sensing his Partner's desperation, Tsu'tey's Ikran was waiting for him, amber eyes bright with anticipation as the Na'vi warrior connected to him and swung onto his back, adjusting the basket slung across his back so nothing fell out before they took to the sky.

Somehow, somehow he needed to make this right. He just had to.

---

Harry was vaguely aware that he was being ridiculous and melodramatic.

He had known for \_over a year\_ that he was the last Wizard, the last one of the Magi alive, he had known that and he had accepted that and carried on with life as best he could. He mourned of course, he

lost count of how many tears he shed for those he had lost in the Purges and to Gaia's insanity in the aftermath of pain and silence. He just hadn't fallen to pieces, there was always something to do, food to find, Mind Rape to shake off, fights to win, shelter to be found, and then when he came to Pandora it was the same thing, but a whole different kettle of fish.

He didn't have the luxury of being a child any more. If, indeed, he ever had.

But regardless, he was being selfish and making both Zeus and Hera worry themselves to moulting, which was not fair on them. The storm had finally tapered out in the early hours of the morning and, now in the aftermath, Harry felt hallow, empty, \_clean\_. As if he had pushed all of his chaotic thoughts and emotions into his magic and used it to fuel the storm, not unlikely, he had done it on Earth during the Purges to help his people escape. This time he had just... he just needed an out, he needed to vent, to release it all without harming anyone or anything, so when he felt Eywa's anger, he joined her and gave her his power which she took gladly, understanding his need and using his gift.

He took a deep shuddering breath, shifting his weight, he felt different. Lighter and yet heavier.

Zeus knickered excitedly as his rider slowly heaved himself to his hands and knees, shivering in the brisk morning wind following the aftermath of the violent storm. All at once he felt oddly different and frowned, had he changed again? He busied himself with examining himself while Zeus and Hera nudged and snuffled at him, making sure he was alright, he was trying to distract himself, force himself not to think about the truth and he knew it would probably do him more harm than good but... if he didn't stop being such a melodramatic child then he was going to die on this planet. And while the idea of death sounded quite nice - he was dimly aware of Eywa's concerned alarm at his thoughts - this wasn't Earth, he wouldn't rejoin his people, the Magi, he wouldn't find Hermione or Ron or

Luna or Neville or Ginny waiting for him. He would be alone. He wondered if Eywa could even accept him into her when he died.

Ah, the white spots were brighter and he was taller, not by much but definitely noticeable now that he looked at his feet and saw his trouser legs had hiked up a good few inches. No wonder he was sore.

He sighed, patting Zeus on the nose and just collapsing back in the nest, he was listless and restless, but he couldn't bring himself to move or do anything. Was this depression? When you just couldn't bring yourself to do something, when it felt like the whole universe was just having a massive laugh at you? Harry sighed again, he was doing that a lot lately, he just felt so... \_old\_.

Old and tired and... he curled up amidst the eggs, feeling his whole body shuddering as his eyes burned.

He couldn't, he just couldn't cope with this. Not anymore it... it wasn't...

He didn't break, he just... crumbled. And sobbed himself into exhausted sleep.

---

Whether by the Great Mother's design, some bizarre quirk of Ikran intelligence or the curious, distinctly alien, concept of Luck that Grace sometimes spoke of, retrieving the Not Sky Person, the Wizard, Hari, had been \_much\_ easier than Tsu'tey had been anticipating. Finding him had been the difficult part.

He had first gone to the Floating Mountains, where he had followed Hari the first time. He understood now, why he had chosen a Mountain that overlooked the Well of Souls. He too would wish to watch over and protect the only tangible representation of the Mother he knew, especially if the Sky People had truly - he shook himself, there was no longer any question of '\_if\_', they did, they had and the

only survivor was now here on Pandora hoping and praying for a second chance.

He eyed the two Ikran warily as they drew back from their nest, allowing him to approach their precious brood and the tiny pink form curled up between them. He did not like to admit fault, especially with himself, he was not \_supposed\_ to make mistakes or be anything less than the best of the People as Olo'eyktan, but he had done wrong here and he knew it, regardless of how the wrong was made in ignorance it was now his duty, his responsibility, to make it right.

Even if the best he could accomplish was giving him up to Mo'at's care. His pride, his \_honour\_, was no longer a factor, no longer a concern, he could not heal the breaking he caused, so he must swallow his pride. He had forfeited both honour and pride with his actions and words - his concern now was for Hari, his brother, who was more important than both.

Nothing would dissuade him from this he decided as he gathered up the tiny form from between the clutch of eggs, he was cool to the touch and fragile, his ribs bending beneath his hands as he tried not to wake him. It only made guilt stab even harder into his gut, he was barely the size of a child and even more delicate, it shamed him to know he had been cruel. But on the other hand, he could not help but be a little unsettled by how he had not even noticed this when he met the Wizard, he held such force and presence that his size and shape had been nothing more than a passing observation soon forgotten.

Tsu'tey shook such thoughts away as he swiftly retreated from the Ikran nest, the white female watching him go with bright green eyes as she settled herself over the clutch of eggs and the brown coloured male hissed warningly at him. No doubt promising retribution should his rider come to any harm, Ikran were like that, he had noticed, when you rode one you became one of them and they protected you as one of them. Either way, he nodded and the creature snorted,



satisfied, before lunging over the side of the cliff with a shriek, no doubt looking for food.

Adjusting his hold on the cold bundle in his arm, Tsu'tey quickly climbed upon his Ikran and took to the skies, the sooner he brought Hari to Mo'at the sooner he could begin to make reparations.

---

**\*\*And this chapter is done. \*\***

**\*\*Yeah, I know a lot of you were expecting Tsu'tey to be the one to put Harry back together but yeah, he's a warrior, not a healer. He'll have a hand yes of course, but he's neither old enough nor wise enough to know how to handle an emotional and mental break down like this. I doubt even Mo'at would know, they they'll do the best they can.\*\***

**\*\*Now, as for why I haven't updated in ages... The soft and smelly hit the fan. It was not distributed evenly I'm afraid. \*\***

**\*\*I have a job. Unfortunately because I'll be working with Vulnerable People I need to have a Criminal Records check, fair enough, that'll take 6 weeks. Once the check**

**is cleared then I get to start working, downside is that now because I have a job, I can't claim unemployment benefits. And I can't work because I haven't got the checks. So, no money coming in right now. At all. I've had to go grovelling to the bank of Mum and Dad for money BECAUSE I have a job.\*\***

**\*\*And let's not forget the Council Tax going up, the Waterbill that needs paying AND MY FUCKING HOUSEMATE WHO REFUSES TO PAY HIS PORTION OF THE MONEY. (twitch)\*\***

**\*\*Plus, this chapter has been about as easy as pulling teeth from an angry cat.\*\***

---

\_\*\*Eltungawng - \*\*\_\*\*Glow worms. Check the Wikia page.\*\*

\_\*\*Syaksyuk\*\*\_\*\* - Prolemuris. The four armed monkies.\*\*

\_\*\*Talioang - \*\*\_\*\*Sturmbeest. Check the Wikia page.\*\*

# Chapter 12

## 11. Chapter 11

**\*\*FIREFLY\*\***

**\*\*Chapter Eleven\*\***

---

Last time:

\_Tsu'tey shook such thoughts away as he swiftly retreated from the Ikran nest, the white female watching him go with bright green eyes as she settled herself over the clutch of eggs and the brown coloured male hissed warningly at him. No doubt promising retribution should his rider come to any harm, Ikran were like that, he had noticed, when you rode one you became one of them and they protected you as one of them. Either way, he nodded and the creature snorted, satisfied, before lunging over the side of the cliff with a shriek, no doubt looking for food.\_

\_Adjusting his hold on the cold bundle in his arm, Tsu'tey quickly climbed upon his Ikran and took to the skies, the sooner he brought Hari to Mo'at the sooner he could begin to make reparations.\_

And now:

---

He looked so small and pale curled against the Warrior's chest, eyes bruised and hair unkempt. The People were silent as he passed, looking for all the world as though he were dead as Mo'at accepted the tiny bundle from her youngest Daughter's Intended. He did not speak, no sound was made, but the Tsahik nodded, understanding anyway, as she turned and carried the tiny form up into the branches.

The Upper Reaches, the canopy, was bright and airy, the ideal place for a wounded soul.

Gently, she laid the Not Sky Person onto the sweet grass that had begun to take root in the lichen and moss that carpeted the bark before sitting beside him, a coaxing hand covering over his forehead. The heart was a difficult thing to heal, too easy to break, too difficult to heal like a cut or a burn, but strong in its own special, secret way.

This wasn't a wound Mo'at knew how to heal.

Wounds of the heart were finicky things, some could never heal, some healed only too well, and others were still wounded but still working. They were complicated and whim some things. Things such as the Sky People's '\_suicide\_' was not unfamiliar to them, Mates would often join Eywa before they were expected simply so they could be with their loved one who fell before them. Eywa did not reject them, and the People did not scorn them for following their precious loved ones, if anyone had a right to '\_suicide\_' it was the tiny Not Sky Person before her.

However, this was not his home, Eywa was not his mother, and there would be no beloved waiting for him though their Mother would accept him with every ounce of her being. No, if Hari was to die, first, he had to Live.

Survive was simply not enough.

---

Tsu'tey watched as Neytiri pulled the tiny pink being into the eating hall, he looked pale and drawn and smaller than ever as he trailed listlessly after her. He ate mechanically but didn't speak and left as soon as he had finished - never even looking up at him or noticing his presence.

Things continued in this fashion for a few days.

It disheartened Neytiri and Mo'at to see all their efforts doing nothing for the tortured soul. Hari's nightmares were well known by this point, it was hard to ignore the panicked screaming when he fell asleep - he had begun to sleep during the day, far away from everyone else. He spent a lot of time like that, on his own, out of sight, for someone with such pink skin in their world the fact that he was capable of becoming so invisible to their hunting eyes was incredible.

But then, one morning, Zuleika stood in front of him and threw a dagger onto the floor wordlessly.

Hari stared at it briefly before looking up at her in surprise, the first expression they had seen him wear for some time. The woman just arched an eyebrow at him, distinctly unimpressed and a small, slightly guilty and sheepish smile curled onto Hari's lips. He nodded then and got to his feet, taking the dagger with him, and going to where ever it was he had been hiding himself.

"He will be fine," Zuleika said firmly, "The path will be long and difficult, but he had taken the first step, the second one will only come naturally in time."

Tsu'tey wished he had her confidence.

---

Three days after he received the dagger, Hari appeared in Zuleika's forge and presented her with an armguard made out of fishscales, they were carefully sanded to the right size, the ties made out of braided and dried twine with very delicate and intricate etchings of ivy scratched into the armoured scales. The Blacksmith had been thoroughly impressed and appreciative of the extra effort he went to create it, taking the apology without it ever having to be spoken.

When she appeared amidst the Warriors the next day there wasn't a single one who didn't cast a curious and somewhat envious eye over her proudly displayed gift. A gift which proved its worth during a hunt when she used it to protect herself against a Viperwolf's jaws.

Neytiri had to translate a fair few requests for the arm guards later, of course at a trade.

---

Tsu'tey didn't see much of Hari in the following weeks, too busy with the Warriors and the Sky People as they encroached upon their territory, Sylwanin's increasing vehemence to drive them out causing contention amidst the People, more than once he had been forced to physically pull her back lest she get injured in battle. He didn't know why she had become so wild, but he assumed Neytiri or Mo'at had told her of their Visions, memories from Hari's Mother, and this had prompted her fury.

It was strange having to be the level headed one, but he found himself swallowing back his first reflex more often these days, thinking instead of how to keep everyone alive, instead of how to kill all their enemies.

Hari had taught him the value of life and loss.

He did see him from time to time, it was hard to miss the herd of small children that followed him, they loved the fact that there was someone smaller than they were and Hari seemed to brighten up in the face of their innocent happiness. Or perhaps he hid his sadness better. It was hard to tell.

He knew Neytiri was teaching him to speak and in return he was teaching her how to make the arm guards that had become so popular. The Hunters sang praises to his bravery, they had hunted Dinicthoid before but it was a difficult and dangerous task. Tsu'tey had heard them marvelling at the speed and bravery of the Not Sky Person as he killed them with nothing more than a knife, lunging straight into the creature's mouth to land the death blow. He wondered if it really was bravery, or if it were a lack of care for his own life...

When he actually managed to meet Hari after so long, the Wizard had been sat down making what looked to be a large decorative

necklace and chest plate out of shiny purple beads. It was quite beautiful, clearly for a woman and so delicate that Tsu'tey doubted that any of the People had fingers small or nimble enough to make something similar.

"It is pretty," he told the Wizard, crouching beside him, "Who is it for?"

"Hello Tsu'tey," he greeted, glancing up between strands of black hair to offer him a small smile, the Warrior felt some small tense part of himself relax ever so slightly at the sight of it, "Its for Neytiri. For when she becomes a member of the People," the green eyed male explained. Tsu'tey nodded, pleased that someone - likely Mo'at - had taken the time to teach him of their customs.

"Why though?" True, it was customary that once you had earned your place amongst the people you were allowed to carve your bow from the wood of Hometree, but the giving of gifts was unfamiliar to him and truly, it was not something the People practised.

Hari hummed thoughtfully, fingers pausing in their delicate work, "Grace has explained Birthdays to you, hasn't she?" he asked, Tsu'tey shook his head, he had never heard the term before, "Back home, it was the celebration of life. Every year, on the day of your birth, you were given gifts and well wishings from your family and friends to show how thankful they were that you were born, that you came into their lives. Couples do the same on the day when they became joined to celebrate their love." He smiled at the look of understanding on Tsu'tey's face, "We liked celebrating things. I want to give Neytiri something nice to celebrate the day she earns her place, and to thank her for all that she has done for me." He paused here and set down the thin bone needle he had been using to thread the delicate purple beads together and reached into one of the baskets at his side.

"I also wanted to thank you." The Warrior blinked, his tail flicking in confusion as the Wizard turned to face him, "You were the one who brought me here, weren't you? You're the only one who could have

known that something wasn't right, and the only one who knew where I lived." The Na'vi shifted guiltily at the reminder of his terrible mistake, unable to meet Hari's eyes and instead ended up looking down as the Not Sky Person pushed one of his armguards into Tsu'tey's grasp.

Golden eyes looked up, stricken, "I cannot accept this, Hari. I do not need thanking," he explained, trying to push them back.

A thin black eyebrow rose on the smaller male's pale face, "Tsu'tey, I was barely living before. I was running away from the truth of what happened. True, you caused me pain by bringing it up, by ripping the wounds open." The Warrior cringed, his ears folding back as he recoiled away from the Wizard who leaned over and grabbed his hand, pulling him back. "But you \_helped\_ me. It hurts, yes, I don't think it will ever stop hurting, but I can face it now," he explained soothingly as he tied the armour to the Na'vi, "I can think of my Brothers, of my Sisters, I can remember the green of our home, I can look back on the good times without drowning in the bad. There's still a long way to go yet but...

"I can live now."

---

\*\*A short chapter I know but quite honestly, it was such a nice place to cut off I think that adding more would ruin

the atmosphere. \*\*

\*\*Harry's on the road to recovery and this painful chapter of his life has been closed.\*\*

\*\*A new one will be opening soon.\*\*

\*\*Stay tooned. 8DDD\*\*



# Chapter 13

## 12. Chapter 12

**\*\*FIREFLY\*\***

**\*\*Apologies to everyone about the delay but after end end of 'Season One' so to speak, I wasn't completely certain about how to continue and I needed some time to think about what I should have happen between now and when Jake arrives - because things do and will happen. Things that aren't really addressed in the Film, such as how Grace's School was shut down, what happened to Neytiri's sister etcetera, etcetera, and so on and so forth.\*\***

**\*\*Anyway, I've had that time, I've managed to plan what I want to occur and I've had it all jotted down for a night already - give thanks to my Cousin Naomi, her son Riley, Bump (she's three months pregnant and already showing) and her boyfriend Adam. Also, thank Holly, their cat - whom is now known as the Lesser Red Spotted White and Black Kitty after Naomi dripped on her while dying her hair red, and their overly affectionate collie-cross/Alsation/? Ki (pronounced Kai) who seemed to have fallen in love with me at first sight. Sexually. Yes, I spent the weekend fighting off an overly amorous canine who was quite determined to hump my leg into submission. \*\***

**\*\*This was later finished after my University Interview when I felt capable of breathing again without inhaling pencil shavings from spazzing over my sketchbook.\*\***

**\*\*\*\*\*THIS CHAPTER IS BROUGHT TO YOU BY MELIZZA RAGSDALE WHO FIGURED OUT HOW TO HELP ME GET INTO MY STORY TO UPLOAD IT - FFNET'S BEING A BITCH. AGAIN.\*\***

---

**\*\*Chapter Twelve\*\***

---

Last time:

"\_Tsu'tey, I was barely living before. I was running away from the truth of what happened. True, you caused me pain by bringing it up, by ripping the wounds open." The Warrior cringed, his ears folding back as he recoiled away from the Wizard who leaned over and grabbed his hand, pulling him back. "But you \_helped\_ me. It hurts, yes, I don't think it will ever stop hurting, but I can face it now," he explained soothingly as he tied the armour to the Na'vi, "I can think of my Brothers, of my Sisters, I can remember the green of our home, I can look back on the good times without drowning in the bad. There's still a long way to go yet but...\_"

"\_I can live now."\_

---

And now:

In the time that Harry had been spending with the Na'vi, Hera's clutch had hatched, birthing three beautiful, healthy little Whelps about the size of your average Tiger back on Earth in varying shades of metallics. Like some of the birds back on Gaia, the majority of the eggs that Hera had laid were unfertilized, false, to better the chances of the real hatchlings surviving if a predator came across the nest.

Harry had been overjoyed with their arrival when he finally returned to his old home - having finally been convinced by Mo'at, Eytukan and Sylwanin, at the insistence of Tsu'tey, to move into Hometree as a permanent resident of the large majestic tree. He was just there to pick up his belongings and see both Hera and Zeus, the latter of which had been none too happy about his arriving on the back of Tsu'tey's mount, clinging to his back beneath the crouched form of the Na'vi Hunter. Evidentially, Tsu'tey was under the impression that Harry wouldn't return to Hometree without sufficiently insistent reminders. Mostly consisting of being picked up and \_carried\_ off by the much larger male. Harry was not amused. Tsu'tey, who was really only in his mid-teens if Harry was calculating this right, had

finally relaxed enough to behave his age when he wasn't seeing to his duties as a Warrior, Olo'ekan in Training and a Hunter. This had translated to Harry occasionally being scooped up and carted off to go swimming or running, the Warrior took great delight in teasing him for his child-like proportions and lack of skill with a bow, Mother Eywa, how he hated that thing. And Tsu'tey knew it, the bastard.

However, despite his time living with the Na'vi, he still didn't know all of their ways.

Attempting to name the Hatchlings had made that rather obvious.

"One does not name an Ikran until you have Bonded with them," Tsu'tey explained, crouching beside Hera's nest, the white female curled around her Mate's Rider, thoroughly enjoying the small pink fingers as they gently scratched those hard to reach places that made her close her eyes and relax in a boneless sprawl. "When one Bonds, it is... For life, they become yours, you become theirs. The name you give your Partner, is the name of your Bond. Once named, Ikran will not answer to any but the giver of their name," he explained, Harry looking at the three creatures clamouring within the nest, falling over one another as they wrestled and trilled, clambering over their mother's wings and back only to tumble off - like kittens really.

The Wizard nodded, "I understand." And Tsu'tey merely nodded his head, making a mental note to asking Mo'at or Neytiri to focus on the more obvious things that the younglings were taught, not just their language.

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Due to the nature of how he was treated by the Sky People, for the period of his depression and healing with the Omaticaya both Mo'at and Eytukan had requested that the Dream Walkers not enter into Hometree or the territories closest to their settlement. Grace was still holding her English lessons with Neytiri and Tsu'tey and the other children but she did not attempt to follow them back to Hometree for

the midday meal as she would have before, politely respecting the wishes of the Clan leaders and keeping her distance.

Which was why it was so startling, so jarring, for Harry when he ended up coming face to face with the woman in the middle of the base-commons. The two ended up almost walking into each other as she was being pulled along by her students and Harry was trotting through to find Zuleika - he had been feeling rather like a third wheel, like he wasn't pulling his weight, so he was intending to ask to be apprenticed to the proud woman, help her forge weapons and tools for the Clan as there was only one of her, and many of them.

They had both stopped dead at the sight of the other with barely a foot separating them.

Grace's lemur-like golden eyes were wide with surprise and a touch of fascination as she recognised the Wizard in front of her, so close that she could see the pin-points of bioluminescence and a very faint, delicate dusting of freckles on his face. How his green eyes weren't a mix of blue and brown and green but \_pure\_ green, such an improbable colour that resembled the forests of Pre-Purge Earth. Or rather, more accurately, of the illegal Magical curse of \_Avada Kedavra\_.

Her mouth opened a touch in shocked realisation.

The only known survivor of the \_Avada Kedavra \_curse was a dark haired man with startling green eyes called Harry. Harry Potter, the strongest of the Wizards, their Commander, their Saviour. Their greatest Weapon in the Purges and the most well known face of Magical History outside of Tom Marvolo Riddle and Hermione Granger.

Before she could even speak though the Wizard recoiled almost as if struck before shooting off past her, vanishing into the jungle without a trace.

She wanted to follow after him but the slight frowns and the disapproving gazes of the Na'vi around her made Grace uncomfortable, it wouldn't have been a good idea when Harry was so terrified of her, of Muggles in a whole. She sighed sadly before her students began to cry for her attention, making her smile and allow herself to be pulled up into the eating halls.

There was time. She could wait until he came to her.

---

Personal grooming was very much a communal thing amidst the Na'vi, a way of improving social bonds with their Brothers and Sisters in the Clan. Harry, who had never been entirely one hundred-percent with physical contact, having been denied it for so long that it became something foreign and uncertain, even while being so desperately craved.

Even so, he was accepted without hesitation, the children pulling him into the games they played within the water, some of the younger females giggling over his obvious anatomy differences as he found himself unbraiding Eytukan's Queue in the river, gently washing the black strands of his hair with great care while Mo'at and her daughters did the same with each other. It was nice to be part of a family again. Now, if only they would stop laughing at his junk he would feel less inadequate and thoroughly uncomfortable.

---

The children didn't seem to understand how afraid of Grace Harry was, they kept pulling him into the school to meet her and it took everything inside of him to just smile awkwardly and make his excuses having stood silently and skittishly in the doorway for as long as he humanly could before fleeing.

If Neytiri or Tsu'tey noticed that the length of time he was capable of spending within Grace's presence had grown in any way, they hadn't commented on it and in the case of Neytiri, begun to aid the children in bringing the last Wizard into contact with the School Teacher/Scientist. The Warrior however, watched with faintly

disapproving eyes whenever his Intended and the children did so, scowling and folding his arms as Harry skittered nervously like a Horse being urged into Thanator territory.

It would have seemed a little like torture if he had not known that forcing the green eyed male into contact with his greatest fear, allowed him to slowly learn to control it. It didn't hurt that Grace would always be happy whenever she saw the other male, hesitantly asking him questions while he was in a state of semi-anxiousness, semi-comfort. He would eye her warily for a moment, as if wondering what she had to gain by asking such things, but he would answer anyway, remembering that there was no one left to use the knowledge against, and nothing to gain from creature's long extinct.

The opportunity to learn about the world Harry grew up in before the Sky People ravaged it was something

that Neytiri and Tsu'tey would not give up unless their friend was truly unwilling to be within the Dream Walker's company.

---

"My great grandfather had an Aunt who was a Witch," Grace explained, shrugging a shoulder, to Harry's question about why she wasn't afraid of him like every other Muggle would be. "He never met her, she died when he was very young, but her son came to live with them."

Harry stared at her contemplatively, "He had to go through the checks, didn't he? Your Great Grandfather."

Grace nodded, "Yes, everyone related to Magic Folk did." She smiled humourlessly, "Still do. Hospitals have figured out a way of checking for an Active Magic gene, they don't check the general populace because its so expensive to do but if anyone is born to a known family with Magic roots, they're checked." She quite noticeably didn't say what happened if they did have magic. "But the scary thing is, a few years after the Purges, there was no one born with an Active Gene." Or she just had no reason to.

"No one? I knew Gaia was weak but surely she wouldn't have withered that quickly," Harry exclaimed, his features paling in shock.

Grace paused, frowning at him, "Gaia? I wasn't aware that the Wizards had a religion," she admitted, curiously.

"We don't. No one believed in Gaia, I didn't either, until I met her. Until she tried to eat the Magic out of my body." Grace blanched in shock, the Planet tried to eat his magic? Was that even physically possible? The Planet was capable of autonomous thought and action? Seeing the look on her face Harry sighed and began to explain, "Humanity, Muggles, aren't Native to Earth. I've told you this before, that's why Historians and Anthropologists and Archaeologists haven't been able to find that oh so important Missing Link. It doesn't exist. Back then, every Witch and Wizard was roughly six hundred times more powerful than the average Witch or Wizard from before the Purges." That piece of information had the Xenobotanist lean back in shock, to think that such powerful individuals were considered Weak compared to how they used to be?

Harry nodded seriously at her reaction, "Yeah, with all the resources that Muggles took from the Earth, the weaker Gaia became and the less Magic she was able to give us and the world around us. In the beginning, when you first arrived, everyone was curious about you, we'd never encountered anything like it, Mother Gaia was curious, she was only a teenager back then, a child really. We took care of you, Magi, we taught you how to think, how to survive, to awaken that extra percentage of your brain and actually plan for the future and use your hands for things other than killing things. As time progressed, your people grew, we taught you the balance and you understood, you accepted and we all lived happily, Gaia provided. But after a while... Muggles forgot about Gaia and her role, they began to grow and fight against the Balance, fearing death and pain. You began to take and take and take, hoarding away everything you could without care for what it may do to the Planet. For a while that was fine, Gaia was young and healthy, she could provide a little extra, it was no strain.

"We tried to regulate you and it worked for a while, Atlantis was a good example, as was Camelot and Avalon. There are other places but they were the shining examples of co-operation between our peoples. But, fear began to grow, along with Muggle numbers and determination to spread out and consume. Time passed and Muggles completely forgot the balance as Gaia tried to provide for them and stopped communicating with us, more and more years passed, generations upon generations and soon even we forgot and became unable to speak or hear her voice.

"Then Industry began to boom, crude oils, mining, farming. Destroying the surface to better provide for yourself, upsetting the balance by overbreeding certain creatures and exterminating others. More and more Muggles were being given the Gift of magic as the Earth began to weaken, Gaia hoped that if they were brought into the Magical World, they would realise the problem and attempt to help her by preventing the growing industry. But no one could hear her voice anymore and the Magic Folk had gone into hiding as Muggles turned against them and started to try and kill them.

"It was like that until the end. Right up until the end of the Purges, Gaia continued to feed more Magic into the Muggles, Magic that would have otherwise gone to a Pureblood Child in the hopes that they would prevent the growing problem. Crude Oil running out, poison in the atmosphere... Then myself, Hermione, Ron, Neville and Luna we fled to the Antarctic, we were going to sleep for a very long time until the Muggles forgot about Magic and then come back, try to live again, raise our families in peace without the fear of death biting our heels. But... Gaia was dying, with so many of us dead and the Muggles consuming until she was nothing but a withered husk she was insane with pain and hunger and loneliness. She ate the magic out of us in the hopes she could use it to survive longer."

Grace stared at him in open mouthed horror, "You're the only one who survived."

He nodded, "I fought her, for months. I hid my magic away so deeply within myself that she couldn't reach it without ripping me apart first."



There was a moment of silence as he drew his knees up to his chest, picking at his filthy toes, "We... I... I beat her, we fought and I won. I won against the being that \_gave\_ me my power, that gave my whole species life." He chewed his bottom lip, Grace blinking somewhat in detached fascination as his \_ears\_ folded back, his slightly pointed \_human\_ ears. "She's probably dead by now."

"Dead?" Grace echoed, her voice curiously horrified and hallow, almost like it was coming from someone else.

Harry nodded, "She's been dying for a millennia. Its not surprising."

That night, Grace sat in her office with an awful lot on her mind while Harry curled up with Neytiri and Tsu'tey, thinking back on the past, remembering Ron and Hermione... and the Dursleys.

---

Working with Zuleika in the forges was long, hot and sweaty work, she was a no-nonsense woman who knew her stuff, her hands were covered with scars from where she tested the sharpness of her blades before giving them to those who traded for them. Harry worked as her runner, delivering them once they had been completed and gathering materials for her, often spending many an hour swimming in the river looking for the nubs of shiny metal pyrite. Completely unaware of just how valuable the muggles held the metal he was fishing out.

Fairly soon he became the person to go to for anything out of the rivers, his smaller form meant he could swim into tight nooks and crannies, smaller fingers could reach into places no one else could and while unable to hold his breath for as long as others, his body was a lot more buoyant and flexible, capable of powering through the water at a much faster pace than anyone else. On top of the metal nubs Zuleika needed, he gathered algae and plant roots, the eggs of various water creatures, even something that could have passed for Pandora's version of a Pearl that all the Na'vi girls crowded around him for a better look at.

He gave it to Mo'at in thanks for her taking care of him, he saw her wearing it threaded into her hair at the next evening meal.

So it came as something of a surprise when Neytiri suddenly exclaimed over the shade of his skin, what Harry had been assuming was merely silt stains that refused to be budged until he took some soap-root to it - something he was a little too busy for but since he spent sixty percent of his time in the water his cleanliness wasn't really an issue - was in fact something else entirely and grew curious Na'vi and concerned Warriors to his side in an instant to gawk and run their three-fingered hands across his exposed skin.

Markings in patterns similar to their own, silty grey-blue with tracings of tan-brown and silvery scar-pink, striping his entire body and bringing out the pinpoints of white freckles. It was surprising but not worth the sensation that it caused in Harry's opinion, then Tsu'tey was at his side, hand on his head and frowning slightly.

"You are taller," he pointed out in what most definitely \_not\_ a pout, but still disappointed that he wasn't as small and tease-able anymore. Harry frowned slightly and realised that, yes, he was actually taller. Where as when he first met the Hunter he had barely been level with the man's crotch, the past few months had him standing at eye-level with his belly-button and now he was glaring straight at his elbow.

One of the Senior Warriors roughly mussed his hair, laughing about how he still had a long way to go before he was as tall as one of their bows though. Everyone laughed while Harry flicked a metal nub between his eyes.

---

Along with his added height and skin colourations, Sylwanin discovered another change in her adoptive younger brother as everyone bathed in the river later. Her long fingers pausing in the tickly lathered tangle of his hair as she blinked down at the improbability in front of her.

"Mother, look," she called, beckoning the older woman over from where she had been helping Neytiri with her Queue, the two females clustering around the smallest of their family while he frowned and tried to look around in concern - Sylwanin's hand on his head preventing him from moving as she delicately traced a finger down the back of his neck, making him gasp and try to squirm away.

Mo'at stared at the soft pink tendrils at the back of the Magi's neck, they stood straight like plant spines when disturbed and ready to shoot needles at predators, they were not long but it was the pores they grew from, bumped and pocked she frowned in concern.

"What is it? What are you

all looking at?" Harry asked, attempting to crane his head back and look.

Briefly, Mo'at entertained the thought of Tsaheylu just to see if it really was like her own before swiftly discarding it, disgusted with herself for even having the thought. But this did open up an avenue of consideration that she had never given thought to before. The fact that Hari was so young looking, small and obviously different, she had automatically dismissed the possibility of a Mating, it had not even crossed her mind. Tsaheylu would be impossible without a Tswin and no female would consider a Mating without Eywa's blessing or knowing her Mate's mind, but here, in front of her, was proof of Eywa's design to ensure Hari's acceptance and happiness. Though he was small, oddly coloured and different, he was still the same, he was one of them, capable of Tsaheylu, a member of the People and a member of the family.

"Eywa has given you another gift," Mo'at finally said, kissing his forehead, "The chance to have a family, a Mate and children, of your own."

Green eyes stared at her uncomprehendingly, "I - what?"

---

And Chapter 12 finished. A bit too fillery for me but it details a bit more on the Purges, gives you another update on Harry's physical shape and shows how he's fitting in with the Na'vi and finding his place. Also, Zeus and Hera, which I know you were all looking forward to knowing about the Hatchlings. Sadly, I did a fair bit of research and the idea of Harry having his own little flock of Ikran would be frowned on. The fact that he has two named is a bit of a 'Okay what?' point for the Na'vi but Tsu'tey understands that Zeus is Harry's partner but because both beast and rider hold family in high regard, Hera became part of the package deal as a mother she won't be ridden until the Hatchlings are old enough to leave the nest - at which point she and Zeus will have pretty much become Harry's without Tsaheylu.

**\*\*((Is it bad that I considered killing Zeus off to replace him with Hera?))\*\***

# Chapter 14

## 13. Chapter 13

**\*\*Firefly\*\***

**\*\*Important Note:\*\*** Okay, um, not sure what conclusions everyone was drawing from the last chapter but I said quite early on in the fic that there was no M-Preg, its not really my cup of tea. What Mo'at meant was that he could chose a woman if he desired to - they're only really aware of his interest in females through what he explained of his relationship with Luna who he intended on marrying. Multiple sexual partners would be a completely foreign concept to the Na'vi who **\*\*mate for life\*\***, so if he chose a female for a mate the first time, it stands to reason in their thinking that he would do so again. I'll explain it properly below as to why he hadn't been accepted in that sense before now but yeah, no M-Preg unless I have either enough Requests for it, or a damn good argument in favour.

Also, sorry for the huge delay but this chapter has been the most uncooperative one to write to date! Not to mention I'm at kind of a Limbo point in the plotline with a further four years from now and when Jake arrives.

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**\*\*Chapter Thirteen\*\***

Last time:

"Eywa has given you another gift," Mo'at finally said, kissing his forehead, "The chance to have a family, a Mate and children, of your own."

Green eyes stared at her uncomprehendingly, "I - what?"

And now:

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Harry had never received The Talk properly, Sirius may have tried before becoming exceptionally uncomfortable and then rip-roaringly drunk and hiding himself away, unable to look his Godson in the eye without turning an unsightly shade of red. His Aunt and Uncle most certainly never even tried, they were under the opinion that Freaks didn't reproduce in the same way that good and decent and \_normal\_ people did. He had sat through the mandatory Year Five Sex Education Health Lessons in Junior School when he was about nine or ten, but that was purely scientific and full of snickering boys who kept flicking Condoms at each other instead of paying attention so not much was learned beyond basic hygiene, what to expect in puberty and how to put a condom on a banana.

And while he \_didn't\_ blush and stumble over himself or snicker like a school boy as Mo'at took him a little further downstream and sat him down to explain the \_Ikran and Toruk\_, he was still profoundly uncomfortable as the Matriarch who seemed to have taken him in as a son gave him rather explicit detailings on Courtships, Rituals, Dos and Don'ts and even the raw biology of Na'vi Mating. Extremely informative and more educational than anything School or Sirius could have given him, but still extremely uncomfortable and embarrassing.

Unlike humans, Na'vi mated for life because it was such an intimate act for them. Mo'at gently touched his face as she explained that regardless of how accepted he was with them, no matter how loved by family and friends, sad eyes would follow him where ever he trod. Her eyes were disks of liquid amber in the dappled light from overhead, and something caught in his throat at the sight of them the world standing still as everything narrowed down on what she was saying. He was different, unique, and would forever be alone, the last of his kind she explained, her tone low and mournful. Treasured as he was, no woman would consider Mating to him and so he would forever be alone yet none could bring themselves to tell him. To Mate, you had to join minds, bare yourself in the most intimate and rawest of ways, leaving your very soul vulnerable to the scrutiny of

your Mate. It is to Trust them and know them and share everything. To mate, you join your Tswin together in Tsaheylu before Eywa, if your union is favourable the sharing of feelings and happy memories occurs, you know your Mate on the most basic instinctive level. However, if Eywa sees that a Bonding would bring one or both parties pain or sadness, the pleasurable feeling of Tsaheylu is reversed and the bond broken, leaving nothing but emptiness and a profound silence.

Mo'at admitted that despite his changes, her questioning of Eywa, she never imagined that he would grow a Tswin, never be able to fully join them, never be able to find a Mate and have family. She smiled at him, warmly and proudly and idly, distantly, he wondered if Lily would have ever smiled like that if he brought Luna home and told her of his intention to marry. He liked to think she would have.

Physically, Mating was no different from what he was familiar with, minus a few anatomy differences. Sexual organs were protected within the body, only opening or unsheathing during physical Mating, she explained that everything was within and during Mating became visible, he assumed that they operated rather like animals from back home. He guessed that was the reason for the giggling at his own rather dangly anatomy, it must have seemed quite indecent to the other Na'vi to have it all on display like that instead of tucked up inside of himself - sadly there was nothing he could really do about that so they were just going to have to put up with it or stop bathing with him.

What surprised him the most was the fact that Homosexuality wasn't uncommon, nor was it frowned on, the People just viewed it as Eywa's benevolence at work. Her duty was to control the balance of life, if she believed the People were too many and her other children may suffer to support them, with a heavy heart she would call some of them back to her. Should a Couple wish to bare children, they prayed to Eywa before Mating and if she felt it acceptable, they would be blessed. Should two of the same gender wish to mate and are accepted, it is considered to be a kindness from Eywa, another

way of keeping the population numbers acceptable without calling Loved Ones back. The echoes of Gaia within him resonated, it was a familiar method, before Muggle the same could have been said of the Magi and even after their appearance that acceptance never really left - otherwise tolerance of couplings between species would never occur and wonderful people like Hagrid and Fleur would never have been born. It was only later when her madness began to rot the magic and minds of the Purebloods who were more closely connected to her that prejudice and hatred and racism poisoned the magical society.

Harry nodded as he watched the water swirl around his ankles as he sat beside her on the river-shore, they were quiet for a time, watching the light dance on the surface, listening to the distant laughter and giggling of the children, the creatures and insects around them.

"Did you Mate to her?" Mo'at finally asked, referring to Luna.

Harry shook his head, "No," he admitted quietly, "Our mother killed her before we could."

There was a moment of quiet before Mo'at spoke again, her tone firm and knowing, "It frightens you, doesn't it?"

He didn't even need to ask her what she meant by that, he knew, "Yes."

Opening his mind to another, letting them see the scars across his deepest most secret parts of his being, to let them know his faults and inadequacies, the truth of everything that he was, everything he hid away from the light of day and, most importantly, from himself. To let someone in that far, that close, after everything that Snape, Dumbledore, Voldemort and Gaia... after everything they had done, it terrified him on such a level that he felt cold and started to shake when he realised that even without them there, even with Eywa being sound and sane mind, someone could still force their way into his mind, twist him and hurt him and tear him.



He flinched away violently when Mo'at touched his shoulder, making the woman recoil as if struck.

"We had a spell, a way of joining minds," he finally admitted at length, making the Na'vi woman look at him in surprise, "Long ago, it was used like Tsaheylu. \_Legilimency\_, the art of entering the mind. But many years passed and its true purpose was lost, soon it became something else, something cruel and painful." He had never really thought of his Legilimency lessons as anything particularly traumatising at the time, looking back, he could only cringe at how blasé he had been over what was essentially repeated Mind Rape, what the Na'vi would consider as rape, it was difficult to say, to speak of, but... he could talk about it now. "By the time I was born, it was considered illegal, to use it was cause for great punishment amongst my people. There was a man, he killed my parents and unintentionally created a bond between us when I was just an infant. As I grew, the bond became stronger until I was able to see through his eyes while I slept. My people grew frightened for me, they sent me to a man who was supposed to teach me how to shield my mind, \_Occlumency\_, but the man... He hated my father and through him, he hated me.

"He did not teach me. He... He would force his way into my mind, rip my thoughts out for his entertainment. It hurt. Every time it hurt and I never even realised at the time how wrong it was, how badly he violated my mind. It was necessary, important, I needed to learn how to protect my mind from the Bond. But he just made it worse, he opened it further. I... I ended up getting someone I cared for killed because the Bond was discovered, and the murderer of my parents used the opened bond to force his mind in, to control me, to speak through my mouth and tell my Leader to kill me." He didn't look at Mo'at as he told her this, he just stared at his feet, concentrated on the soft glow he could see in the shadows of the river-bed. He didn't want to see the look of horror and pity on her face. He imagined that the concept of rape was completely unknown to the Na'vi, not to even be conceptualised, unimaginable.

"I don't think I would ever trust anyone to enter my mind again."

---

Neytiri was no fool. And nor was she unobservant.

She had been happy, truly happy, for Hari when they discovered his short Tswin,

he was a skilled hunter and showed great promise with Zuleika as a Blacksmith, not to mention his skill in River-Diving. Many a woman would be proud and happy to accept an offer of Mating to him, he was kind and respectful to everyone regardless of their place within the Tribe and he had already proven himself fiercely protective. She didn't know of a single woman who did not wish to try and heal the pains of his past, he would have to suffer through more than a few Courtings he did not yet fully understand. Hopefully her mother would aid him in this.

But watching as they returned from their conversation downriver, she couldn't help but notice how an air of sadness and uncertainty had descended upon them. Later, when she broached the subject of teaching Hari to ride Pa'li and Ikran as they did through Tsaheylu her mother refused and practically ordered Neytiri to never bring such a subject up with Hari, ever. Startled and a little bit stung by the rebuff, Neytiri sought out Tsu'tey to ask his thoughts on the matter, normally she would have gone to her sister regarding the matter but she had become increasingly thorny of late whenever the subject of Hari's past and the Sky People came up. Enough so that Hari would occasionally avoid her and spend time with the Hunter instead who was becoming a much more calming influence amidst them.

Tsu'tey had known nothing about it but he seemed to brighten up at the knowledge that Hari would not be alone forever, that he could Mate properly and have a family. Memories that Eywa sent him of their Little Brother's life on the Sky People's World had impressed onto him how much Family and Friends meant to him, surely Hari would be ecstatic to know that it would no longer be out of his reach.

But when Neytiri told him of her mother's reaction, he fell quiet, a frown of concern beginning to crease his forehead.

There was no other way they were going to find their answers, and while Mo'at had refused Neytiri to ask questions, she had given Tsu'tey no such direction. All they could do was ask Hari himself. True it would probably bring up unwanted memories but his Pain was their Pain, just as his Joy was their Joy, that's what it meant to be one of the People, one of their Family. Of Omaticaya.

---

"Are you certain of this?" Mo'at asked, staring at the Hunter stood in front of her.

N'deh nodded seriously, "I know she can never be one of the People, but her own Mother has left her mark upon her, she understands even when she does not See." He left it unspoken that she cared nothing for his previous failing, for the stigma attached to his name and his honour.

"She will not join us in Hometree," Eytukan pointed out, the woman was stubborn, she would not leave her own home to join them in theirs, she would insist upon returning each night because the Sky People would worry for her and attack to avenge her.

N'deh nodded, "I know, but..." he trailed off, unable to explain his feelings on the matter, he Chose her and she Chose him in her own way, he could read it in the way she smiled at him, leaned over when he spoke to hear him better. She cared nothing for the fact that he had tried Mating with a woman before, only to be rejected, she treated him no differently because of it. He was getting no younger and she was wise beyond her years, intelligent if abrasive, but her love of Eywa and all she held was unmistakable. She was good with children as well, they adored her and she them, he hoped that this worked out, his hammock had gone cold and silent for far too long and he knew his sister would be happy to weave him a family one for when they agreed it was time for children.

Mo'at sighed and nodded, a smile breaking across her features, "Very well, Hunter N'deh, may Eywa smile upon your union to Teacher Grace."

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Finding Hari was the difficult part of speaking to him, he was hard to locate at the best of times but when he desired not to be found, no one would. Zuleika was one of the exceptionally few who could, so it was to her they went for advise and then down to the river where she pointed them. '\_He has a soul of wind and water, if you do not find him at the river, look for in him the skies\_' she explained making the two youngsters nod, Neytiri unable to stop herself from comparing Hari to others she knew. A soul of wind and water? Such soothing elements, and yet so dangerous when angered. Her mother claimed that fire and air filled her being, that she and Tsu'tey would be well together as he too carried fire within him, fire and earth. But Neytiri didn't think that, there was no... spark between them, she could see him as nothing more than her brother, and Eywa how she had tried to make herself love him but...

She sighed and shook the thought off, now was not the time.

They did eventually find Harry, he had taken himself rather far away from Hometree, sat curled up in a small river hallow, water swirling around his shoulders as he rested his chin on his knees, just above the water level amidst the large leaves and roots that almost completely hid him from sight.

"Hari," Neytiri greeted, crouching on the riverbank beside him, silently admiring the way his new markings made him look like some kind of water creature, never before seen, silent and wild and so undeniably part of Eywa that she could only thank the Sky People for bringing him to them, even if she hated them for their actions against him.

Green eyes peered up at them and he smiled, it wasn't a happy expression, "How is it you two always seem to know when things aren't quite right in Harry-Land?" he asked softly, pulling himself out

of the water as Tsu'tey crouched down beside his Intended. Hari looked so small and pale, like an Atokirina given the form of one of the People, just as delicate and pure.

"I spoke to Mother about teaching you how to ride and fly as we do, through the Bond, Tsaheylu, but she forbade it so vehemently it worried me," the young girl explained, making Hari look at her in surprise, "I sought out Tsu'tey, hoping that he would know why."

"I do not," the Warrior broke in, sounding rather self-depreciating.

Neytiri nodded, "We thought it best to ask you directly after that," she explained, her tail flicking in concern as Hari stared at them with an odd expression on his face, it was times like this when she had to remind herself that Hari was actually older than both she and Tsu'tey, he seemed so young, as if he had never been able to be a child before being forced to be a man and now he didn't know what to do or how to act because his reason for being a man was gone.

"You... you would be the first to come for my side of it," he admitted before sighing and gesturing for them to actually sit, he knew they could handle crouching for long periods of time, their muscles more than adapted to it, but he did not wish for any injuries in their reactions to what he was going to tell them regarding his mind rape. He had been thinking about it since he left Mo'at, swimming up the river, his eyes strangely unbothered by the liquid, possibly because it was so pure that nothing could irritate them.

He was over it. The mind-rape that is. It was only since coming to Pandora that he had realised it was anything really bad, he had not even considered it in the grand scheme of things, Snape Occlumency Lessons were just more proof of what a bitter and foul tempered man he was, Voldemort's possession was a lot more invasive but at the end of it, he never actually gave it more than a passing '\_damn that hurt\_'. Gaia's intrusions were possibly the only thing that truly struck him as wrong but that was primarily because she kept trying to tear his magic out. Yes, each attack had left its marks, scars upon his mind and psyche. He doubted he would ever

consent to letting another into his mind, never trust them enough for it, but it didn't cripple him as he knew physical rape could do to its victims sometimes.

So he told them, he didn't lie or sugar coat it because there was no need, he was fine, he would never Mate, but he didn't need to, he never gave it a thought beyond how it would have been nice to possess a family - but he had Neytiri and Tsu'tey for that, he could be a crazy uncle to their children and spoil them rotten and take them for flights on Zeus and teach them river diving and make necklaces and bracelets that were so delicate and fine that they couldn't be reproduced by the other Na'vi.

Tsu'tey snarled furiously and was on his feet punching the nearest tree when he finally conceptualised just what Hari was talking about, his vision stained red, his muscles shaking to the point of tearing with the force of his anger. Had he possessed fur, Harry was fairly sure he would be puffed up worse than Crookshanks when Ron threatened to give him a bath if he got fleas anywhere in the dorms.

Neytiri couldn't believe it, it was beyond her ability to understand but she knew that, from Tsu'tey's reaction, that she did not want to understand what Hari was explaining, that it would haunt her to know it. So she accepted his explanation for not wishing to Mate and resolved to run interference on his behalf with the other females and a few of the males within the Clan. Hari did have his admirers, yet none would do more than admire him from afar refusing to do more with the knowledge that Mating was impossible, that Eywa could not bless them.

None of them were aware of the golden eyes that watched from above their heads, the golden eyes that burned with hatred verging on madness.

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Sylwanin raged.

The other Warriors could see it in her heart, the fires of War had seized her and Eywa's vengeance gave her purpose, she was not Tsa'heik, but she Heard, and she Felt and she Understood. Eywa's hate of the Sky People burned like lightning within her veins as her own heart seethed and revelled in it, Eywa wished

them gone, they were a leech upon her and the only way to remove leeches was through burning. Sylwanin would burn the Sky People, drive them off like leeches.

Gone was the Tsa'heik's patient and wise daughter, Sylwanin was tolerance and graceful, she Understood Eywa and the world around her in a way that very few not Tsa'heik could. But that woman was gone now, burned away by anger and fear and now by vengeance and righteous fury.

She had heard of Hari's experiences, his fear of Tsa'heylu and her whole being recoiled in horror and sheer unadulterated revulsion and terror at the thought of such things being possible. Tsa'heylu, Mating with the unwilling, by force. Such a thing... such a thing...

Tomorrow, tomorrow at first light, she vowed.

The Sky People would burn.

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\*\*And the end of Chapter 13. Again, apologies for the massive Delay but this Chapter has been a bitch and a half, it had by far been the most unco-operative chapter I've ever written. However, there have been other matters that have caused delays in updating. \*\*

\_As such, I would like to draw your attention to the fact that I have made multiple updates. Also, on my profile will be a link to a Webcomic I am working on. It should update weekly and its called \_Annen Rute\_ for those of you who follow me on DeviantART, I will tell you now that I'm redoing the Prologue and redesigning several characters, I'm doing my research properly and I've been studying HTML and CSS in order to make the website look as good as

possible. Sadly, not been having much luck, SO, if anyone is any good at that, I would love to hear from you. XDD Drop me a PM or an e-mail or message me on Facebook. I will pay you in Fanart ;D\_



# Chapter 15

## 14. Chapter 14

**\*\*Firefly\*\***

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**\*\*Chapter Fourteen\*\***

Last time:

\_She had heard of Hari's experiences, his fear of Tsaheylu and her whole being recoiled in horror and sheer unadulterated revulsion and terror at the thought of such things being possible. Tsaheylu, Mating with the unwilling, by force. Such a thing... such a thing... \_

\_Tomorrow, tomorrow at first light, she vowed.\_

\_The Sky People would burn.\_

And Now:

Tsu'tey was seething with fury and disgust and horror, the Warrior didn't think it were possible to feel such dark and overpowering emotions so strongly, so much, without being poisoned by them, without vomiting for need to just make more room for them in his body. Neytiri was watching him with large golden eyes, so innocent, not understanding just what Hari was saying, why he found it so repulsive, she couldn't understand, such evils were beyond her ability to understand. He wanted to protect that innocence, that purity as long as possible, she shouldn't understand these things, shouldn't have to fear them, wouldn't be watching him with such tired, understanding and resigned eyes.

"Calm down Tsu'tey, what's done is done, neither you nor I can go back and change the past and those responsible are long dead," Hari told him, waving a hand dismissively as he turned his attention

onto the water flowing in the stream around his toes. "This sort of thing has \_destroyed\_ people in the past, I'm fine, in all honesty, it never actually struck me as particularly evil or bad, I guess I was too young to understand."

Neytiri knew something bad had happened, something \_awful\_ and that Hari had been too young to even realise how truly evil it was, she crawled forward and hugged him, aware of Tsu'tey striding forward and picking them both up, wrapping powerful arms around them both as if to try and protect them from the world. Tsu'tey smelt of Ikran, leathers and a hundred different plants, hot metal, river water and something delicate and yet spicy filled her nose as she nuzzled Hari's hair.

"Hari," the younger male began, large four digit hands coming up to tangle in the Magi's hair even as the other rubbed at the back of Neytiri's neck, "You may tell us anything, we would not turn away from you," he told the smaller paler being gently, gently stroking his hair, "To share Joy, to share Pain, that is what it means to be of the People. Do not hide from us," he begged, nuzzling the green eyed male's head.

"Yes," the girl agreed, taking one of Hari's hands in her own, measuring his tiny fingers and palm against her own, "Little Brother, it is our job to protect you, to heal your hurts," she told him, kissing his fingertips, "You are precious to us, please do not hide."

Hari sighed and pressed in close to the both of them, "Sorry, I won't, promise."

---

Her breath burned in her lungs as she ran forward, her steps unaccustomedly heavy and thudding on the ground as she poured every ounce of speed and energy into her desperate sprint back towards Hometree. She tore through the people as they went about their work, startling more than a few who soon went back to work, one or two following her progress as she charged up the tree. Heavy

arms and legs causing her to stumble once or twice, toes stubbing on the bark but she didn't slow as she finally reached the Tsahik.

"T-Tsa-Tsahik," she panted, finally coming to a stop, cyan skin glistening with sweat from her run, chest pumping hard with every pant, her complexion purple and ruddy, all the blood rushing to her face.

"Peyral, catch your breath," the woman commanded, frowning in concern as she got up from her crouch, wondering why her daughter's bestfriend was in such a state.

The young Hunter gulped for air, "Sylwanin, Sylwanin is attacking the Sky People!" she finally managed to burst out, coughing as she tried to claw more air into her lungs, "She's taken six, six Black-Beads with her! They are heading for the Earth Wound!" she exclaimed, shaking her head violently. Black-Beads, the sign of a Na'vi who had lost family, friends, the will to live, those Hunters and Warriors who cared nothing for their lives anymore but lived on regardless until Eywa called them back to her.

Mo'at's face bleached of all colour, turning light blue before she turned on tail and raced for the upper branches, leaving Peyral to sit on her rump, legs shaking too badly from exhaustion to hold her weight any longer as she prayed, prayed to Eywa that her bestfriend made it out of this alive.

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All was silent save for the thundering of hooves on the ground, none of the predators of the forest approached them and that more than anything proved Eywa's desire, her approval, of their actions as the seven Warriors raced towards the Earth Wound. Paint of green and yellow displaying their intentions plainly, bows were primed, strung, waxed and ready, arrows were fetched, oil soaked cloths wrapped around the arrow heads and waiting as they raced through the forest.

Sylwanin breathed deep, the wind that slapped her in the face, that swept over her skin cooled the fires of rage that seared under her skin, centring her in the face of this conflict about to occur, calm icy determination gripped her, sharp as a blade and as unyielding as the ground beneath her Pa'li's hooves. Today, tonight, maybe neither, but definitely soon, she would burn the Sky People away from her Mother, away from her beloved little brother, away from her beloved Neytiri and Mother, away from her Father and away from her People.

Reason and doubt fled in the face of her fury as the first stench of the Sky People struck her sensitive nose, making her mouth taste bitter and acrid. Signalling to her comrades, she unslung her bow and prepared, watching from the corner of her eye as they did the same, the sound of the monsters with skin like Mother's Bone filling the air, belching out their foul poisons as they tore into her body.

The seven Warriors saw the trees thinning in the distance and lowered themselves on their mounts, leaning in close as they burst through the edge of the forest and launched themselves into the earth wound. The sudden explosion of light was like breathing again. The calm before the storm over and now the world was thrown in sharp, painful focus as the Earth Wound stretched out before them, open, bleeding and those Beasts roaring their determination to attack the Mother.

She screamed, shrilling, piercing cries as she drew and fired, oil sacks attached to the end of her arrows sailing through the air and bursting upon contact with the nearest, more oil from other arrows screaming through the air with accompanying cries.

"Ai yi yi yi yi yi!" she screamed and then the 'guns' began to retort, fierce barks and shouts painful on her ears but inconsequential as she hugged her mount and fixed her golden eyes upon those Sky People who attacked them. She screamed her defiance, arrows already nocked and aimed before the last syllable fell from her lips, flying through the air as the sharp twang of her bow-strap kissed her forearm. Her fanged smile blood thirsty and thrilling as the Sky People were skewered, their tiny weak little bodies broken and

draining of life. Had they tried to embrace Eywa as her beloved Brother had, perhaps they would have survived longer, even more so because this would not have been needed.

Heat licked her back as with more shrieking cries the Beast of Mother's Bone went up in flames, the Sky People shouting in alarm as they used their 'guns' to bark and shout at them.

Sylwanin screamed her triumph, bow raised to the air as she spat upon the Earth Wound, water for Eywa, blood for Eywa, she killed in Her name and the lives of her kills were her's to do with as she pleased!

From the corner of her eye, she could see one of her Warriors go down, the 'guns' perforating his body, small bloody holes that store through his flesh, shredding it through and through. She snarled and drew her arrows, oil and flint flying out and striking as it landed, flames leaping up upon her screaming target as he fell into his comrades, spreading her Flames of Wrath.

Then it started to go wrong.

Golden eyes widened as in the middle of her charge, her Pa'li mount was torn from beneath her feet, pain reverberating through her Tsawin as the 'guns' tore through her mount's legs, sending it crashing to the floor. Pain filled her heart before raged washed it away, let her pull herself free of the Bond and draw her arrows as she vaulted from her now dead mount's back, unleashing her fury on the Sky People.

A Sky Person, encased within Mother's Bone lumbered towards her, her eyes widened as with a single sweep of his 'gun' three of her comrades fell, screaming in pain as they were torn apart in a hail of - well, she couldn't even \_see\_ what it was! It moved too quickly for her eyes to track, but the smell of hot metal, the burning of their flesh, the blood, the puncture wounds, something had \_clearly\_ hurt them and the Sky People were incapable of the sorcery her beloved Brother told her of!

She had no chance to think further before an arm was around her waist, she squawked in alarm as she felt herself being heaved off the ground by a familiar scented male, Teryn, as he urged his mount up the ridge.

"What are you doing?" she shrieked, struggling in his grasp.

"We cannot win that battle, Sylwanin!" he snapped in response, "I shall return to Eywa, it is my choice, but do not ask me to witness her call for you! Do not!" he snarled as he tightened his grip around her to the point of painful as they crashed through the forest, hearing the sound of the 'guns' barking behind them.

She had forgotten, Teryn had petitioned her father to become her Mate, he had been refused due to his poor status within the clan and the simple fact that Sylwanin held no feelings of that nature toward him. He had

borne her no ill-will or intent for it, he had even congratulated her when she had been promised to a Male of the Tipani Clan, vowing to accompany her and ensure her good treatment. But his younger sister had been felled and it was as though his heart had returned to Eywa along with her, leaving his body to live alone and empty behind him. She had been horrified when she witnessed the black beads within his hair, begged him not to throw his life away, he had merely smiled at her, kissing her fingertips before leaving. She had no idea that he still harboured the affection that spurred him to ask for her as a Mate when they were younglings.

She fell quiet and allowed him to bare her away from the battle, clinging tightly to him, feeling the nervous tension that every line of hardened muscle in his back betrayed as alert ears listened for any sign, any sound of pursuit.

They did not have long to wait as the distinct '\_wump-wump-wump-wump\_' of the Sky People's flying Beasts filled the air and disturbed the canopy. Teryn cursed vilely under his breath and his Pa'li ran forward ever faster, pushing herself beyond what she should have

been capable of, her sides heaving with exertion as she ran through the trees at a breakneck pace.

Sylwanin hissed, her eyes narrowing on the flying Beast above them, that same foul smell lingering upon it as the others that burrowed around in the Earth Wound.

"Leave it!" Teryn snapped as they ran, "We need to hide, returning to Hometree will just bring their fury down on The People."

"Teacher Grace!" the golden eyed woman told him, pointing a little to the east as they ran, "She can protect us, they would not dare shoot at one of their own!" she explained as they shifted, racing towards the school where she knew the Teacher would be giving her usual morning lessons.

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Harry stiffened, his eyes widening as he felt Eywa scream in rage and loss.

He nearly choked and immediately launched himself up to the surface of the river, breaking the surface and hauling himself up onto the bank, panting in horror with wide eyes as he tried to make sense of the Mother's jumbled anger and horror and sadness. Neytiri and Tsu'tey surfacing and joining him a split second later, feather soft touches on his skin as they fluttered around him in confusion, not knowing what was going on or how to help him.

After their talk, Neytiri had taken it upon herself to lighten the situation by trying to cheer them both up, suggesting a rather childish game of water tag. They had been playing for a while, unwinding, and then Harry froze up and had to leave.

"Hari, Hari what is it?" the young woman asked, cupping his face to look into his pain filled green eyes.

"T-they attacked the school," he whispered, watching as the future Tsahik's eyes widened, "Syl-Sylwanin, Teryn, the children... they..."

dead, they were killed. O-only Grace and the - the few children she was able to shield a-are still alive," he choked out as the girl paled, all the blood draining from her features, her hands falling away numbly at the news her beloved elder sister had been called back to Eywa.

"She's so angry, Eywa, she never, never intended for this," Harry continued, shaking his head, headless to the water he flung everywhere as he trembled, the beginnings of tears beginning to turn down his cheeks.

Tsu'tey pulled them both to his feet, breathing harshly as he wrapped his arms around them tightly, Neytiri leaning against him completely unresponsively, her breathing shallow and fast as she tried to come to terms with what she had been told, Harry shuddering and knotting his fingers into the ties of his dagger, sheathed across his chest. Looking up, he nodded as his Ikran, Kelren, landed beside them, crooning in confusion at their distress.

"Come, perhaps it is not true," he soothed, it was a lie, he knew it was true, Hari's connection to Eywa was beyond that of Tsahik, but he needed to get them moving. "We shall return to Hometree," he told them, bonding with Kelren quickly as he urged the two up, positioning them in front of him as neither seemed in the state of mind to ride as traditional. Kelren made a gruff rumbling of displeasure at carrying so much weight but it was nothing he was incapable of, Hari didn't weigh that much and he had ridden double with Neytiri before now.

Launching up into the air, Tsu'tey tried to master his emotions, he knew that when they returned to Hometree Neytiri was going to need both her family along with Hari and himself. Hari was going to need them as well, Eywa's influence was sending him into hysterics, he needed to learn to shield himself from her lest he lose his mind within her Eye. He refrained from sighing and smiled slightly as Kelren offered a general impression of food and a query, asking in his own way if he should bring back his next kill to try and heal them if they were ill in the heart. For such a seemingly gruff Ikran eighty-



percent of the time, Kelren was very considerate of Tsu'tey and those he considered precious.

When they returned to the tree, Neytiri let out a hoarse wail as she spotted her sister's body lying beside Teryn on pallets of twisted leaves.

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**\*\*An insanely short chapter, my eternal apologies to \*\*\*\*everyone\*\*\*\* who has been patiently waiting for this chapter. It is in no way what I wanted to put out but this chapter has been beyond difficult, there has just been \*\*\*\*nothing\*\*\*\* in the plotbunny closet for it. Still, I do hope everyone has enjoyed it, the timeskip has been the most difficult 'arc' of Firefly to date, bar none. However, it is drawing to an end.\*\***

**\*\*Next chapter should see the first appearance of Jake, I'll be moving onto the actual AVATAR plotline.\*\***

**\*\*However, please do bare with me, I will be starting University VERY soon, next week is actually when I move into Halls and I will be starting the week after. However, I do hope to get the next chapter out before then.\*\***

# Chapter 16

15. Chapter 15

**\*\*FIREFLY\*\***

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**\*\*Note\*\***

Sorry about the delay guys, Uni has consumed me, the plotbunny cupboard has been churning out ideas for pretty much everything, except for Firefly. However, I am determined to finish this, because we haven't got much left as much as it saddens me.

We shall be covering the years before Jake's arrival within the entirety of this chapter and the next chapter shall continue onto the actual AVATAR film - with creative additions from the original Project 880 Script. Once the film is over... well, that's that. An Epilogue, maybe a glimpse into the future but that's about it. We're drawing to an end here but have no fear, there's still a way to go and Harry will truly come into his own. We've seen one side to him thus far, the broken survivor.

Stay tuned.

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**\*\*CHAPTER FIFTEEN\*\***

Sylwanin's death rocked the Omaticaya's world.

Eywa's scream of outrage was felt the planet over and messengers from near-by Clans flocked to Hometree, the forest came alive with her fury and it was with no small amount of satisfaction that The People realised that the Sky People had been driven back to their cold place of dark stone and poison by Eywa's fury. Corralled and contained.

Harry had taken to river diving for Zuleika and seeking out Zeus for very long flights away from everyone else. He felt guilty, responsible for Sylwanin's death. He knew she had overheard a lot of what he told Tsu'tey and Neytiri, he knew Neytiri had told her of his memories, the ones Eywa echoed back and through to her people. He knew of her rage against the Sky People. How it hadn't become the all consuming towering inferno of hatred until he came and brought their wrong doings to the light of day.

His self-imposed isolation did not last long.

He would be lying if he said he hadn't expected someone to hunt him down and force him to return to Hometree, what he hadn't expected was Eytukan to do it. He greatly respected the Olo'eyktan, thought fondly of him as a person as well. Eytukan was a good leader who thought of his people first and foremost, he spoke plainly and made clear his position on everything. He thought twice and listened to advice from both his wife, his Warriors and even from the children when they brought forward their concerns. He made time for all of them, he knew all of them, down to the youngest child's name, the young woman expecting, the younglings hoping to find their Ikran. He had been utterly heartbroken by his daughter's death and enraged over the cruel murders of both her and the children of his Clan. Enough so that, even while he respected and was actually quite fond of Grace in a stoic and proud kind of way, he banished all Sky People and Dream Walkers from the Omaticaya lands.

Eytukan had firmly grabbed him by his ear and given him a scolding the likes of which Harry had not received since Molly Weasley had been amongst the living. Wet, naked and holding a basket of Mother's Bone, Harry had been marched back to Hometree. By his ear. At least it got Neytiri to laugh for the first time since her sister's death as she came to his rescue. Later that evening Eytukan made sure he was sandwiched into their family Hammock, everyone curled up in one knot of limbs and flesh. It seemed empty and cold without Sylwanin. There weren't enough people.

Both Neytiri and Tsu'tey threw themselves into their duties. Barely a year past, Neytiri became reborn as one of the People, her Ikran Seze actually being one of Zeus and Hera's hatchlings. Tsu'tey began his training with Eytukan in earnest, shadowing the man for the majority of the time to observe and learn from him, he trained with the Warriors in the off time and attempted to get Neytiri to warm to him in the others. But it seemed as though Sylwanin's death had caused a hole that he couldn't plug and while they were friends, perhaps the best of, he could not seem to bridge that gap and turn it into more. Often times, he ended up on the river side with Harii where he went diving, the two of them talking or sometimes running through the trees for the hell of it.

The Tipani Clan showed up at their doorstep not long later to try and claim Neytiri in place of Sylwanin, this showed a shocking amount of disregard for Harii but it seemed to have been expected from Eytukan. He refused because she had already been promised to Tsu'tey who was training to take over but allowed them to choose a female or male from the rest of the Clan. The Tipani clan member was a young male by the name of Ry'nan who seemed to have his nose stuck in the air, arrogant seemed to be the only way to refer to him. Harii didn't like the look of him and endeavoured to stay far away.

This behaviour however, was noticed. Ry'nan, in a fit of childish curiosity, took to following him everywhere. It was frustrating to Harry and neither Tsu'tey nor Neytiri were any help because they found it absolutely \_hilarious\_. Traitors. His only sanctuary was Zuleika's forge because she refused to let the puffed up Tapirus anywhere near it, he may get hurt as Forge work is dangerous. At least, that was her excuse when the Tipani Clan members got bent out of shape over it. The real reason was that she didn't like him sniffing around Harry whom she had become rather protective of, he was a good and hard worker.

Zeus was the one who put an end to it.

Ry'nan was following a long-suffering Harry as usual, the Magi was fast losing patience with this and started running, hoping to lose him in the trees. It would probably fail, for all his swagger, Ry'nan was very fast and he wasn't pegged as the next leader for the Tipani for nothing. That had been the moment that Zeus identified the Na'vi as not someone he didn't know and thus saw his person running away from what clicked in his little head as a threat. Cue the vengeful shriek and falcon dive.

Ry'nan rolled out of the way just in time as Zeus landed with a shudder and shrieked in his face, tails whipping up and around. The Tipani Clan member's eyes were wide in shock, and not without good reason. Unlike most Ikran, Zeus was huge and powerfully muscled. No one knew exactly way, Harry had his suspicions that it probably had something to do with his diet of Bitch!Fish and Harry generally being such a softy that he would feed his beast instead of letting him hunt for himself. Either way, things were about to get bloody.

"Zeus!" Harry barked, fearlessly ducking under his idiot's thrashing tail and clonking him on the side of the head, it would in no way hurt him, Harry didn't have the physical strength to even leave a bruise if he hit with all of his strength. But it did immediately get the Ikran to calm down and actually cower away from his upset person, turning large amber eyes up at him. And damnit, there went his annoyance. Harry sighed and slung his arms around the bronze monster's neck, "No, I'm not upset, Zeus. But you can't just attack random people, y'know?" he told the huge creature while Ry'nan backed away warily and almost ended up walking into an amused Tsu'tey.

"He is large, isn't he?" the Omaticaya Warrior said cheerfully, bearing a fanged grin at the look of shock on his Tipani Counter-part's face. Zeus tackled Harry to the ground with a happy shriek and pressing his snout against his person's chest and thrumming. Tsu'tey laughed at the look on Ry'nan's face. "Zeus is very protective of Hari. We all are," he added with a rather threatening grin that had Ry'nan bristling at the perceived threat.

Harry grumbled as he shoved the bronze coloured beast off of him. "Alright, alright you gluttonous dragonfly. We'll go and get some food. Good grief, you're lucky I've been practising with Tsu'tey or I'd never be able to feed you, lazy brute." Harry looked over at the pair and saw them at a stand off, he rolled his eyes and reached out with his magic. He had been practising with it, carefully, oh so carefully, he braided the grass around Ry'nan's feet to tie him down. He didn't notice and neither did Tsu'tey until Harry flicked a clod of dirt into his face. "You want to come hunting with us, Tsu'tey?" he called, grinning a little at the evil eye he received from the Warrior.

"I'll go hunting alright, but you're the target," he growled, wiping mud out of his eyes.

Harry eeped and Zeus shrilled in excitement, the two of them whirling around and taking to the air as Harry swung himself onto the bronze Ikran's back with deceptive ease. The large male calling a challenge to the lazily circling Kelren who jerked in mid-air and dove down to collect Tsu'tey.

The race was on.

In the end, Ry'nan left empty handed. He had attempted to lay claim to Harry himself, only to have Mo'at inform him that Harry had no Tsawin for their Bonding. And since no other male or female was to his liking, perhaps he should look closer to home.

Hell's Gate had one worrying incident where they ran out of food before the Marines swallowed their pride and asked the scientists what fruit and meat was safe for humans to eat and thus started hunting and growing their own food around the base. Warriors would try to drive away any mining machinery whenever it encroached upon their territory which they attempted almost daily.

More and more youngsters were being encouraged to become Warriors as things got increasingly dangerous and antagonistic between the Sky People and Na'vi. Grace was found every once or twice outside of their territories collecting samples and doing her job,

but to all the Omaticaya who saw her, she seemed to subdued and unhappy. But Eytukan was firm in the face of their requests to allow her back in, he would not budge. If they made one exception then the other Sky People would think they were weak. He refused to allow that and Harry could only agree, they would press into Grace for information and treat her as even more of an outcast than she already

was. It was only the fact that she was irreplaceable in the Science Department that prevented Quaritch from shooting her.

Then the Tipani Clan was wiped out.

Their entire village was wiped out, the trees burned and pulled down, their Clan scattered to the four winds, those of them that survived anyway. Ry'nan's body was found sprawled out across a young Tipani woman who's bowl shaped hips pouted outward with the beginnings of pregnancy.

Things were getting dark and desperate.

Then, one day in late spring, the air was filled with a metallic sound that Harry had not heard for a long time. Flying up on Zeus he watched from a considerable distance as a ship broke the atmosphere and began to land. And Eywa began to sing, what was left of Gaia within his head following suit.

Harry watched as the ship landed and began to disgorge its passengers, he wanted to get closer but knew that if he did, the gun turrets would shoot him down, but he saw it almost immediately. Both Eywa and Gaia fell into a kind of anticipatory hush as the last of the people from the ship came out, a tiny figure on a wheelchair, looking left and right in fascination.

Wheeling away, Harry glanced over his shoulder to Hell's Gate as he made for the Omaticaya. Was that Muggle what Eywa had been waiting for?

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Tsu'tey frowned at him, "What do you mean?" he asked, swallowing his food, his tail flicking.

Harry sighed as he rubbed his aching lower back, "I mean that both Eywa and Gaia are excited about this guy. Like they've been waiting for him for some reason. Eywa isn't much into the whole Fates business, otherwise you'd have Seers. But Gaia... Gaia had it bad. If she's involved then this guy must be important in the future. In a good way though," he added when he saw the beginnings of a threatening scowl grow on Tsu'tey's features. "Its completely the opposite kind of vibe I get from the Leaders of the Sky People. Its more... like Grace."

The Warrior hummed unhappily as he chewed on his dinner, the two of them were gathered with the rest of the Clan in the Eating Hall, crouched down on the ground, food in hand. Ninat was singing, her high voice had often been likened to the wind so pretty much everyone was paying her more attention than their conversation, which Harry could only be thankful for. Because even if Prophecy and Destiny were one thing, Free Will was another and this Sky Person was a muggle from a world where Gaia and the fates no longer held sway.

He shook his head, "From the look of him though, he..." Harry glanced at Tsu'tey and amended his words, "He's a Warrior. And he must be a good one if they brought him here despite his injury."

"Injury?" Tsu'tey echoed.

"He is unable to move his legs," Harry explained.

The Warrior snorted in a mixture of amusement and scorn as he sucked on a fruit, "That is no Warrior," he stated before beginning to gnaw on the empty fruit skin. "What good can he be if walking is even beyond him?" He shook his head at the arrogance, cruelty and foolishness of the Sky People. It would be kinder to return such an unfortunate being to the Mother, before other people had to suffer for their weakness.



"He could be a Dream Walker," Harry pointed out, making Tsu'tey pause in his meal. "And the Sky People treat those who have been hurt in such fashions with care, especially if they were Warriors of certain clans." It was always difficult amending his words into a way that the Na'vi could understand in their own culture. "The problem is, if he is a Dream Walker and a Warrior, the Sky People will use him to gather information on us."

Tsu'tey frowned, "Why would they need to? Teacher Grace could answer their questions."

"But she won't," Harry pointed out, handing a small girl his fruit when she scampered over and crouched in front of him looking hopeful. All the children knew they could beg scraps off of him because he didn't eat as much as they did, even though he was served just as much as they were. Tsu'tey frowned at him in confusion. "The ways of the Sky People are... difficult to explain. But those who focus their lives to knowledge are often at odd with Warriors and those who follow more physical disciplines. It is like a war within a Clan, but one without blood. The Scientists that Teacher Grace leads only wish to study and learn from us and from Pandora. The Warriors are under the command of those who wish to tear open Eywa and steal from her. Ultimately though, Teacher Grace is answerable to the same people as the Warriors. She doesn't want Eywa to be harmed though, so she does little things, passing information that would be pointless to the Sky People, refusing orders the Warriors give her."

Tsu'tey swallowed the last of his skin and flicked his tail in thought, Ninat's voice streaming through the air, now in a chorus with Zuleika's powerful smoky tones. He had never understood the way the Sky People operated, but Hari made it seem like they weren't so different from the Na'vi but different all the same.

"And this Warrior will tell them those things Teacher Grace would not?" he asked.

Hari nodded, "Yes. The fact that none of the Sky People have tried to destroy Hometree yet proves it. If they knew what I was, they would

burn the whole forest to the ground in the \_hope\_ they would burn me along with it. They feared by people a \_great\_ deal." Which was another thing... He got the feeling that this new Warrior would have been a \_very\_ powerful Wizard had Gaia not been dead. Perhaps, like Grace, he held a sliver of her within his soul, enough so that he would find more joy in Pandora than the other Sky People who feared it.

"Then we should kill him, the moment we see him," Tsu'tey decided, baring his teeth in distress.

Harry shook his head, "I thought so too but both Eywa and Gaia are interested in him, they don't want his death." The Magi rubbed at his back again with a wince as he felt the bruises from his last river diving - there were some real unpleasant characters hiding in the water. "I'm just concerned because for a Sky Warrior, to disobey an order is punishable by death and dishonour."

Tsu'tey's nose wrinkled unhappily at the thought of \_forcing\_ someone like that. A leader should listen to his people, if there were disagreements, then the leader should either remove the Warrior from what had distressed him so, or find a way of laying his or her concerns to rest. He was not sure about what to feel when it came to the Sky People Warriors and the way they were treated by their leaders. Still, it would explain their insanity. They had been treated this way since Hari had been walking among them and possibly even longer, this was an inbred almost evolutionary reflex.

"The Sky People leaders are fools," he decided, handing off a begging child the last of his foot and standing. Harry chuckled and did the same, saving a shred of fruit skin to chew on.

"They are, mainly because the rest of the Sky People chose who leads them based on what they promise to do. Not on whether or not they have any skill or ability in leading them," he explained and Tsu'tey actually hissed in disgust at the thought of such carelessness. "It was a long told joke that you could never trust them

because they never stopped lying. But people never stopped putting them in charge."

The Warrior shook his head as he led the way into the upper canopy with great bounding leaps that took him from branch to branch, Harry skipping along side.

"If they lie, why do the Sky people place their trust in them?" Tsu'tey asked as they stepped out into the upper branches, listening to the familiar crooning hisses and thrums of the Ikran.

"Honestly, I left the Sky People before I was old enough to learn. At best I can assume its because they knew they would be betrayed and chose the one who would cause the least damage," Harry guessed before making a whistling chirp to call Zeus.

Tsu'tey called for Kelren and shook his head again, "Sky People are insane," he repeated.

Harry laughed, "They are. Well, most are. Fear can make you do silly things and they've been so scared, for so long, they don't know how to live without it."

"Insane and cowardly," the Warrior summed up.

"Its kind of sad really," Harry mused as Zeus landed and began to menace him for food and attention, much to Tsu'tey's amusement. The smallest rider for the biggest beast. "If they weren't so scared, they may have been able to find happiness somewhere down the road."

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\*\*And Jake is on Pandora! I've attempted to have Harry explain a little more of military culture to Tsu'tey so that things are rather a little bit different when Jake shows up to learn from them and what happens afterwards when the Gunships roll out.\*\*

**\*\*I am sticking with Firefly, I will finish it, I promise you that. I just can't say WHEN because as I've mentioned before, the Plotbunnies for Firefly just haven't been breeding.\*\***

**\*\*Send me reviews and ideas, its bunny Viagra don't you know?\*\***

# Chapter 17

16. Chapter 16

**\*\*FIREFLY\*\***

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**\*\*CHAPTER SIXTEEN\*\***

Unrest was growing within the Omaticaya. The Warriors dedicated to watching the Sky People had reported the strange creatures they controlled going on the move, heading in the direction of Hometree. Harry was so glad he had advised Eytukan to keep an eye on the Sky People even if he did not wish to have anything to do with them. The question Harry now had was, \_why?\_

The machinery was quite clearly for clearing away trees and undergrowth, but that was the stuff in the lead, diggers and other excavation machinery were bringing up the rear along with quite a number of muggle Soldiers in metal power suits like out of those Japanese cartoons Dudley used to like so much. Only without the panties and breasts. This wasn't an attack on the Omaticaya it was something else. Harry just didn't know what. And it brought him to another thought. Why were the muggles even ON this planet? The little girl he met briefly in the hospital said it was to bring back 'miracles', medicine and other advances in science obviously, but why the digging stuff? They couldn't be digging for crude oil, after Earth's supply ran dry they changed pretty much everything to run off alternative power-sources. It would cost too much to switch back to a power supply that would just run dry again. None of the Omaticaya knew and while Harry had a feeling Neytiri may know, she wasn't there. She had gone off on a hunting trip for Yerik and Tsu'tey, the next most likely person to have an idea, was prepping the Warriors to go out and investigate the advancing Sky People.

Harry wasn't sure how to feel about all this as he stripped himself free of his clothing and clenched his knife between his teeth at the edge of the river. All he knew was that things were about to change in a \_big\_ way, all thanks to that one muggle in the wheelchair who may, or may not, be a Dream Walker.

He sighed through his nose as he dove into the water, slipping through carnivorous weeds with the ease that his smaller frame allowed him. None of the Na'vi swam in this area due to the plant life, Harry was faster than they were when swimming and smaller, capable of twisting away. There had been something shiny in the water the last time Harry had passed by, probably more of Mother's Bone which was why he was diving. They were going to need as many weapons as possible for the future.

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Tsu'tey seethed and grit his teeth as he led Neytiri and the Dream Walker back to Hometree, Hari's words echoing in his head. The injured Warrior in a False Body, signs from Eywa, the Sky People moving and acting strangely. He \_did not\_ like this. He made his displeasure known as he roughly dismounted from his Pali and stalked into the Commons with his tail lashing angrily behind him.

"Ma, Eytukan," he called, catching his Olo'eyktan's attention. "Neytiri returns to us, she brings a Dream Walker." Eytukan's golden eyes widened in disbelief and a little anger. His youngest daughter perhaps had all of his worst traits and her mother's best, a bad combination in his opinion. "Where is Hari?" Tsu'tey asked in an undertone. Their Brother had enough difficulties with Teacher Grace whom was known to them as non-violent, non-combative, Tsu'tey did not wish to see how he would react to the presence of a Warrior. It would awaken memories best left untouched.

"I'm here," the Magi stated, appearing at Tsu'tey's elbow, his arms wrapped in bandages and poultices.

Tsu'tey frowned and caught his wrist, pulling his arm out for inspection, "What happened?" he demanded, running his fingers

gently down the overly warm bandages.

Harry refrained from rolling his eyes, most of the Omaticaya treated him like glass due to his size and lack of physical strength but Tsu'tey of all people knew that he was quite capable of defending himself. After all, apart from Eytukan and N'deh, Harry was now one of the only people in the Clan who could put the Olo'eyktan in Training on his ass during practice. "Remember the section of river full of Ionataya weed? I saw something shiny, thought I'd check it out. Turns out it was a nursery for Swizavtzep," he explained as he frowned and looked over to the crowding Omaticaya and the calls the Warriors were making. That wasn't the '\_successful hunt\_' call, it was a distinctly more warning one. "What's going on?" Harry asked before blanching as Neytiri pushed her way through the crowding Clan with a muggle in tow.

Tsu'tey bared his teeth at the Dream Walker as Hari paled and tensed.

"Release him. Release him," the girl ordered the Warriors, who glanced at Tsu'tey for guidance. He wrinkled his nose as he gently pushed Harry behind him but nodded all the same. A second later, the Warriors had stepped back, forming a protective line between the Demon and The People. "Father, I See you," Neytiri greeted, touching her forehead with her knuckles as her father gave her a look of tempered disapproval.

From the corner of Harry's eye, he could see Ninat rushing into the upper-reaches to collect Mo'at from where she was teaching Songs to the Young Ones.

Eytukan stepped away from Tsu'tey and Harry, making sure to position himself closer to the Demon than his daughter or the Magi he had come to view as a son in the past few years. He gave the Demon a small quirk of the lips to see how he would react. He smiled back and nodded his head. Well, he was non-hostile at least. "This creature," he began, circling back to his daughter now that he knew the Demon would not be attacking. Neytiri was clearly

comfortable having him behind her, Hari was having difficulties with just being in front of him. "Why did you bring him here?" he asked, eyes flicking around as he threw his voice so the whole Clan could hear.

Neytiri stepped forward, hand on her chest as she explained herself, "I was going to kill him, but there was a sign from Eywa," she told him.

"I have said: '\_no Dream Walker will come here\_'," he reminded her sternly. He had said this \_many\_ times, every time one of the children asked when Teacher Grace would be back. This was for their safety. In all honesty he had expected better of his daughter, she cared greatly for Hari and yet she brings one of the subjects of his night-terrors here into the heart of their Home.

"\_What's he saying?\_" the muggle asked in a whisper.

Eytukan's lip curled unhappily, "His alien smell fills my nose," he sneered with a grimace.

"\_What's he saying?\_" the muggle repeated, an edge of demand in his tone. One that Neytiri could not ignore.

"\_My father is deciding whether or not to kill you,\_" she told him harshly.

He glanced between the two, wetting his lips, "\_Your father...\_" He stepped forward, hand outstretched, "\_Its nice to meet you, sir,\_" he began even as almost every Warrior that surrounded him lunged forward with weapons flashing.

Tsu'tey moved with a snarl even as Neytiri shoved the muggle backwards with a bark of "No!"

"Release this creature!" Mo'at's voice rang out, causing all activity to cease as she stalked down from the upper-reaches. "Step back!" she commanded, "I will look at this alien."



Tsu'tey growled under his breath but stepped away none the less, tail flicking minutely as he felt Hari against his back, peering out from behind him, fingers knotted into his armbands. The two watched as the Tsahik stepped forward in a wary form, circling the Dream Walker with careful eyes, checking the texture of his Tswin braid, the strength of his tail before looking him in the eye. All the while, Neytiri explained in English just who the woman was and her role within the Clan.

"\_Who's Eywa?\_" the Warrior asked making Harry's eyes widen. Surely Grace wouldn't have sent someone to them without telling them even the \_slightest\_ thing about their culture?

"\_What are you called?\_" Mo'at asked, being better versed in the ways of the Sky People than her mate due to the time she spent speaking with Teacher Grace and the children who learned from her.

"\_Jake Sully\_" he said, looking a little nervous as he glanced from Eytukan back to the woman in the red and yellow beads that he was allowing to take over without question.

Mo'at's tail flicked a moment before she removed her bone-knife and pricked him in the chest, testing the flavour of his blood. The taste was... different to Teacher Grace, stronger. "\_Why did you come to us?\_" she demanded, eyeing the powerfully built male in front of her.

"\_I came to learn,\_" he admitted softly, as if he were unsure of the answer.

Mo'at hummed a little in the back of her throat as she slid her knife away. "\_We have tried to teach other Sky People. It is hard to fill a cup which is already full,\_" she told him sagely. Attempting to show Teacher Grace their ways had been difficult, she wished to know how and why things happened instead of just accepting that it was just the way they were and would continue to be.

"\_My cup is empty,\_" he smiled a little as if sharing a joke as he glanced uncertainly to Neytiri. "\_True me, just ask Doctor Augustine,

I'm no scientist.\_"

"\_What are you then?\_" Mo'at asked, unmoved.

Jake shifted a little, uncertain, "\_I was a marine, a Warrior of the uh, Jarhead Clan,\_" he explained and Harry bit his lip at the expression that quirked his face a split second later as if asking himself 'did that really just come out of my mouth?'.

Tsu'tey sneered, "A warrior? I could kill him easily!" he exclaimed to the rousing cries of approval from the surrounding Omaticaya Warriors. Harry's grip on the Warrior tightened as anxiousness set his stomach fizzling, as good as Tsu'tey was, he didn't think he would be able to handle a Marine. Especially one as good as this Jake Sully seemed to be. They wouldn't send just anyone out into the jungle and expect them to reach Hometree, the False Bodies had to cost a pretty penny so this guy \_had\_ to be

good otherwise they wouldn't take the risk of losing it.

"No!" Eytukan commanded, silencing the cheers. He then did something unexpected, "Hari, what do you know of this Jarhead Clan?" he asked, looking directly at the tiny form attempting to hide behind his daughter's intended. The Navi was quite honestly surprised the Magi was still present, perhaps it was a sign of his recovery or his trust in the Omaticaya present, either way, Eytukan was glad.

Jake found himself staring.

With the situation being what it was, he had been too high-strung to notice the small form trying to hide itself behind the Warrior who seemed to be in charge. It, he looked almost human. Standing almost level with the Warrior's shoulder he was several feet taller than a human should have been with the large almond shaped eyes that the Na'vi had but an almost alarming shade of vivid green, smoky blue-grey markings striped his body. His dark chocolate black hair hung down past his shoulders in wild strands, he didn't possess

the long freaky braid that the other Na'vi had so Jake had to assume that he was actually human. The four fingers and thumb, plus five toes were a big clue as well. Tiny pin-points of white light patterned his body as he slowly shifted into view. He was dressed differently to the Na'vi as well, armguards that looked to be made of some kind of over-lapping plates, a kind of sarong and loin-cloth. He was injured as well judging by the leaf patches on his forearms and legs. He went barefoot like the rest of the Na'vi.

"The Jarhead Clan," he said, taking Jake a little by surprise by how easily he spoke the words and by the way he looked at him with such a knowing gaze. "Have many different branches in different disciplines. But there is one thing they have in common, they take only the best Warriors. It is not a Clan you are born into, you are chosen to join based on how well you fight and kill. Some fight in the water, some in the air, some on the ground in the wild, others in villages like the Cold Place where the Sky People live, only more and bigger. This one, Jake Sully, if he has been sent here then he is good. One of the best otherwise they would not have chanced the False Body being destroyed." There was a pause, "A better example of their ability would probably be this: The Jarhead Clan killed the majority of my people in only three years."

Angry cries and howls went up amidst the Omaticaya, Tsu'tey hissing as he roughly pulled Hari back behind him, Neytiri leaning back with wide eyes as she chirped in distress.

"QUIET!" Eytukan roared, the Clan falling silent almost immediately. Jake's eyes were wide, his ears folded back as he licked his lips and shifted uncomfortably, clearly actually quite concerned to be surrounded by so many hostile gazes. "This is the first Warrior Dream Walker we have seen. We need to learn more about him and the Warrior ways of the Sky People so that we may face them better in the future," he explained loudly to his Clan, they looked unhappy but the Warriors were nodding and exchanging sad looks as they remembered the failed attack of Sylwanin.

"My daughter," Mo'at spoke, approaching her little girl who turned to her with large golden eyes, still stunned at what she had just learned. "You will teach him out ways... to speak and walk as we do," she told her as the girl hissed and bit her lower lip.

"Why me?" she murmured, "That is not fair," she told her mother who lifted a hand, stemming her protests.

"It is decided."

"Damnit!"

"\_My daughter will teach you our ways, learn well, Jakesully. Then we shall see if your insanity can be cured,\_" she told the muggle who nodded hesitantly, looking as though he were now regretting what he had just gotten himself into.

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"Well, that was interesting," Harry muttered as he handed off a leaf of food to Mo'at.

"You were shaking like a newborn Yerik in the cold season," Tsu'tey told him flatly, picking at his food as he glowered up at the Magi. Harry had to agree but that didn't mean he would do it out loud, instead, he stuck his tongue out at the Warrior who snorted and pulled him down by the back of his clothing, prompting a mixed squeak of surprise and discomfort from the smaller male. The Warrior sighed as he began to pick at his food again, "I still say we should kill him rather than take the risk," he muttered.

Harry sighed, "He has yet to do anything wrong, Tsu'tey. I'm not going to kill him simply because of what he is. That would make us just as bad as the Sky People," he pointed out quietly as he listlessly began to peel his fruit.

"I can request Neytiri teach him outside of Hometree if his presence disturbs you so much," Eytukan offered. He was still very

disappointed in Neytiri for not considering the feelings of everyone in the Clan before bringing such a disruptive influence into their home.

Harry shook his head, "No, I'll be fine. I'm going to need to get over this silly fear of mine if I'm ever going to completely recover."

And in that moment, the singing stopped and everyone looked up to see Neytiri leading the newest member of the clan into their midst. The silence was incredibly awkward, awkward enough for the muggle to try and lighten the atmosphere with a joke that flew as well as a lead balloon given how no one actually understood English and the custom of standing up when someone entered the room at meal times was one the Na'vi had never even heard of. Harry shifted uncomfortably and proceeded to hand Neytiri his uneaten food when she went to go and collect some.

"Not hungry," he said as he swiftly left the hall, stomach churning.

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In all, Jake's presence was not overly felt in the following days. The children pointed and stared before being ushered off to where they were supposed to be, snide comments were muttered over food and weapons and the loom, but all in all, he and Neytiri kept themselves to themselves as she taught and he learned. Slowly though. Her frustration was quite visible to those who knew her, apparently Jake was a slow learner, clearly more suited to physical pursuits than mental ones like learning their language.

It was a little alarming for Harry to climb out of the river, flicking globes of mud from his forearms as he carried a basket of Mother's Bone and see both Neytiri and Jake watching him from the shore. He flushed very horribly and very visibly when he realised just where Jake's eyes were, and it was definitely lower than his belly-button. Dear god if he said \_anything\_ about his junk then Harry was not going to be held accountable for his actions!

"\_Do you mind?\_" Harry snapped, severely uncomfortable as he hustled toward his clothing and belongings, setting the basket down

to reclothe himself.

"\_Nope,\_" the Marine told him, sounding entirely too cheerful for Harry's comfort.

"\_Well I do, eyes up and off the goods. Geez, I thought the Marines had that whole 'don't ask don't tell' thing,\_" he muttered, forgetting that while Jake was a muggle, he was currently in a Navi's body and thus quite capable of overhearing him.

"\_Don't ask, don't tell? They abolished that back in 2068,\_" he pointed out, sounding confused. "\_And I'm not like that!\_" he added, sounding a little more indignant as he glanced worriedly at Neytiri. Harry just rolled his eyes and made sure everything important was out of sight before gathering up his basket again. Jake however, found his eyes drawn to the shiny metal nubs inside, was that... His eyes widened in surprise to see such a precious metal being fished out of a goddamn \_river\_! He knew this area was rich in Unobtainium but he didn't think it was quite so abundant.

"Hari," Neytiri began, looking uncertain.

He shook his head, shooting her a smile, "Don't worry about it Neytiri, I understand. If you need help explaining something in a language this moron can understand, just ask," he told her and he was both amused and concerned to see the pole-axed expression on Jake's face when he saw the bright smile that lit up the young Navi's face. This had the potential to be very bad if it went in the direction Harry feared that it might. "\_You have mud on you,\_" he told the muggle, breaking whatever moment he was having just staring slack jawed at the younger girl.

Jake scowled, "\_Yeah, I noticed. Thanks,\_" he grunted sourly.

"\_You're welcome,\_" Harry returned pleasantly with a smile that was just one shade short of insulting before turning and making his way back to Hometree.

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Jake wasn't sure what to think about the Omaticaya, they were happy the way things were even though there were a hundred things that they could do just to make things easier on themselves. He had seen the metal that Harry had been fishing out of the water and yet instead of using that to tip their arrows they used the bones of their prey, ground down to a point and affixed onto reed shafts with glue and fibre. They even thanked the things they killed for dying, they didn't store food or even farm, the only kind of live-stock they kept were those tapir/elephant things but they just wondered in and out as they pleased, no one even tried to prevent them from vanishing into the forest.

He had only been with them for two weeks but he felt he had begun to pick up on how things were run. There was no kind of separation amongst them, no real kind of problems that you would expect from a lot of people living in one area. Sure you got the occasional scuffle between children and Warriors, but mostly after a quick fight they were back to being the best of friends, laughing and joking. Children did chores in the morning or learned from the Tsahik but in the afternoons they were allowed to play and have fun, quite often Jake saw them chasing after the tiger patterned human, Harry, begging him to let them play with someone called Zeus.

It wouldn't be until a few days later

he met the massive Banshee, Zeus was the same size as Trudy's Samson! But he acted like some strange kind of mixture of cat and dog, playful and overly affectionate toward his human and allowing the children to crawl all over him and put their fingers in places that were rather uncomfortable but he suffered through, much to Harry's amusement as he laughed until he got pinned down and his hair chewed on.

When it came to Neytiri, she had thrown him in head first and expected him to pick it up immediately or at least very quickly and insulted and smacked him when he didn't. He must have been developing some masochistic issues because once or twice he

purposely messed up just so she would, it was almost cute how she would get bent out of shape over it.

Tsu'tey would make a point of popping up at least once a day during his training with Neytiri, the rest of the time the Warrior was more likely to be overseeing the training of the younger Warriors or heckling Harry. Eventually Jake learned that the three of them, Neytiri, Tsu'tey and Harry were very close friends and the two boys were concerned about leaving her completely alone with him. He tried not to be insulted but when Harry explained what happened at Grace's school, he couldn't blame them, in fact, he was actually amazed at how merciful and open minded the Omaticaya were. He knew that had the same happened on Earth, they would have murdered any Navi they stumbled upon, regardless of whether or not they had been involved.

On trips out into the forest, Neytiri shows him plants and explains them, which ones repel insects, lower fevers, help move your bowels, kill infections, improve fertility, lower fertility, make better bait for fish, what scares them off, even what ones pretend to be other kinds of plants. They crouch in the undergrowth and watch as Viperwolves play with their young and she takes him swimming with Harry where he watches the tiny human twist in and around plants and weeds and insect-like fish with maws full of nasty looking teeth to pick up nubs of Unobtainium, which they call Mother's Bone, the size of a child's clenched fist.

He sits in the forge and watches as Zuleika, a stunningly beautiful Navi woman who's skin was darker than all the others from soot staining and burns prowled through looking like a panther as she hammered out a knife for him and repaired weapons for the other Warriors. Harry working leather and those plates which he learned were fish-scales, and made tiny decorative beads and glass things with tiny clever fingers.

He honestly didn't know what to think or feel about the Na'vi, about the Omaticaya. They lived in a way that was so alien he couldn't



even begin to say if it was better or worse than the one he left behind everytime he lay down in that pod of whirling lights.

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\*\*And the plotbunnies are back in business. Even if they're not in top form. XDDD\*\*

# Chapter 18

## 17. Chapter 17

**\*\*FIREFLY\*\***

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**\*\*AN:\*\*** I'm really sorry about the delay on this chapter! But have no fear, Firefly has not been discontinued in the slightest! I have even set myself a challenge...

I am to have this story finished before October 1st rolls around.

To do this, I'll need your help. Send me plotbunnies, send me well wishings, send me whatever you like. But most of all, please DO NOT demand an update. Nothing puts me off writing more than someone treating me like their writing bitch, as if they have the authority to order me to work for them. And I am a stubborn bitch. Give me an order like that and I guarantee I will not even touch this story until October 2013.

You have been warned.

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It was like watching Vitkor Krum's Wronski Feint back at the Quidditch World Cup and knowing that his Irish counterpart was going to plough into the dirt and crack his skull open. And all Harry could do was watch as Neytiri and Jake grew closer and Tsu'tey stewed in jealousy, anger and fear. It would have almost been amusing, even sweet, the way the Na'vi girl maintained an aloof demeanour even as her eyes tracked the marine's every clumsy movement, her body leaned in his direction when he spoke and the tense lines of her expression softened whenever he looked her way. It would have been, if Harry hadn't known he would one day betray them.

Even Tsu'tey knew it would happen some day, but his fear was a more personal one. That the Dream Walker would steal her away as his own. That Jake would win the heart of his ice Princess and be instilled as the next Olo'ekan because of it. An Olo'ekan who knew nothing of their ways and had no training as a leader of a clan.

Harry had even heard Ninat and Zuleika muttering over the growing affection between the two, Ninat giggling like Lavender Brown while Zuleika hummed thoughtfully and admitted that what Jake lacked in experience and knowledge, he made up for with muscle and looks. Harry could have sworn his eyebrows nearly leapt clean off his forehead and rose to the top of Hometree of their own accord. He had never heard Zuleika speak of males or mating in that sense. He had been under the impression she was... well, battling for the same team. That impression became fact when he saw the Forge Mistress lean over and land a kiss on the young singer's mouth - he quickly turned and fled before he saw anymore. Zuleika was an intensely private woman who knew how to use all those pointy objects she happened to keep close to hand.

Neytiri seemed to be the only one who couldn't see what was growing between herself and the Marine.

And she wouldn't hear a single word about it from Tsu'tey in those quiet moments when Jake slept and she sought companionship elsewhere. Inevitably, they always ended up snarling and hissing at one another, tails lashing and ears folded back before Neytiri stormed off back to Jake in a petulant huff while Tsu'tey growled and paced and complained bitterly to Harry whom he felt was the only one on his side. And all the while, Harry sat, and he listened, and he channelled his magic.

The Magi shook his head, "Tsu'tey, you cannot change whom you fall in love with. The heart isn't that easy," he pointed out softly after a particularly blistering rant regarding how much time Neytiri had been spending with the Demon Walker outside of the village - how she had been covering their tracks so he could not follow and keep an eye on her. "Love is deaf, dumb, and blind. It has no sense of right,

or wrong. It is as much a force of nature as Eywa herself, but one born within people, within their hearts and the memories they have of those they love."

The Warrior shot him a look that was a mix of frustration, anger and admiration, "When did you become so wise?" he demanded churlishly as he ceased pacing and crouched in front of the dark haired male, keen eyes spotting the way the greenery around him was glowing. He smiled, spotting the small wild flower shoots beginning to split and reach up from the earth. It happened almost every time Harry practised or reached out for his magic, the plant-life around him would grow and blossom. There were patches of moss in Hometree with flowers growing on them because Harry had been meditating there.

Harry chuckled, "Since I started having to be the mature one," he retorted, cracking open his eyes and smiling at the taller male. "Give it time, Tsu'tey. There is no point fighting or railing against a woman's heart. She will have to see with her own eyes before she believes." He shook his head, smile dropping, "I only hope she doesn't discover it too late."

Tsu'tey's frown became more pronounced, "You are certain he will betray us, aren't you?" he murmured softly.

"Yes. Whether by choice or not, I don't know. But he will," Harry stated quietly.

Eywa and Gaia could trust him and love him as much as they wished, but Harry did not trust him at all and he knew what muggle Military did and how muggle Business worked. Vernon was always very vocal about his business meetings with Petunia, complaining about this and that. It was a cutthroat world out there and given how much money this planet was worth, Harry could safely say that nothing short of an all out war between the Sky People and everything Eywa could bring to bear would remove them. Killing them would only prompt Earth to send more people to find out what happened. If they won and then forced who survived to return...

The two were silent a while before Tsu'tey stood and extended a hand, "Come. It is time for Omati's send off."

Sighing and releasing the magic he was channelling, Harry stretched and got to his feet, ignoring the way the flower buds around him suddenly burst into colour and bloom. "Yes," he murmured reaching out and accepting it. Omati had been one of the elders who oversaw the Loom and the one who taught him how to fashion needles for sewing out of bone slivers. She had passed away the previous evening, peacefully in her hammock and today they were burying her, returning her to Eywa's side.

The two stood side by side at the gathering, watching as members of the clan stepped forward, giving offerings of flowers, fruits, trinkets to the deceased woman so that she would be comfortable and know of their love for her. Tsu'tey was a warm presence at Harry's side, all Na'vi having a slightly higher body temperature than humans due to their environment.

The songs and offerings lasted all afternoon until finally everyone returned to Hometree and told stories of the elderly woman whilst eating their meals. It was not sombre, if anything, it was mirthful and joyful. They were celebrating her in life and while they would miss her they decided that with Eywa she would be happiest.

Jake's confusion was obvious, even from the otherside of the chamber.

Harry shook his head and burrowed against Mo'at's side, the Tsahik doing nothing more than wrapping an arm around him and holding him closer as she sang, her voice mixing with that of Ninat and her husband as they told the story of Omati.

---

Grace was back.

Harry watched from his perch as the children went sprinting towards her, like eager puppies, to greet their teacher. He smiled a touch and

chuckled as the children immediately began to pick at her hair and braids. They loved nothing more than to play with people's hair. He wondered if it was just something that all Na'vi did but learned to tone down as they got older. Neytiri still had her odd moments when she would fiddle with his hair if he sat still long enough.

He near enough jumped clean out of his skin as a heavy weight landed just behind - almost on top - of him, "There you are." It was Tsu'tey, and the bastard was grinning which meant he'd meant to terrify him on purpose.

Harry glared at him, "What is it?"

"I need you to show the younglings how to fight bigger warriors," he explained. And had the sudden feeling that perhaps he'd said the wrong thing when a very predatory grin split his companion's face.

"Well, we had best not keep the younglings waiting," Harry purred, already forming ideas of how to put Tsu'tey on his ass in the most embarrassing ways possible for being a jackass.

---

Today was the day Jake and two of the Younglings who had advanced far enough were going up to the Ikran rookeries. They were going to become fully fledged members of the Clan.

And Harry still couldn't find it within himself to swallow his distrust of Jake enough to be concerned about whether or not he would survive the fight against the Wyverns. He knew it made him an awful person and he felt like scum for even thinking it, but at the same time, he couldn't help it. For so many years he had been afraid of his kind, been distrustful, been hunted and assaulted and attacked. And then he came to Pandora where there were only the Na'vi and Eywa. Both of which accepted, closeted and protected him, even from himself.

And then he comes.

And Harry \_knows\_ he will cause them heart-ache. He can feel it with every breath the man took and every flick of his false eyes.

It made him a horrible person, he knew, but he didn't stop wishing.

Wishing that Jake would die before he could truly hurt them.

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His wish did not come to pass and now things between Jake and Neytiri had taken off even further, she didn't even pretend to be resentful of her task now. She spent more time with the Marine than she did with them, often times not even greeting them as she concentrated all of her energy and attention on him.

It was heartbreaking to watch because as Neytiri became more and more focused on Jake... Tsu'tey couldn't hide the betrayal in his eyes, nor the hurt on his face, whenever she passed him over in favour of the Outsider.

He no longer even ranted about it, not even to Harry. Instead he just kept quiet and sat with the Wizard as he stretched

his consciousness to Eywa and opened himself to her magic. They didn't speak during those quiet moments when the Warrior wrapped himself around the Wizard, clinging to his only steady rock in this whole sorry mess. Almost everyone in the clan was blindly accepting the Dream Walker, as if he were a pet dog that their leader's daughter had taken in from the wilds. They were even welcoming him into the Clan as an Omaticaya, rebirthing him as their brother, as a child of Eywa.

"What do we do?" the Warrior finally asked quietly the evening before Jake's rebirth, his forehead resting at the base of Harry's neck.

"All that we can do," Harry told him softly, touching his hand. "That is all that anyone can do."

---

The night of Jake's acceptance, there was dancing and singing the likes of which Harry hadn't seen before. They were celebrating the curing of the Marine's insanity. He had been accepted as one of the Omaticaya, he had been saved from the Sky People. All they had to do now was rescue Grace and soon the other Dream Walkers. Premature. Foolish.

Harry swallowed back his unkind words and allowed Ninat to pull him to his feet, her young face joyful and bright as she whirled him across the hard-packed earth that had become an impromptu dance floor. He had to laugh. While normally he couldn't claim to be graceful by any stretch of the imagination, watching a Na'vi, even one as fluid and graceful as Ninat, trying to to dance was hilarious and made him feel very graceful indeed. They were so gangly with long limbs and almost no ability to move their hips. Their dancing seemed to mostly revolve around stamping their feet, jumping, flicking their fingers and waving their arms. It would have looked perfectly savage to any muggle looking on but to Harry... it was perfect as he found himself being passed to Zuleika who, smirking in that mischievous way of hers, manoeuvred him to stand on her feet like a child and taught him the dances as he clung to her waist and squawked in hilarity and alarm.

Attempting to teach her one of his dances had a lot of the Na'vi falling around in laughter as it got to the point where he had to forcibly hold her hips and move them - and got swatted over the head by her tail with every movement.

Alcohol was drunk - at least Harry thought it was alcohol, he was finding it a little difficult to focus his eyes on objects far away and the world seemed to lurch a tad with every step he took. Food was eaten - the good stuff! His Banana bread was going down a treat too. And Harry was pounced upon by the children, his hair braided and filled with feathers and beads and the iridescent wings of Ikranay - the smaller Wyverns who lived in the treetops.

Zuleika and Eytukan teased him mercilessly over how pretty he looked while they partook in, perhaps a little too much, of the



fermented drink that was being passed around. It was news to him that the Black Smith and the Clan Leader had been drinking buddies since way back in the day when they were both Warriors in Training.

Zeus had also demanded to be let in on the festivities, lounging like a dog in the far corner with children crawling all over him and Peyral giggling as she teased him with strips of smoked meat. Harry chuckled. As long as no one got it into their heads to see how a drunk Ikran looked he didn't mind much. Zeus was pretty much considered more of a pet than a Warrior mount amidst the Omaticaya - the fact that he was the most friendly of all the Ikran any of them had encountered was also another point. Most children were never even allowed near an Ikran unless it belonged to a parent and even then they were held at a distance. The Na'vi understood, perhaps better than any, that no matter what bond they held, an Ikran was still a wild animal.

At least Tsu'tey was no longer sulking as the Warriors managed to cajole him into wrestling contests and eating contests. It was funny to watch them cram their faces full of berries until their cheeks bulged like a hamster and then try to swallow the huge mass - purple juice spurting from between their lips and running down their chins to raucous cheering from onlookers.

As long as it stopped him from noticing that Neytiri and Jake had yet to return from their trip to the Tree of Voices, Harry would encourage the distracting whole-heartedly and even join in. Which happened without his agreement as one of the Warriors, Gra'an bodily picked him up and flung him into the middle of the wrestling contest, shouting how he was tired of Tsu'tey always winning.

The last thing Harry remembered clearly of the night, aside from copious drinking, laughter, being forced into dancing, was Tsu'tey laughing at the ridiculous mess the children had made of his hair before Harry pounced on him, the Warrior laughing too hard to defend himself.

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No one really felt like rising with the sun the next morning. Hometree looked a right state with bodies strewn across the ground and huddled in hammocks and branches and roots, anywhere where the surface was soft or large enough to accommodate them. And even then, the more inebriated from the night before hadn't been that picky.

Harry would have been more than happy to remain unconscious and asleep but there was a sunbeam right there, right on his face and in his eyes. Damnit. He groaned and whined in complaint as he rolled over and huddled into whatever warm body was closest, idly noting that he was currently sandwiched in a huge knot of bodies and that he was probably crushing someone's tail - oops.

The sight of Zuleika tangled up in vines, treating them like some kind of hammock was the first thing he saw when he mustered the energy to crack his eyes open. He arched an eyebrow. And there was Ninat, using the older woman as a pillow. He grinned a little and levered himself up, unable to sleep with that nagging feeling that he was supposed to be doing something that day.

Well, at least he hadn't fallen asleep somewhere ridiculous. He was currently in a huge cluster of the Warriors, packed between N'deh and Tsu'tey - both of whom were very comfortable and now scrunching their faces up at the loss of warmth that his sitting up caused. Whoa, he could smell the booze from here! How much had they been drinking last night?

That feeling was getting worse.

He slithered out of the tangle of limbs and in practised, still half asleep, movements he navigated his way through the sleeping bodies of the Omaticaya. It seemed as though very few people had made it to their hammocks the night before as he could see the majority of the Clan fast asleep around him, cuddling their loved ones like oversized teddy-bears.

"Hari?" he heard Tsu'tey grumble from behind him as he made his way to the plains outside, still unable to shake that feeling. Distantly he was aware of the Warrior moving, getting up, but his eyes were fixed on the horizon as he climbed over Zeus's sleeping form - the children still sprawled out across him.

Eywa \_\*\*screamed\*\*\_.

Harry's whole body seized with pain and shock as the Mother's pain and anger and horror washed over him like a Tsunami.

He wasn't even aware of his mouth opening or his voice tearing through the peaceful atmosphere of the tree-roots.

Every voice of the Na'vi, every voice that spoke through the Tree of Voices screamed in pain and dismay and ripped him to shreds as his eyes blanked, bleeding blue-white and his body crumpled, thrashing.

Voices outside his awareness shouted, exclaimed, squealed and gasped.

For Tsu'tey it was like a whirl-wind. One moment he was grumbling about the loss of his goddamn pillow and how there was a draft on his ear, the next he was stalking over to the Wizard, frowning over how distracted he was. Then the scream. It still rang in his ears even as he grabbed the tiny figure, holding on tightly even as he snarled at someone to fetch the Tsahik and N'deh, hold his legs before he does himself more harm! It was hard enough keeping a hold of the trashing body without him using his legs to get some leverage - or ruin his ankles and feet beyond repair.

Hari's eyes were white-blue, glowing in his face as his screaming tapered into pained whimpers and gasps, tears streaming down his cheeks.

"What is it? What happened?" the Na'vi demanded, his heart in his throat. The last time Harry had reacted so badly it was when the Sky

People had murdered the children. This was worse! So much worse! What had happened?

A tiny hand gripped his fingers weakly, shaking with the amount of force the Wizard was exerting and yet, it was so weak... Tsu'tey felt sick with fear.

"Th-the Tree of Voices," he whimpered, his voice hitching with sobs and yet so quiet and croaky he almost couldn't make out what was said. "G-gone. Th-they tore it up. It-it's gone!" the Wizard's voice broke as he trembled and sobbed.

Tsu'tey felt cold.

They had... The Sky People had \_ripped \_up\_ Utral Aymonkriya?

He didn't even notice when Mo'at appeared and gently gathered up the Wizard, but the grip on his hand suddenly tightened and his attention returned to Hari, his eyes now green.

"Neytiri is still out there," he whispered and fear managed to push itself to the forefront of Tsu'tey's mind.

He nodded and Hari released him.

The Olo'ekan in training jumped to his feet and whipped around, "Warriors! Mount your Pa'li!" he roared, pumping a fist.

And no matter how hung-over they may have been, the answering cry from his men and women caused Ikranay from the near-by trees to raise in fearful flight.

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\*\*Chapter 17 finished. Hope you guys enjoyed it. Apologies for any errors, I was trying to get it out ASAP.\*\*

# Chapter 19

## 18. Chapter 18

**\*\*FIREFLY\*\***

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**\*\*Only a few more chapters left. Who wants an Epilogue and what kind?\*\***

**\*\*Also, please expect multiple updates today/tomorrow. I have sat down and decided to write until this is finished. Two or three chapters. Keep posted and check my facebook. Each new chapter will be linked on there.\*\***

It felt like he was reliving a nightmare. He felt sick and light headed and too hot, all at the same time, as he sat, huddled in Zuleika's arms with an unfinished hammock-cloth wrapped around his body. He knew his body was in shock and that even though he felt too hot, that was only because his skin felt like ice and yet was still sweating profusely.

The only reason he was even present for the War meeting was because he refused to stay put in the upper canopy and let his family fight them alone, he refused to send them to their deaths and not do everything within his power to protect them. Zuleika was cradling him almost as though he were a child, normally he would have been offended but given how badly he was trembling, he couldn't seem to find it within his pride to feel anything but affection for the woman. And fear that she would join the warriors and lose her life.

"The see through armour of their transport, it's too thick to pierce with \_just\_ bows and arrows," Harry advised as they discussed attack plans and options. "Shooting down from an Ikran though, that should be enough to break through the glass. If we use Mother's

Bone for the Pa'li mounts then they should also be able to pierce that armour."

Eytukan nodded, "Tsu'tey, you are our best flier. You will lead the warriors in the air. N'deh, I leave the Pa'li to you," he decided, nodding to his most trusted and senior Warrior. The hunter bowing his head in acknowledgement, he looked uncomfortable and unhappy. They all did, but his was a more personal reason as Harry saw Grace's lithe Na'vi form trying to slip through the crowds.

Eytukan stepped forward to his people, "Tsu'tey will lead the War Party from the air!" he decreed. His successor had grown into a fine man and a great leader, over the years he had seen the fire in his eyes burn hot, wild and dangerous even to the boy himself. But then Harry came into their lives and that fire cooled. No, not cooled... settled. Becoming low, white hot embers that forged the best blades of war. Embers that if provoked correctly could burst into violent wild-fire that consumed everything and everyone. The kind that had to consume itself before dying out.

He watched as Tsu'tey called to his warriors, lifting his bow high over his head. For a moment, Eytukan felt guilt over his arrangement of Neytiri to Tsu'tey. Over the years, he and Mo'at had observed the warrior's attempts to gain favour with their daughter but... they had hoped such problems would be resolved upon their Mating beneath Eywa's eyes and love. But watching Tsu'tey and Harry get closer, neither of them realising or even noticing, Eytukan felt heartache as it became all too obvious that had Tsu'tey not been promised to Neytiri... Eywa would have smiled with joy on the two men.

And then there was Teacher Grace, desperately trying to calm the situation, the fear in her eyes impossible to ignore. Fear for them. Not of them. Eyes that feared, lingering on N'deh, who would not look at her. And again, guilt stabbed at him. Because he had forbidden the Dream Walkers from Hometree, the evening before N'deh intended to request her favour. Forbidden them from mating. And N'deh's heart broke all over again. He would not even look at Teacher Grace for fear of betraying Eytukan's trust, the trust of his

people. If it had not been for Harry, there was no doubt in Eytukan's mind that N'deh would have already returned to Eywa, unable to stomach the heartache.

"\_You do not speak here!\_" Tsu'tey barked, scowling at Teacher Grace. Despite Jakesully, he was fond of the Dream Walker teacher, somewhat. But Harry's words about her people rang in his ears. If he drove the woman off, she could not tell them of their plans. She would be able to speak truth when her people came to her and demanded to know why she had not told them. She would be safe. As safe as he could make her. "We will strike them in the heart!" he roared, garnering cheering cries of approval throughout the tree.

"\_Tsu'tey! Don't do this!\_" a foreign voice broke in, calling from the otherside of the crowd as they approached. Harry felt his heart drop to the bottom of his feet as he struggled to stand, Zuleika's hands swatting him and making sure he couldn't get to his feet.

Neytiri. Neytiri and Jake.

"\_No... please, no,\_" Harry breathed as his eyes tracked down to their joined hands as Tsu'tey swung his bow off, thrusting it at N'deh as he made his way over to the pair.

"\_You!\_" Tsu'tey snarled, hackles rising as he stalked toward the Dream Walker, fury radiating from every inch of him.

"\_Listen, Brother-\_" Jake never got any further as Tsu'tey snarled and shoved him backwards, as far away from Neytiri as he could manage without killing him. And he was tempted to. Harry could read it in every line of the Warrior's back, he wanted to kill Jake.

"No! Tsu'tey! Don't!" Neytiri cried, catching at his arm and chest, her small bird-like hands halting his anger, reigning it in. However briefly. Tsu'tey would never raise a hand against her. He couldn't. Not when he loved her so much.

"\_You mated with this woman?\_" the Warrior demanded, his voice rasping as he swayed in place, unable to cease moving entirely with his agitation.

Harry closed his eyes in pain, shrinking back against Zuleika.

"\_Oh, shit!\_" Grace swore.

There was a moment of silence as the words sank in, Mo'at tipping forward like a storm moving across the horizon. "\_Is... this \_true?\_" she growled, glaring into her daughter's golden eyes.

Neytiri hunched over slightly, defensively, even as her head jutted forward and up, "\_We are mated before Eywa. It is done,\_" the girl declared firmly. Sounding every bit the rebellious teenager who was determined to believe their decision was correct and everyone who said anything otherwise was wrong.

You could have heard Tsu'tey's heart breaking as he slowly turned away, unable to do anything when confronted with the girl's eyes, unwilling to lash out at her in anger.

How could she...?

How \_could\_ she do this now? To them? To \_him!\_

Harry sucked in a trembling breath. How could she... After all those years... Knowing that she was going to destroy their best friend? How could she...

How \_dare \_HE\_?

Anger seared at Harry's insides. How \_dare\_ Jake Sully do this to her! He knew better! He fucking knew better!

He gritted his teeth.

"\_Brother, do not attack the Sky People. Many Omaticaya will die if you do!\_" Jake spoke desperately, and Harry could see Tsu'tey's



anger changing, moving targets. They couldn't afford blood right now!

"\_How could you?\_" the Wizard broke in softly, causing everyone to still once again.

Jake blinked, staring down at the tiny figure swaddled up in the Blacksmith's arms as he struggled to his feet. He looked terrible, his skin was chalk white and clammy, his markings standing out like bruises as his eyes, red rimmed and fever bright stared directly into his own.

"\_How could you do that to her... knowing what you do,\_" he stated, mouth twisted as if in pain.

"\_Hari, please, what...\_" Neytiri trailed off when the human snapped a hand up, palm facing her. She pressed her lips into a line and stepped back. But all the while his eyes hadn't left Jake even as he staggered forward, Tsu'tey raising an arm to stop him before he went any closer to the pair - still unable to face Jake or Neytiri but unwilling to allow Harry anywhere near the Dream Walker.

"\_How could you mate to a sixteen year old girl,\_" Jake's head snapped around to Neytiri, his eyes widening in shock. She was only sixteen? "\_knowing what the humans are going to do? Knowing... that you've ruined her for life.\_" Guilt burned, almost physically painful, in Jake's gut, even as confusion whirled in his head. He hadn't ruined her for life... had he? "\_To mate with a Na'vi, is to open your mind and your soul to them, Jake. She will never mate with anyone, except for you. She will never start a family, except with you. She will never be \_happy\_, except with you. \_"

"\_You have ruined her, Jake Sully. You have killed her. \_"

Jake visibly paled as this information sank in and he looked between Neytiri, who was watching him with wide, innocent golden eyes, and Harry, who was staring at him with what felt like lasers for eyes. Intense and burning.

"\_I... I...\_" he stumbled over his words, unable to speak, unable to form a thought. He hadn't been thinking, hadn't realised how important it was to the Na'vi. He just... he went with what felt right. But he was beginning to realise that the ideals of right and wrong he was raised with were different to the ones here. Earth was rather sexually liberated, where as here... yes they may run naked the majority of the time but...

Harry shook his head, fingers knotting in Tsu'tey's chest piece, "\_Save it,\_" he told him quietly, "\_What's done is done. The only way to make amends now is to take responsibility. You are Omaticaya now, whether I like it or not. And I most certainly do not, Jake Sully, have no doubt of that. I know your military and their way of thinking too well to trust you.\_" Jake winced, recalling how Quaritch reacted when he told the old War Horse about Harry living with the Na'vi. "\_Tell us what is coming, Jake. Why are there bulldozers moving through the forest? Why did they tear up the Tree of Voices? And tell us... why are you here?\_"

Jake swallowed, wetting his lips as he looked between all the hostile faces around him, Neytiri's being the only exception as she gazed at him with such trust and naivety, he felt like scum just looking

at her. How could he have... How could he have missed the signs? She looked like an eighteen year old, she acted like it too sometimes but at others... there were times when she seemed younger and it was those times that Jake just... thought she loved her world. The beauty of it. He should have realised. Just because there were no mobile phones, clubs, alcohol or parties, didn't mean that sixteen year old's here would act the same as the ones back home.

"Grace!" Neytiri gasped as the teacher's eyes rolled back into her head and her whole body went limp, tumbling to the ground like a marionette with all of it's strings cut.

Jake swallowed, his fear rising, "\_Oh, no,\_" he whispered. "\_Okay... Look... I was sent here to -\_" His eyes rolled back and he fell forward, limp.

Tsu'tey turned, eyes narrowing, but he didn't move as it became all too obvious that the only thing stopping Harry from falling back down was his rather shaky grip on Tsu'tey himself.

"Ma Jake!" Neytiri gasped, rushing over to her mate.

Harry sighed, quietly, leaning against the Warrior. "So, he really was sent here. I had hoped, for her sake..." he trailed off feeling Tsu'tey tense, still refusing to look at the woman he loved and the man she chose over him. Harry nudged him with his head, "Come, there is much planning left to do," he reminded the Warrior.

Tsu'tey drew a tremulous breath, held it, and then breathed out. He nodded and the two of them returned to Eytukan's side, leaving Neytiri to care for her mate alone.

She made her bed. Now she had to lie in it.

---

"The only thing that can break through that wall is a herd of Angtsik, and I don't know if they've reinforced the wall since then," Harry explained pointing to the crude map of the Sky People's home structure made out of leaves and twigs on the ground. "They tend to reinforce walls they want to last against dangerous things with the bone of their Mother. Here, here, here and along this wall at lengths of five Ikran wing spans are gun platforms. They're like the black staffs they use but larger, more powerful. These \_can\_ punch through Angtsik armour. It's to protect them from attacks from the air, but only up to a certain angle. They can't point straight up."

This was what Jake overheard as he and Neytiri sprinted for her parents. A lot of it didn't make sense, but what he did, painted a chilling picture of how open Hell's Gate was to an attack if someone knew her defences well enough. And Harry... Harry knew war, he knew war the way that Jake knew war. Black Ops, Guerilla tactics, Wolf Operations. Get in, cause damage, get out. Often times, leaving no survivors.

"Mother! Father!" Neytiri called as they ran into the base.

"Ma Eytukan, I have something to say!" Jake told them. Both of their body languages were tense, frightened, serious. This was no longer about their Mating. This was something else, something even more serious.

All the Warriors climbed to their feet, even Harry - whose legs were still shaky but otherwise fine.

"Listen," Grace pleaded, having shown up with them while everyone's attention was fixed upon the young couple. She was resigned though, fearful, and full of dread.

Eytukan frowned, "Speak, Jakesully," he told his daughter's Mate. For all of his impudence in claiming his daughter, he was still one of the People, still one of \_his\_ people. And now, the Olo'ekan guessed, his son. For better or worse.

"A great evil is upon us," Jake explained breathlessly, his words tumbling out in a panic. "The Sky People are coming..." He swallowed, searching for the words, "To destroy Hometree! \_Look, tell them they're gunna be here soon!\_" Jake pleaded, turning to Neytiri who echoed his words. "\_You have to leave, or you're all gunna die!\_"

Mo'at stepped forward, she looked ill, "\_Are you certain of this?\_" she begged.

Jake looked between them, his eyes landing on Harry and locking, "\_Look, they sent me here to learn your ways. So one day I could bring you this message and you would believe it.\_"

Mo'at's ears flicked back as she turned to look at Eytukan, the truth of the matter registering into her, the knowledge of what had happened in these last three months. Neytiri blinked, seizing her mate's arm in confusion.

"\_What are you saying, Jake? That you knew this would happen?\_" she asked tentatively, her eyes pleading with him to say no, to tell her that he didn't know.

Harry gritted his teeth, turning away from the scene, he couldn't... he... She had brought it on herself but she was still... still his little sister. His fingers found Tsu'tey's and gripped them tightly as he leaned his forehead against the Warrior's bicep. He didn't want to see her face, he didn't want to hear her voice breaking and cracking with grief and betrayal.

"\_Yes,\_" Jake admitted, sounding as if the word had to be ripped out of his throat with barbed wire. "\_Look, at first, it was just orders,\_" he continued, talking fast, trying to take the pain off, trying to explain, trying to reason. Trying not to hurt her. But it wasn't going to work. Harry shook his head slightly, feeling Tsu'tey's grip on his fingers tighten briefly as he shuddered with a mixture of anger, pity and sadness. "\_A-and then, everything changed. Okay? I fell in love. I fell in love with th-the forest and the Omaticaya people. With you,\_" he continued, stumbling every now and again with how quickly he tried to speak, tried to reassure her.

Neytiri's face twisted, her eyes were burning even as something hot and thick rose up in the back of her throat, making it difficult to breathe. Even his hands burned on her skin. She felt cold. As if everything were far away and her eyes and nose were hot and stuffy. She couldn't...

"\_I trusted you,\_" she whimpered, fighting his hands, trying to push them away but he wouldn't, he couldn't. If he let go now, he would lose her, he didn't care that she was only sixteen, he'd done her wrong, he'd put her in pain, he'd fallen in love with her without knowing how old she was, without knowing their ways. He didn't care! He loved her. The mere idea of her being here, when the RDA arrived with the gunships, it turned his blood to ice.

"\_With you! With you!\_" he kept repeating, reaching to her.

She shook her head, batting his hands away, pulling her arms out of his reach, "\_I trusted you. I trusted you!\_" she cried, her voice breaking, pain and tears she would never let fall thickening in her voice. And Harry trembled, hearing her in pain.

"\_Then trust me now, please,\_" Jake begged softly, still reaching to her, pain and heartache etched onto his face as anger swallowed Neytiri's features and she screamed at him.

"YOU WILL NEVER BECOME PART OF THE NA'VI!" the girl screamed sobbing as she screamed in his face. She shoved him backwards, "\_YOU WILL NEVER BE ONE OF THE PEOPLE!\_"

"\_I shouldn't have - " "We tried to stop them!\_" Both Jake and Grace spoke at the same time, but Neytiri wasn't having any of it. Screaming at both of them.

"NEVER ONE OF THE PEOPLE, NEVER!"

"\_Neytiri, please!\_" Jake begged stepping forward.

"Daughter," Mo'at whispered, her heart twisting at the pain in her voice, at the mere concept of her so newly mated and discovering him to have betrayed her, ruined her, just as Hari had said.

"No!" Neytiri grunted through gritted teeth, skipping backwards, touching her mother for reassurance before turning and retreating.

Eytukan took a breath, casting a look at Tsu'tey, "Bind them," he growled, fighting against his own anger, anger at himself, anger over their betrayal, anger at his daughter, at Jakesully, at the Sky People.

The Warrior nodded in acceptance and marched forward, the two Dream Walkers not even fighting back as the Warriors took them. They just continued speaking, begging them to leave, telling them it wasn't safe. No, it wasn't safe, Tsu'tey knew that, Eytukan knew that, Mo'at knew that. But where could they go? This was their home. It had been since before the time of the first songs.

"Ninat!" Tsu'tey called, catching the young woman's attention, she blinked up at him with wide green-gold eyes. There was no pity, understanding, sadness and acceptance, but no pity. He had always liked that about her. "Take Hari and leave this place. If the worst should happen, to be here would destroy him," he reminded her and despite the dubious look on her face, she nodded.

"He will not leave you quietly," she pointed out.

"Carry him if you must. I do not want him here when the Sky People attack," he growled, mind casting back to days long gone by, dark days, when the Magi's heart was broken and his mind drowned in darkness.

Ninat nodded and left. Presumably to go and take Hari somewhere safe.

"Ikran riders, to me!" Tsu'tey hollared over the heads of his Brothers and Sisters, pausing only briefly to glance at Jake and Grace as they were strung up within plain view. The Sky People would see them and know of their refusal to leave.

"Hari!, this way!" Ninat called, racing over to her Mate's chosen child. Zuleika had never put it into words, but for Ninat, the way her mate treated the Magi was like a mother to a son, or an aunt. It was hard to tell at times. He was struggling to carry the vast number of arrows and run towards the warriors on his still weak legs. Seeing the arrows, tipped with Mother's Bone, gave her pause. He had been expecting this. She slowed to a jog, "You knew this would happen," she decided, eyeing the arrows.

"I knew Jake would betray us. I just didn't know how, or whether or not he would do so willingly or consciously," he admitted.

Ninat nodded and collared one of the older children, in training to become a Warrior, "Take these to the Olo'ekan outside," she ordered, taking the arrows from Hari and giving them to the child who took off with a serious nod.

"Ninat!" Harry snapped, frowning.

"Come. I have to get you out of here,"

she stated firmly, stepping forward and sweeping him up under one arm. He was exceptionally light and thankfully only up to her chin in height - and she was considered short. The Magi however slithered out of her grasp.

"Ninat, I am not leaving," he snapped, frowning at her. "How can you even think to ask me to leave? To abandon the People when they need me the most?" he asked, hurt and confused and angry. "None of you have had to face the Sky People's weapons proper. I can help," he declared.

Ninat shook her head, "We aren't foolish, Hari. We know this fight is lost," she told him gently, kneeling slightly to cup his face. "But we shall fight anyway. But should the worst happen, we do not want you to suffer. We do not want you to witness it. We do not want you to break, Little Brother," she told him before wrapping her arms around him and lifting. "And I will not allow you to come to harm," she vowed, her voice dark and promising.

She would give her life before she allowed a Sky Person to harm him. He was their treasure.

"Ninat! Let me go! Please!" he begged, writhing in her grasp as she ran for one of the few Pa'li mounts that had not been taken by a warrior, or spooked by the rising tension in Hometree.

"Never, Hari. Never," she stated, risking one free hand in order to commit Tsaheylyu and aid in mounting.

"Ninat! Tsu-Tsu'tey and Mo'at and Neytiri and Eytukan are still back there! Zuleika is still back there! I can't - "

"You can and you will!" she snarled, tightening her grip around him as she hugged him low down onto the Pa'li. "Trust them to return to



you, Hari! Trust them!" she ordered, spurring her mount to run faster as the sound of the Sky People's curious flying creatures filled the air.

Harry screamed as fire lit up under Hometree, "\_NO! NO, GODDAMN IT!\_" he screamed, clawing at Ninat's back, watching everything from over her shoulder. Watching as the men and women he had come to love fled from the scene of hell behind them, children staggering and falling, staggering back to their feet and tottering on. He was crying, he could feel it, but he realise why, unable to tear his eyes away. "Ninat! Let me go! Let. Me. GO!" he roared, eyes widening as he saw a second set of missiles unleashed.

He reached for his magic and screamed, feeling Eywa burning and splitting him from the inside. Her power was huge, massive, thick and potent and he could feel it destroying him from the inside as he reached for her power. He needed to shield Hometreee, he needed to protect them!

He needed to protect them!

The explosions hit, throwing them off the Pa'li.

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**\*\*End of chapter eighteen.\*\***

**\*\*Two small notes: One, Harry doesn't have an adverse reaction to Hometree being destroyed. It is a tree, yes a big one, but it isn't connected to Eywa in the same way that the Na'vi or the Tree of Voices was.\*\***

**\*\*Two, Neytiri's age. In the original scripts, she was sixteen. In the film, she is supposedly eighteen. However, I call bullshit on the latter. If she were eighteen, she would have already been forced into mating with Tsu'tey - such is the way of tribal communities. They live short lives and die young, usually by age thirty. The Na'vi live considerably longer, yes, but it doesn't change the fact that as a**

tribal community if a male can choose a woman when they become a Warrior and are reborn as a member of the people, Neytiri would have been a great deal younger than eighteen. \*\*

# Chapter 20

19. Chapter 19

**\*\*FIREFLY\*\***

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**\*\*MULTIPLE UPDATES! \*\***

**\*\*CHAPTER EIGHTEEN WAS POSTED EARLIER TODAY!\*\***

Explosion after explosion.

Harry gasped for breath, feeling the air pressure steal it every time both he and Ninat were knocked down again and again and again. He couldn't tear his eyes away from the sight.

It was like a scene from hell itself.

It was like a scene from the Beauxbatons' Massacre.

Harry's eyes became mirrors as the scenes replayed in his eyes, the students in their silk uniforms, staggering as explosives tore their school to shreds, pieces of masonry flying through the air, shrapnel and bullets tore through the retreating preteens, all the senior students dead at the doors of their school in one valiant last stand to try and buy enough time for the youngsters to escape. They never knew they were walking into a kill line.

He shoved Ninat off of him and staggered to his feet, closing his eyes and crouching, streamlined against the ground as another shockwave blasted over him.

No. He would not allow this!

And then... it went quiet.

Harry felt Ninat rise behind him, but he didn't pay her a blind lick of attention, his eyes fixed on Hometree, on the burning roots beneath it. It felt like the world was holding it's breath.

And then they crumbled under their own weight. The tree, beginning it's ponderous tilt toward them.

Slowly, slowly, shuddering and filling the air with fallen leaves.

People began to scream.

Harry's eyes burned, falling as his legs folded beneath him, unable to hold his weight as he stared up at the great tree, taller and more powerful than any from earth, began to fall.

"Hari! HARI WE HAVE TO RUN!" Ninat screamed, grabbing at his arms, unable to tear her gaze from the encroaching behemoth bearing down on them. They were going to die if they didn't move! Move now!

Harry looked at her, his face was blank, his eyes tortured and then... he blinked, and something seemed to click into place inside of him.

He jumped to his feet and pushed her, "Get as many people away from here as you can, quickly!" he barked, pushing her again.

"Hari! No, I have to get you out!" she refused, reaching for him but he was already gone. Racing towards the fire.

This was going to hurt.

He skidded to a stop and opened all the flood gates on his magic.

It stole his breath away.

It burned him from the inside.

He drowned.

He froze.

He burned.

He suffocated.

He exploded.

He imploded.

Everything and nothing.

Eywa was there.

Gaia was there.

Too much.

Too strong.

He was gasping and choking on the magic that filled him, like a balloon with too much water. He needed to release it or he would burst, he would be ripped apart by the magic storming and raging like a shaken up cola bottle inside of him.

Barely coherent, he thrust his arms upwards and released the simplest spell he knew. The first one all Witches and Wizards learned to harness.

And one that would save the lives of everyone he cared for.

"\_WINGARDIUM LEVIOSA!\_"

---

Hometree stopped.

And so did \_everything\_ else.

Quaritch stopped breathing, his eyes widening as his coffee mug slipped from numb fingertips to shatter on the grated floor below.

Selfridge at Hells Gate felt his blood turn to ice.

The Na'vi stopped and stared as their home hovered above their heads as if cushioned by the air.

And then Ninat started screaming at them to move.

And the world exploded into action all at once.

---

Tsu'tey stared, Kelren slicing through the air with a shriek of confused awe as they stared down at their home, flying beneath them. That wasn't natural! That was... He breathed a sigh of relief as he spotted men and women fleeing from beneath the great structure.

And then it wobbled, dipping dangerously to the ground and realisation ripped through him like a physical pain.

Hari was holding it up with his magic.

Hari whom he told Ninat to get away.

Hari who was still down there.

"Go, go, go!" he screamed at his Ikran, the creature already folding his wings into a steep dive. A furious shriek filling the air as a coffee coloured blur shot past them - Zeus - and quickly followed by an ivory white one - Hera.

They had to find Hari.

---

His magic was burning him. He found feel it scorching his bones.

His arms trembled as he forced himself to bear the weight of Hometree with his magic. Pinpricks of light across his skin glowed

like miniature suns on his flesh, and just as hot and painful.

He was screaming. He could hear it in his own ears over the roar of his own blood and the power Eywa fed through him.

Just as he could hear it over her screaming at him to stop.

But he couldn't. There were still people down there! There were still people who needed to escape!

He fell.

Cold.

Gone.

Empty.

The tiny shard of Gaia had pulled the magic out of him, cut his connections off.

Hometree fell.

A Na'vi woman, Un'tsikna, caught him under the arm and half carried, half ran with him to escape, her face was filthy and tear stained as the two of them staggered away from the falling behemoth. All around them was screaming and sobbing and wailing as the sky fell dark and the air filled with ash.

Un'tsikna threw him to the ground, covering him with her body as tree branches thicker than an Ikran skewered into the ground, splinters like swords snapping and flying through the air.

Everything went dark.

---

He gasped, consciousness returning.

He must have been out only for a few minutes, the air was thick with smoke and ash and the smell of blood, he could hear the People wailing and sobbing like a background melody of misery and pain. He felt bettered and bruised. Burnt from the inside out as he slowly struggled to sit.

"Ma Un'tsikna?" he questioned, touching the woman's shoulder, she was sprawled on top of him but... she wasn't moving. He reached for her throat, hands shaking slightly as he tried to find her pulse.

There was none.

His breathing hitched as he noticed the spears of wood lodged in her back and stomach. She had shielded him.

He bent over her, crying and smoothing her hair from her face, "I'm sorry, I'm so sorry," he choked, hating himself for being so weak, hating Gaia for stopping him, hating Eywa for letting her, hating Jake for bringing this on them, hating the Sky People for doing it. Hating himself for being so naïve to believe the Muggles would leave the Na'vi in peace. Hating himself for not destroying them when he had the chance. Before this all came to pass. He kissed the woman's face, tears dripping onto her skin, cleaning away the ash that coloured her now still and cold flesh.

He slid out from beneath her and climbed to his feet, eyes stinging from the heat as he staggered through the trees, "Eytukan? Mo'at? Neytiri?" he called, choking on the smoke as he tottered through the drifting embers and airborne ash, eyes watering and lungs stinging.

"Ma Hari!" a voice called, young, childish. He staggered forward towards it, feeling his heart break all over again as he spotted Kirina, a young girl who often hunted down the prettiest feathers she could find to put in his hair when he resigned himself to the children's hands. She was half crushed under a tree branch, blood bubbling from between her lips as she stared up at him with pained eyes. "Na'ring," she rasped, moving one arm.



Harry's eyes widened as he staggered forward. A baby. Her younger sister. Unmoving and hidden under the protective umbrella of her sister's arm, clutched gently with infinite care against her chest, even as the rest of her body was pulverised and crushed.

"Is she..." the little girl asked, unable to finish as she coughed blood.

Harry gently scooped the child up, she was still warm and soft, gently, he placed an ear over her tiny chest and felt the tight lines of his shoulders relax. A heart beat, strong and steady.

"She's alive, and unharmed," he reassured the girl. Kirina smiled up at him, eyes brimming with tears, fingers reaching out to touch the tiny precious figure in his arm.

"Ma Na'ring... I love you," she whispered, bloody fingers grazing her baby sister's cheek as she sobbed and coughed blood. "Ma Hari, please, ma Sa'nok(mother) didn't... she..." Kirina was crying in earnest now, great heaving sobs that only made her coughing worse until she couldn't talk.

Harry leaned down and pressed a kiss to the child's forehead, "I'll take care of her. I promise, ma Kirina. I promise. You've been very brave, I'll never let her forget you." He held her, angling his arm so she was face to face with her sister, to reassure her the little one was alive, that she would be taken care of. That she didn't have to hold on anymore.

Kirina smiled, her eyes closing. "Na'ring..."

Harry choked, holding the baby close.

Voices calling through the fire and smoke surrounded him, men and women calling for loved ones, friends, crying and screaming when they discovered the bodies and all Harry could do was clutch that one precious baby against his chest and rock himself backwards and forward, tears streaming silently down his face unable to move.

That was how Neytiri found him.

She dropped down beside him, her arms wrapping around him and... he leaned into her, screaming into her shoulder.

He couldn't blame her. Not for this. Not for Jake.

He loved her.

He loved her and he didn't want to let her go. He didn't want her to get hurt.

How close was he... to losing her today? How close was he to losing everyone he loved and cared for?

He clung to her, "Never leave me," he pleaded his voice breaking. "Never leave me Neytiri, you're my sister, my family, never leave me like this. Don't you dare," he sobbed.

"No, never, ma Hari. Never," she promised, sobbing into his hair, holding him tightly. She pulled him up, "Ma Sempul(father) is still out there," she told him, pulling him along, "I'm not leaving you, ever, come.

Come," she told him, taking him by the hand and leading him through the smoke and the trees to find their father.

Together, the two of them staggered through wreckage, ruin, smoke and flame, until they found him. It was like having his heart ripped out all over again as the two of them fell beside the Olo'ekan's body. Skewered on a sword of wood, gasping for air as they held his hands. Harry couldn't see, his eyes were blind with tears, the world drowning in scarlet and orange fire glow.

"Father, we need you, don't die," Neytiri wailed, hands fluttering around the wood jutting out of her father's spindly body.

Eytukan groaned weakly, staring up at the both of them, "Daughter," he breathed, weakly lifting his arm, "Take my bow," he gasped,

nudging her weakly with it by accident. Neytiri sobbed, refusing, shaking her heads. "Protect... the People," he breathed, as she took the bow, his fingers weakly falling to the side - into Harry's grasp.

"We will. We will," Harry assured him, gripping his hand tightly.

Eytukan smiled, his grip tightening briefly, "Thank you, my son." Before going lax. Completely.

He lived in a daze, watching silently as Jake tried to comfort his mate, only to be rejected again, watched the heartbreak on his face and understood, distantly, he never intended for this. Caught between a rock and a hard place, he juggled the lives of thousands and he tried to save them all, and lost the one he fought the hardest to protect. But Harry felt nothing. He only knew and understood as Neytiri cried over her father's body and Jake left, unable to comfort her, unable to bear witnessing her pain.

Harry couldn't move. He just sat there, silent and dazed, unnoticed tears dribbling down his cheeks as in one hand he clutched Eytukan's slowly cooling body and in the other he hugged Na'ring. It wasn't until Zuleika came to them that either of them moved, no matter how hot the fire got.

It took the Blacksmith actually slapping and screaming at Neytiri for the younger girl to stand up and push aside her grief for her people. Zuleika could only watch as the younger girl untangled her father's dead hand from Harry's and led him away, gripping his hand tightly.

"Where do we go now?" the Blacksmith asked, following them, keeping an eye out for any other survivors.

Neytiri swallowed, "Vitraya Ramunong," she stated softly, "Eywa will provide," she whispered brokenly as she led her broken little brother away from this scene of death and pain.

---

They walked all night, Pa'li were used to carry the injured and the children. Warriors gave the elderly piggy-backs and traded places on the backs of Ikran who ferried the worst to the Tree of Souls so they could rest properly. Harry staggered through it in a daze, ushering the children along with him. He felt hallow and empty as he picked up another little one who stumbled and fell from exhaustion. He set the lad back on his feet and took his hand, the other still clutching the infant close to his heart, wondering when she would wake and hoping and praying it would be soon.

Zeus and Hera had landed some time ago and took the youngest of the children to the Tree of Souls so they could rest, right now, they were waddling gamely through the forest with even more children and N'deh perched upon Zeus's back, his leg wrapped in leaves and cloth from where a piece of shrapnel gouged a fist-sized chunk of flesh from his leg. He couldn't walk.

It was dawn as they finally staggered into the basin where Harry first met Eywa. Already he could feel her reaching out to her children, soothing as much as she could.

Almost immediately, parents were swarming him, reaching for their children who sobbed in relief and clung to them like monkies. Harry was too out of it to realise them gently guiding him towards Mo'at, Neytiri and Tsu'tey beneath the Sacred Tree.

Neytiri gripped his free hand, she promised to never leave him and she would never break that promise. Her grip tightened on both Harry's hand and her father's bow. She would never break a promise. Never again.

Hari just stared at them, his eyes red rimmed and almost dead before he pitched forward, leaning his forehead against Tsu'tey's chest, his eyes sliding shut as he passed out. Consciousness slipping through his exhausted fingers like water as he felt hands catch him before his legs gave out completely.

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**\*\*End of chapter.\*\***

**\*\*Yeah, this was more than a bit of a tear jerker. It was shockingly difficult to write without bursting into tears myself, and I did that several times. Still don't think I got the feeling quite right.\*\***

# Chapter 21

20. Chapter 20

**\*\*FIREFLY\*\***

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**\*\*MULTIPLE UPDATES!\*\***

**\*\*CHAPTERS EIGHTEEN AND NINETEEN HAVE BEEN POSTED EARLIER TODAY.\*\***

He was exhausted, mentally, emotionally and physically. But he wasn't the only one. Everyone was.

Tired and heartsick and hurt. This was the worst thing to have ever happened to the Omaticaya Clan. To the Na'vi as a whole. So they got on with their lives. They cleaned up, saw to the wounded, sang dirges for the dead, and prayed to Eywa.

"\_Utralä a Nawm\_\_ayrina'lu ayoeng,\_\_A peyä tìtxur mì hinam  
awngeyä\_\_Na aysangek afkeu,\_\_Mì pun\_\_Na ayvul ahusawnu,\_\_  
\_Mì aynar\_\_Na seze\_\_A 'ong ne tsawke.\_\_Utralä a Nawm\_\_  
\_ayrina' lu ayoeng\_\_A peyä tìrol mì awnga.\_"

'We are all seeds Of the Great Tree, Whose strength is in our legs  
Like the mighty trunks, In our arms As sheltering branches, In our  
eyes The blue-flower Which unfolds to the sun. We are all seeds Of  
the Great Tree Whose song is within us.'

Neytiri was sat between Peyral and Ninat, her best female friends, her eyes dry but her resolve firm as she drew strength from the two girls she had grown up with, shared almost everything with. Mo'at stood before them all, facing the Tree of souls, leading them. Harry sat beside Tsu'tey, half hidden behind him, Na'ring held tightly to his chest, the infant awake, squirming and wide eyed at the world.

Though, thankfully, quiet. She had been shaken by the attack and knocked unconscious. Given time, she awoke by herself.

Harry though had refused to allow anyone to take her. He had \_promised\_ Kirina he would care for her sister. He \_promised her\_.

He just wanted to sleep, he decided ducking his head and pressing it against Tsu'tey's arm. The Olo'eyktan glanced down at him but didn't move, he too would love nothing more than to curl up in a ball and sleep, praying that this was all just a very bad dream. That he would wake up and Neytiri hadn't mated to Jakesully, that Hometree was still standing, that Eytukan was still alive and strong, that Hari did not have that look in his eyes again.

The singing tapered off and Harry opened his eyes, shifting in confusion as a shadow passed over them and cries of alarm went up, almost immediately they were on their feet as the scarlet and orange patterned hide of a Toruk glided towards them. Harry's eyes widened, someone was riding that - he squinted, that was \_Jake!\_

The great beast landed, the updrafts from his wings causing people to stagger backwards with cries of alarm as his heavy wing joints hit the ground with fleshy thuds that sounded all the more ominous in the hushed silence of the Na'vi, staring with wide entranced eyes at the blue figure perched upon it's back.

Harry frowned, that frown fast morphing into a scowl as he dismounted and made a show of his control over the great beast. Knowing full well the mythology behind a Toruk Makto. He was manipulating their beliefs in order to get back into their good books after everything he'd done! Anger burned uncomfortably in the pit of his stomach as he shifted his grip of Na'ring, shielding her as much as possible without turning around. What was utterly reprehensible about the whole thing was... they would take him back without second thought. They would accept him as a near-enough deified figure. The one who would save them from this sorry mess. Unite the clans. Save the People.

Even Tsu'tey.

He watched with growing disgust as the People began to murmur in almost religious reverence, reaching out to touch him but fluttering, as if afraid to do so and sully something so wonderful with their touch. And Jake just breezed on through them, as if they meant nothing, his eyes fixed solely on Neytiri who equally had eyes only for him.

He swallowed and turned his attention to Na'ring as she fussed, grabbing one of his fingers and chewing on it with her kitten teeth - just as sharp and pointy.

"\_I See you,\_" Neytiri greeted breathlessly, her eyes half lidding with desire.

Jake twitched a smile, "\_I see you,\_" he returned, voice softening as he stared at her. Harry's temper soothed a touch as he watched the two reunite. As much as he may hate Jake, their feelings were genuine. And he didn't want Neytiri to be alone for the rest of her life. The two spoke, exchanging soft words in the hushed silence before Jake relaxed in relief and turned his attention to them for the first time.

He swallowed and stepped forward.

"Tsu'tey, son of Ateyo... I stand before you... ready to serve the Omaticaya People," he vowed solemnly as he approached, stepping up the cragged rocks to reach their level as Neytiri skipped up to her mother's arm. "\_You are olo'eyktan, and you are a great warrior. I can't do this without you,\_" he explained softly, humbly.

Tsu'tey shifted, gathering his thoughts, clearly uncertain of how to handle this, almost frightened but... He settled quickly enough, sighing softly. "Toruk Makto," he murmured, reaching forward and placing a hand on the other warrior's chest, over his heart, "\_I will fly with you,\_" he pledged softly. This was no place for his personal grudges, he had to give those up when he took this mantle, he had



to look to his people, protect his people, and do what was best for them. And even if Jake was the Rider of Last Shadow, he was still the Rider of Last Shadow and the one who would lead them through the darkness as all the legends spoke of.

Something seemed to break within Jake, his expression and posture ceased being that of the Toruk Makto, and became that of a defeated man begging for help. "\_My friend is dying,\_" he breathed before looking to Mo'at and Neytiri, "\_Grace is dying. I beg the help of Eywa...\_"

From the corner of his eye, he saw N'deh stand straight, his face stricken.

"\_Take me to her,\_" Harry commanded, stepping forward, his face set. He handed Na'ring to Tsu'tey without looking at him and stepped off the dais before looking back at Jake, "\_Hurry up. Depending on her injury Eywa may not be able to help her. I know some Healing. Every little helps. Tsahik will prepare everything here.\_"

Jake nodded, hesitantly as he followed after the diminutive male, noting that the very top of his head was only just about level with his collar bone.

"N'deh, why are you standing around?" Harry barked, looking at the old Warrior with an impatient scowl. "Come, hurry," he ordered before whistling for Zeus as Jake climbed back upon Toruk.

N'deh froze briefly, until a shove from behind sent him scuttling forward, he glanced over his shoulder, blinking in wide eyed surprise. Xios, the woman Eywa rejected as his mate, smiled sadly at him as she ushered him forward. "Go, you love her, do you not?" she questioned him softly before pushing him forward again.

N'deh went.

---

Jake stared at the Magi as he gently saw to Grace, cleaning her of blood, dressing her in vines of ivy, all the while, N'deh held her hand and whispered softly to her. Bringing a painfilled, but so happy smile to the doctor's face. Jake felt his heart go out to them as he realised what he was seeing.

"\_I thought you hated us,\_" he admitted, watching Harry.

"\_I hate you. There is a difference,\_" he stated flatly and without remorse or hesitation. "\_Grace is family.\_"

Jake winced a little in surprise. He had hoped that the whole Toruk Makto thing would garner him forgiveness from everyone, but, he supposed Harry would always be different in that regard. "\_How so?\_" he asked delicately, trying to make conversation. He was antsy, uncertain, nervous, he didn't know what the People were going to do, just that they required both Grace and her Avatar to do it.

"\_She is my cousin's great granddaughter,\_" Harry explained rather bluntly as he smoothed the woman's hair away from her face mask, bringing her attention away from N'deh. "\_It's time, Grace.\_"

She nodded, and hoped.

Death by stomach wounding was a long and painful way of dying. She had been bleeding out for the last two days, it was only the continuous medical attentions from Jake, Norm and Trudy that prevented her from dying within the first four hours. She had been expecting to die, kind of hoping for it to be honest. Dying trying to do the right thing was more than anyone in her family had done so far and she would be the first, it was a thing of honour in her mind. But then Harry and N'deh came to her and she had so many reasons to live. The most of which gently scooped her up with such infinite care, she may as well have been made from frozen water or crystal.

N'deh smiled down at her, limping purposefully back to the Tree of Souls, carrying his mate even as her companions carried her new body along with them. He stared down at his precious, precious

burden, taking in her aged face, her chalk white skin, the dusky fire of her hair. The jade green of her eyes. Her skin was flawless white like Atokirina and he couldn't find it in himself to find any fault with her. She was perfect. No matter that she was older than him. Her body was small and weak. That she was soft and round and cool in his arms.

All around them, the Omaticaya were linked Tsaheylu with Eywa, breathing in tune with the world around them, eyes shut as they sank deep into their being and their world, uniting their purpose and their hearts for their prayer as both bodies were set on the dais, head to head, beneath Mo'at's watchful eye.

Harry crouched on their otherside, pressing his hands into the glowing earth, watching as those same roots he recalled having to free himself of reaching up from the ground and linking with them, piercing into the back of Grace's neck and burrowing beneath her skin. Forming a Tsawin in order to join her with the Na'vi, with Eywa and eventually, her new body.

"\_The Great Mother may choose to save all that she is,\_" Mo'at explained, hands circling Grace's ginger head, "\_In this body,\_" she finished, sweeping her fingers over the Avatar.

"\_Is

that possible?\_" Jake asked, worry and awe lilted his voice.

Mo'at's expression was doubtful and yet hopeful, "\_She must pass through the eye of Eywa, and return. But Jake'sully, she is very weak.\_"

Jake bit his lip and touched the woman's arm, "\_Hang in there Grace, they're gunna fix you up real good,\_" he promised her, stepping back as N'deh took his place, clutching at her limp, cold fingers.

Mo'at stepped over them and turned to her people, her robes glowing under the light of Eywa as she evoked their ancestors, the spirits and the Mother herself.

"Hear us please, All Mother!" she called into the night.

"Eywa, help her," the Omaticaya intoned a chorus of chanting as they linked, arm and arm, united and purposeful, swaying to a beat only they could hear.

"Take this spirit into you..." Mo'at begged as her people repeated their chant, requesting the Mother aid Grace. "And breathe her back to us! Let her walk among us... As one of the People!"

Mo'at's conscious mind left her body as she began to writhe and gyrate, her people's will filling her as she evoked the Goddess. She felt the passing of Grace's mind, she felt the struggling life of the amazing, wonderful woman she had come to know over the years. A woman who thirsted to know and to understand, who loved their world and all it had, who loved the People and loved N'deh. She felt that butterfly's heart stutter.

And she felt Eywa accept her, even as the life within her tiny form began to fade.

She came to herself and grief weighed her heart down.

"It is done," she declared, lifting an arm, silencing the cries of her people. Watching with a heavy heart and soft eyes as Grace's people clamoured to her side.

Both Jake and N'deh grasped her hands, unable to even feel the weak grip her tiny fingers exerted on them. "\_I'm with her, Jake\_", Grace breathed, her face full of wonder, "\_She's real. I never knew...\_" she breathed her eyes sliding from Jake to N'deh as she tried to grip his hand. "\_I'm sorry,\_" she whispered as the light grew in her eyes and she felt the mother's embrace.

"\_What's happening? Grace!\_" Jake called, rubbing at her fingers as the glow that surrounded the plant life around her began to fade, dying down into darkness. Like black ink that spread from her body, the basin turned dark and only the light from the slowly rising sun highlighted them.

Mo'at pursed her lips sadly, "\_Her wounds were too great,\_" she explained tragically, "\_It was not enough time... She is with Eywa now.\_"

Neytiri closed her eyes, gently reaching forward and removing the mask that protected Grace from the toxicity of the air, gently laying a hand on her face, memorising every line that she could while blinking back tears of pain. Jake took a breath, slowly rising to his feet as he forced his grief back, he held it, oh he gripped it tightly. And his grief gave way to anger and burning, unwavering resolve. Grace had been shown more kindness, more respect and love here, than even by her own people. He would repay Quaritch with blood.

If he wanted a war, he was going to have one.

He reached out for Neytiri, the young woman who had stolen his heart and shown him a better way reached to him without hesitation and the two of them turned to face their Olo'eyktan together.

"\_With your permission, I will speak now. You would honour me by translating,\_" Jake requested earnestly, not for the first time, understanding exactly how Tsu'tey felt about the Sky People and respecting him all the more for controlling his temper, his anger and his hurt as the younger man nodded and stepped aside.

"\_The Sky People have sent us a message..\_" Jake began, pausing to allow Tsu'tey to translate. "\_That they can take whatever they want... And no one can stop them...\_"

"\_Well, we will send them a message.\_"

"\_You ride out as fast as the wind can carry you,\_" he commanded, stepping forward as he gripped that anger, that resolve tightly in both hands. Tsu'tey looked at him, translating faithfully as more and more of his people began to climb to their feet.

"\_You tell the other clans to come.\_" A smirk of understanding curled on the side of Tsu'tey's mouth as he spoke, voices amidst the people chirping and calling in agreement.

"\_You tell them Toruk Makto calls to them!\_"

"\_And you fly now! With me!\_"

"\_My Brothers!\_"

"\_Sisters!\_"

"\_And we will show the Sky People - that they cannot take whatever they want!\_"

"\_And that this?\_"

"\_THIS IS OUR LAND!\_"

Harry watched as the Omaticaya screamed, cried and hollared their agreement as Jake and Neytiri led the charge to the Ikran, mounting Toruk and launching themselves into the sky. Tsu'tey glanced back at them, at Grace's body, at Mo'at who nodded proudly, at Harry who still knelt above Grace's body, watching him with wide green eyes, at N'deh who could not even move as he clutched at the woman's hand. And he turned, racing for Kelren.

Mo'at turned to Harry, she could feel Eywa stirring.

"It didn't fail," Hari spoke softly. Mo'at jerked and stared at him while N'deh almost physically launched himself at the smaller male. "She lives still, within Eywa yes, but she is lost. She cannot find her way." Harry explained as he moved, gently breaking and pushing aside

dull and dark roots from her Tsawin, revealing a single glowing root, burrowed into her queue.

"This... it isn't possible," Mo'at breathed in confusion.

Harry shook his head, gently running a hand down Grace's hair, "This body still yet lives, even without her mind and soul," he reminded her, "It will continue to live, until starvation claims it." He looked firmly at N'deh, "She needs someone to call her back and show her the way to her new body.

"She needs her mate. She needs you."

N'deh stared, his expression tormented, "I... I cannot, she is not awake, I cannot... not when she cannot refuse!" he exclaimed, horrified and confused. Tormented and anguished. To save the woman he loved, he had to violate her in the most incomprehensible and horrific way possible. A way that he just... \_how\_, how could he do such a thing when she couldn't even...

Harry shook his head, "You two chose each other. You are the only reason she did not die sooner!" he barked, seizing the Warrior's shoulders. "Would you allow her death, just to salve your ideal of right or wrong? She is of my family, had I \_ANY\_ idea of another way, I would have done so before now!" he snarled before stepping back, pursing his lips, aware of the eyes that watched them.

He turned to the people who remained and scowled at them, "Leave. Ready the surroundings for the other clans! Take the children, injured and elderly to a safe location," he ordered. And they listened.

N'deh watched as the Omaticaya obeyed their Brother without hesitation or question, the able bodied men and women moving to prepare for their cousins and visitors while the elderly led the children and the injured away.

Hari turned to him again, "It is your choice, N'deh. Will you guide her back to your side? Or will you leave her to drift?" he demanded

before climbing to his feet and stalking to Ninat's side, collecting Na'ring from her arms and going in search of food for the little one. He knew these forests better than anyone, it would not take long. He would discover N'deh's answer when he returned.

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Gathering food soon became a massive undertaking as Clans from as far as the western plains and the eastern sea began to move in. Ikran, Pa'li and Na'vi alike clustering around the Tree of Souls, their voices mingling and rising and falling. Greetings, arguments, laughter and good natured taunting filling the air as warriors met again for the second time, this time as allies.

Tsu'tey huffed a little, dismounting as Kelren settled in beside Zeus and Hera, the larger Ikran nosing him briefly in greeting as the Na'vi stalked up to his quarry.

"I thought I would find you here," he stated, crouching beside the Wizard as he sat, perched on the stone arches that protected the Tree of Souls and amplified the Mother's voice throughout the valley.

Hari glanced up at him, smiling slightly as he spotted him.

Tsu'tey frowned, reaching out and brushing his cheek, "What is wrong?"

The Wizard chuckled slightly, but it wasn't a happy sound. "They know a Magic user is here," he explained, "They won't wait until we're ready to strike at them. They won't wait longer than they already have," he explained, blinking rapidly, staring down at the people below, drawing his knees up to his chest and hugging them. "They'll try to kill every Na'vi they find. They don't know if it was anyone from the Clan or not." He shook his head. "'\_Thou shalt not suffer a Witch to live\_'," he intoned from memory.

The Warrior sighed and shifted closer, tucking his Brother tightly against his chest and wrapping his arms around him, "We will stop them here and drive them off our world. Fear not, Hari," he soothed



the green eyed figure, rubbing the back of his neck, feeling the bumps and hairs and holes at the base of his skull, gently stroking to calm him down. He felt Hari shudder and lean into him, going boneless and huffing softly.

"That's not fair," he murmured softly. It was a trick he often employed on the children if one was getting entirely too hyperactive or aggressive, stroking the base of their Tswin was like rubbing a cat under the chin, it made them relax, becoming boneless and compliant.

Tsu'tey grinned, "All is fair in war," he pointed out, making the Wizard laugh shakily.

"Not every battle will be as easy as this," he pointed out, arching his neck slightly, pushing it a little more firmly against the Na'vi's fingers. "Most Sky People react badly to people touching their necks," he explained, almost purring as his friend complied and dug his fingers in slightly.

"I doubt we will win any conflict if we resort to head-rubs," Tsu'tey admitted as he rested his chin atop

his friend's head. "How is N'deh?" he questioned softly.

"Upset with me," Harry admitted still boneless and fast approaching sleepy. "Grace hadn't died, but, she was lost and needed help getting back to her new body. I asked rather a lot of N'deh and he's furious with me, and disgusted with himself," he admitted sadly.

"What do you mean?"

"The only way to bring Grace back was to guide her into her body, by pulling her into it with you. He had to join with her empty body in Tsaheylu to find her and bring her back. It was that, or leave her to drift in the eye of Eywa and lose herself," he explained tiredly.

"N'deh... mated with Grace in order to bring her back?" Tsu'tey asked in confusion.

"Yes. She has accepted it fully, she's overjoyed actually. She claimed she didn't have to forgive him because he had done no wrong but... N'deh has not forgiven me, or himself. I am making myself scarce for now, so he can calm down and they can spend some time alone together to work this out," he explained. "I just wish N'deh didn't have to join the fight. Not the day after he finally found his mate, it isn't fair," he whispered miserably. Tsu'tey sighed, equally upset as he thought of the many young men and woman he would be leading to their deaths tomorrow, rubbing the back of Hari's neck once more. What if their plan didn't work? What if the Sky people managed to destroy the Tree of Souls? He had come up here to tell Hari of what Jake and his people had learned, but he didn't think he could.

His troubles must have shown on his face because Hari turned and cupped his cheek, "What worries you?" he asked, frowning.

"The Sky People aim to destroy the Tree of Souls," he explained, watching as shock, horror, anger and fear painted themselves on the smaller male's face. These monsters planned on destroying Eywa? \_Another\_ planet?

"Then we won't let them get any further than Iknimaya," he declared, steel threading his voice, green eyes darkening with determination. He would not allow Eywa to die as Gaia had done. "How long until the Sky people come?" he demanded, climbing to his feet.

"Tomorrow, with first light," Tsu'tey answered, following after him.

Hari nodded, "We need to make more arrows. Find good ambush points for Ikran and the easiest space of ground for Pa'li to traverse at speed. The ground fighters will suffer the greatest loss of life, we need to flank them, or get them in a pincer attack," he spoke as he turned to face Tsu'tey. "Has strategy been discussed yet?" he asked.

Tsu'tey shook his head, hiding a smile. He had forgotten that Hari was a warrior, an Olo'eyktan of his people, the Tsa'ik of his people. Watching the older male think out loud, come to conclusions was amazing to watch. Like the shadow of Toruk becoming red and yellow death and fury before you realised it.

Hari nodded, "Get the clan leaders together, you'll need to. And Tsu'tey," he added, stepping closer. "Don't you dare die tomorrow," he growled.

"I do not plan to," he assured the smaller male.

Harry continued to glare up at him, searching his face before nodding, his expression softening. "If... something were to happen to me... will you care for Na'ring? I promised her sister I would. And I want to be certain she will be taken good care of... should the worst happen."

Tsu'tey's smile fell. "It will not happen. You will survive. That is my only order to you."

Harry shook his head, "I will not allow another world to die. If I can save Eywa at the cost of my life... I will."

Tsu'tey hissed angrily, making a cutting motion with his hand. "Then you will not join the battle," he growled.

Harry bared his teeth, "\_Oh I bloody well will!\_" he snarled, squaring up to the Olo'eyktan. "You need every fighter you can get out there! I will not sit with the children and let you fight my enemy!"

Tsu'tey let rip with several words Harry had never heard, but he was quite certain they were particularly foul swears as the Warrior squared up to him as well, ears folding back unhappily.

"You cannot even use a bow. What use would you be?" he growled, snapping a hand out and gripping the side of Harry's neck, fingers

digging into the back of his neck, making the Wizard wince - his knees going weak briefly.

"Zeus is the biggest Ikran out there. We can take out the Flying Beasts more easily than most," he retorted jutting his head up.

Tsu'tey growled, the two of them refusing to back down as they glared eye to eye.

Neither was how, but the atmosphere changed, it became something else, but no less intense.

Eyes ceased to glare and instead drank in every line of one another's faces, fear for the morning growing, fear for one another stilling their tongues and cooling their tempers. Tsu'tey pressed their foreheads together, breath mingling as he closed his eyes.

"Stay safe," he pleaded, knowing that even if he tried to force the Wizard to remain he wouldn't.

Harry nodded silently, "You too. Don't die," he pleaded.

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\*\*And that's Chapter Twenty done. Tomorrow MAY see Chapter 21 and the Epilogue. MAY.\*\*

\*\*Because I was rather unwell the few days before hand it is rather sketchy. Yes I churned out three chapters today, but I have an event tomorrow so I can't spend all day on the PC writing. And I start University again on Monday. So will I definitely plan on getting everything finished... \*\*

\*\*Sunday or Monday may see the final chapter, the Epilogue, being posted. \*\*

## Chapter 22

### 21. Chapter 21

**\*\*FIREFLY\*\***

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The next morning dawned cool and bright, and a sense of purpose, of dreadful expectation filled the air.

Meals were eaten heartily, weapons and arrows were checked and rechecked, Ikran were reassured and men and women teased and ribbed one another, saying without saying, '\_Don't die out there\_'. It was almost in a daze as Harry mounted Zeus under the suspicious and curious eyes of the other Na'vi, the bronze Ikran crooning and whickering to himself.

"Do you fly well?" a woman asked, causing both Harry and Zeus to snap their heads at her. To her credit, she didn't even flinch, but judging by the red and white paint that decorated her body, she wouldn't be the Olo'eyktan of the Eastern Ikran people if she was in any way weak of heart.

Harry ran a hand down Zeus's back as he thought of how to answer, "We have never flown in a war," he admitted as Zeus whickered at the woman's own mount, a significantly smaller dull mocha coloured beast with spotted black and green patterns on its back half. "I suppose we will find out later today," he decided, offering her a small smile.

Fierce golden eyes studied them both for a moment before a fanged smirk crossed her face, "I suppose we will," she agreed before the call to position trilled from up above. She nodded at him before launching herself into the air, Zeus crying out and following suit, an answering shriek from high above reminding them that even if she had no rider, Hera would also be joining them.

It was then they heard the distant sound of rotary blades. The Sky People had arrived.

"Hari!" Neytiri called gesturing to him to join their formation, they would be the first into the attack, following on the heels of Toruk Makto. Nodding he whistled to Hera, the ivory shaded Ikran falling into position at Zeus's side, the two of them following on the heels of Neytiri and Tsu'tey as the group of five glided between the mountains that the Ikran rested, waiting for the signal to attack.

Like a pestilence, the shuttle glided out from beneath the Thundering Rocks, swarming helicopters buzzing around it like flies. Harry felt his stomach turn with a mixture of fear and hatred as his mind flashed back to Beauxbatons, the bomber planes and the unmanned drones that rained explosives and fire and death down on eleven year olds as they tried to run away to safety. His fingers sparked with magic and Hera whickered, calming him down. He couldn't go lashing out with magic right now. By flooding himself with Eywa's power, he had forcibly widened his Magical channels, a very painful act, but it had the upside of allowing him to actually control his magic to a degree now. He was no where near as powerful as he once was, well, actually, he was a thousand times more powerful, that was the problem. He didn't have any control of it. He could use most spells he learnt while in Hogwarts and while it used to be enough to short-circuit any and all electronics in the immediate vicinity - such as causing all the glasses and lightbulbs to explode - the Muggle Military had gone to expensive lengths to protect their equipment from magic. Hence why what Grace and the others called the '\_Flux Vortex\_', the sheer saturation of Eywa's magic within the valley, did nothing more than ruin the Muggles' guidance systems.

"Attack! Attack! Attack!" Tsu'tey roared, lifting his bow.

And like a sheet of water, the Na'vi descended upon the Muggles.

Chaos broke out as all formations broke and Ikran tore into the Helicopters. Harry screamed out to Hera, voice rising and falling as he directed her. She shrieked back in turn as Harry and Zeus dove

and weaved inbetween 'copters, sling in hand. Harry gripped at Zeus's shoulders with his legs, sitting up against the wind resistance as he let rip with a fist sized chunk of Mother's bone - straight into the rotary blades of the nearest 'copter.

Watching the blades explode and shred themselves, sending the 'copter spinning and careening into the side of a mountain was strangely satisfying as Hera landed on another, whipping her tail to give her leverage to turn and throw her prey into another 'copter, the two of them shredding and exploding on impact.

Harry reached for his back, "\_ACCIO!\_" he commanded, watching as the gun platform a muggle was using to aim at Neytiri was torn clean off the 'copter. He gripped it with his magic and then stabbed the metal plated death machine into the 'copter's rotary blades.

Spotting the muggles on top of the shuttle firing at everything within sight Harry reached out and grabbed their guns with his magic, wrenching them clean out of their hands.

Then he saw a 'copter painted with Na'vi colours under attack from other muggles.

Jake did say they had a pilot on their side...

"Hera!" Harry called, whistling for her to rescue the pilot. He only hoped the person inside was smart enough to recognise a rescue when they saw one.

He didn't keep track of her as Zeus shot upwards, rolling in midair and winging backwards until they were facing the opposite direction, Kelren flashing past them - riderless.

The bottom of Harry's stomach dropped out making him feel sick just as he heard the sound of the Olo'eyktan's voice.

"Zeus," he commanded, the Ikran shrieking as it shot towards the sound, spinning and diving at the back of the ship, allowing him a

glimpse and a chance - Harry reached out with his magic and wrenched every gun pointed towards the Na'vi clean out of the ship. Whether or not the muggles holding them had let go or not wasn't any of his concern as he jumped from Zeus's back and into the bay, catching Tsu'tey before he tumbled back completely and out of the ship, his chest bloody with bullet holes.

"I told you not to die!" Harry snarled as he whistled, angrily banishing a muggle armed with a knife so hard into the opposite wall he splattered against it. Zeus landed with a croon of distress and, not letting Tsu'tey answer, "Take him to Mo'at," the wizard commanded, manoeuvring the Warrior onto the Ikran's back. "Go!" he snapped, slapping the huge beast's side and sending him winging back out into the battle and down towards the Tree of Souls.

"\_Fire you idiot! He's not human!\_" a muggle voice shouted, Harry didn't even look before a high powered incendio bathed the cargo bay in flame, scorching and melting the electronics within.

He looked at the explosives beside him and banished them back into the cargo hold with a contemptuous sneer.

"\_\*\*Valkyrie one-six, this is dragon, you are cleared and hot,\*\*\_" a disgustingly familiar voice declared over the intercom.

Stalking over to the com, he flicked a button he knew would allow him to speak directly to Quaritch. "\_Yes, very hot, as I just set them all on fire\_" he pointed out casually.

"\_\*\*Who is this?\*\*\_"

Harry was silent for a moment before something dark and unnameable filled him, "\_My name is Harry James Potter. Last survivor of the Magic Purges. We met several years ago. Do you remember? I do. And I will make you choke on your own blood before you die for it. Wait for me muggle. When I'm finished with all of your men, then I will come for you,\_" Harry promised before



punching his fist through the intercom and channelling as much magic as he could into it.

The intercom exploded and fire licked at Harry's skin as he pulled his hand out.

"Now to go and make good on that promise," he murmured, turning and stalking to the edge of the ship, waiting until a Na'vi flew close enough before jumping and landing on the back of their Ikran. "How many of the Sky People's flying monsters remain?" he called, ignoring the way the Na'vi in question pulled a knife and snarled at him.

He paused in confusion, frowning, his eyes studying the strange thing behind him, he had all the marks of Eywa's blessing... And he was painted in war colours of green and gold - Omaticaya colours. "Five handfuls," he answered.

Harry nodded, "Pull around to the front of this monster and break the clear armour on it's nose. I'll do the rest," he told the young Warrior.

"Do what?" he demanded, but wheeled his Ikran around anyway.

"Knock it out of the sky," Harry promised.

"You're insane," the Warrior declared, a fierce grin spreading across his face. "I am Guran, you?" he asked, pulling an arrow and notching it.

"Harry."

"Fight well, Hari," Guran bade him as he drew his arrow back, taking aim as his Ikran dove.

"Fight well, Guran, and come home safe when the fighting is done," the Wizard told him as he loosed the arrow. Watching as it shattered through the glass of the cockpit - skewering the pilot through the chest.

He jumped.

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"\_\*\*Tsu'tey, brother, do you read?\*\*\_" Jake's voice called through his com-piece. Tsu'tey groaned in pain as Mo'at dug her fingers into his chest, reaching for the teeth of Gaia's bone the Sky People filled him with.

"\_I hear you, brother,\_" he replied, touching the throat jewel that allowed Toruk Makto to hear him.

"\_\*\*Are you alright? Where are you now?\*\*\_"\*\*" Jake asked, relief colouring his voice.

"Hold your breath," Mo'at told him before she ripped another shard out. Pain blackened his vision and almost swallowed him, stealing his breath and thought away.

"\_\*\*Brother?\*\*\_"

"\_I am... at the Tree of Souls. I am injured. Hari... forced me to withdraw. He is in the large white beast,\_" Tsu'tey explained haltingly as he gritted his teeth against the pain. Beside him, the human woman painted with their colours, the pilot, held him down with bloody hands, her face scorched and soot streaked.

"\_He's in a bad way, Jake, five bullet holes to the chest, none of them through and through. No punctured organs though, his ribs deflected most of the bullets. We're picking them out now,\_" the woman explained through her com, tightening her grip on Tsu'tey's shoulders as Mo'at pulled another tooth of metal from his chest.

"\_\*\*Trudy!

You're alive!\*\*\_"

She nodded and cast a glance over her shoulder at the white Ikran who saved her, it whickered and flicked its tail. "\_Yeah, someone

sent their Ikran to pull me out. Pretty white thing," she noted and Tsu'tey smiled a split second before pain turned it into a bare-toothed snarl of discomfort. Hari would send both of his Ikran on rescue missions and leave himself in enemy territory to fight alone.

"\_\*\*Jake, ma Jake\*\*\_" Neytiri's voice broke through, sounding breathless and raw, "\_\*\*Seze is dead. They are very close. They are many.\*\*\_"

"\_\*\*Do not attack! Do you read me, Neytiri? Do not attack! Fall back now. Get out of there! That's an order!\*\*\_" Jake called through the com, Tsu'tey felt his heart clench at her silence. "\_\*\*Neytiri!\*\*\_"

The Sky woman, Trudy, looked down at him, worry and fear in her earth brown eyes. Tsu'tey felt something cold grab hold of his insides and twist.

"\_\*\*Jake...\*\*\_" Her voice. Tsu'tey relaxed. "\_\*\*Eywa has heard you...\*\*\_" she breathed, awe filling her voice. "\_\*\*EYWA HAS HEARD YOU!\*\*\_"

The white beast in the sky exploded into flame, falling to the ground, it's face missing.

The shrieks of Ikran filled the sky as the rookeries emptied, clouds of Ikran raining down from the sky, falling upon the Sky People like a vengeful mist. Clouds of pale pink and violet drift down like malevolent poison, long trailing tendrils sparking as they encapsulate one of the Sky People's flying beasts, crushing it. A split second later, something pierced it's clear, bell-like body and fire exploded throughout the sky. Ionataya.

"\_Jesus, even Medusa...\_" Trudy breathed, staring up at the spectacle of Eywa's resolve.

Hera shrieked, sitting up as a shadow descended upon them, the sky lighting up with a second explosion as the final great flying beast

burst into flame and fell from the sky as Zeus glided slowly toward them.

Mo'at jumped to her feet, "\_Continue, Turudi,\_" she commanded as she hurried over to the coffee coloured monster's side, reaching toward the pale, blood streaked figure lying limply upon it.

The woman looked down at the Olo'eyktan, "\_Sorry about this, big guy, it's gunna hurt,\_" she warned as she pulled a knife out, "\_Some of these things shattered when they hit you. Gotta get all the pieces or they'll poison you from the inside,\_" she explained cutting into him.

Tsu'tey didn't notice.

His eyes were fixed on the pale figure Mo'at lowered down to the ground. Small, still and covered in blood and burns. Green eyes were shut, green and gold paint was dirty and smeared with scarlet and black. Cuts and burns spiralled up his arms, patterning them like the stripes upon Toruk. Tsu'tey couldn't see, he couldn't see Hari's chest. He couldn't see it moving. Cold filled him from head to tail as his stomach flipped and dropped, becoming heavy and painful. His chest hurt. Inside. Not even the burning pain of the Sky People's weapons could hurt like this.

Mo'at cradled the diminutive form as she smoothed dark hair from his face, pulling her hand away red and wet.

"\_Hey! Hey, don't move!\_" Trudy yelled as Tsu'tey pushed himself upright, heedless to the open wounds on his chest or the blood that ran down his body in rivulets.

"He lives still," Mo'at reassured him glancing over her shoulder before scooping the limp figure up and carrying him over. Gently, with infinite care, she settled him down at her Olo'eyktan's side and stepped back as he reached for the bloodied figure. There were no great sucking wounds that needed stitching, his skin was not charred

or blistered. He was just bruised, battered and cut as Tsu'tey rested a hand on his blood soaked hair.

Green eyes cracked open slowly and Hari smiled at him, "M'not dead," he told the Na'vi quietly. "You ordered me not to," he added, eyes slowly sliding shut again.

Tsu'tey stared.

Hari was scarred, he was dirty and bloody, scrawny, all bony limbs and sharp angles and ugly white skin. His neck was too short and his shoulders too wide for his chest and waist, his hips were wide and his stomach and torso were short. He had no tail. He had extra fingers and his toes didn't bend right. Some might've called him ugly, most did, behind his back. Grotesque had even been thrown around a little bit in the beginning. He looked too much like a Sky Person to be attractive.

And right now, all Tsu'tey could wonder was how long he had been in love with this person, and how had he not noticed it before?

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"They are going to scar wonderfully," Guran declared, running his three fingered hand up Harry's forearm, eyeing the neat threading that held the slashes up and down his arms closed.

All around them the Valley was in organised chaos as the Clans picked up after themselves, put those beyond help out of their misery, aided those they could, gave mercy to those Sky People left behind. They buried the dead - even the Sky People. They took the necklaces to Toruk Makto, who would pass them to the Sky People before they left. Now all that remained was cleaning the Valley of Gaia's bone and stifling the fires.

Harry snorted, "Don't remind me. Ninat is going to give me an earful," he stated, pulling his arm back with a shake of his head.

Guran chuckled, "So what happens now?"

Harry shrugged, "That's up to Tsu'tey. Chances are the Omaticaya will remain here, move into the mountains," he said, nodding to the Thundering Rocks overhead. "I lived there before joining the Omaticaya, it's not so bad. Like will go on."

"It always does," Guran agreed solemnly.

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"Pass those here, Zuleika," Harry called, perched upon Zeus's back, two slings across his back full of what they had been able to scavenge from the fallen and burnt remains of Hometree. It wasn't much, just a few stone tools and the splinters of the loom but it was enough to be getting on with the rebuilding.

Currently, Toruk Makto, Neytiri and Tsu'tey were with the Warriors, seeing off the Sky People while the Omaticaya rebuilt their home. They had selected a trio of rocks, linked together by huge tree roots, drifting lazily near a river. Not too far away from Harry's former home overlooking the Tree of Souls.

Harry, Zeus and Hera had been ferrying people and supplies up to the largest of the mountains, a cavernous thing filled with tunnels and waterways that would become their main home. Already songs could be heard, echoing from the mountaintops as men and women went about their work, voices rising and falling in a cacophony, sung with great gusto and happiness.

The time of Great Sorrow was over. Life continued. There was much to celebrate.

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Na'ring gurgled and mewled happily, crawling along the freshly grown grass, soaking up the sunlight with the glee that only a small infant could. Harry chuckled and caught her ankle, pulling her up to eye level and dangling the giggling little monster by her foot. He would have never done this with a human child, it was too dangerous for their underdeveloped bodies. By Na'vi had carbon-fibre bones at birth. Children were delicate yes, but not fragile.

"Where do you think you're going, little terror?" he asked, rubbing noses with her as she shrieked with laughter and grabbed his face with her tiny hands. He right sided her and tucked her against his chest, humming. It was peaceful here now, with nothing other than the sound of running water and leaves rustling in the wind. He could hear insects buzzing in the undergrowth and the far off warble of an Ikran.

But here, lying in the sun, in the pathway the Bulldozers had created to the Tree of Voices, that barren scorched strip of land that was now green and alive. It was peaceful and quiet.

"I knew I would find you here."

Green eyes cracked open, realising that, at some point, he had fallen asleep. Na'ring curled up, breathing deeply against his stomach, sucking on the end of her tail. Tsu'tey smirked down at him from where he was crouched above his head.

Harry blinked slowly and smiled slightly, stretching languidly. "And find me you did," he agreed lazily, eyes sliding shut again.

Tsu'tey snorted and sat properly, tail curling around them as he stared across the barren patch of land now turned lush and green. Flowers dotted the small pasture and he shook his head, spotting the saplings that stirred their soft pink tendrils in the wind. He'd done it. The Tree of Voices. Young and newborn, but risen again. Healed.

"You have done so much for us," Tsu'tey realised, his hand going to Harry's hair.

"Not that much," Harry disagreed softly. "You did more."

The two exchanged glances before smiling, neither of them would have been here without the other.

Harry sat up and shifted, using Tsu'tey as a cushion and curling up against him, head against his shoulder, "I forgot how peaceful it

was," the Magi admitted softly, his eyes sliding shut as he just enjoyed the warmth of the sun seeping into his skin, the smell of the breeze bringing with it the taste of cinnamon and a thousand other earthy \_living\_ scents.

"The Sky People have gone. The Sorrow has passed," Tsu'tey agreed, wrapping an arm around the pale figure, glancing down at the infant sleeping against him and smiling slightly as he tugged her little fluff-tipped tail from her mouth. "We no longer must fear them."

"A weight is gone," Harry summarised softly. It felt that way to him. No longer did he have to live in fear of being hunted down and killed by those people. He didn't have to fear for the Omaticaya's safety if he was discovered. No muggle would return to this place, not when the Na'vi had so firmly put their foot down. Max, one of the muggles allowed to stay, had already streamed a message back to earth with the whole truth of the encounter to the press. There would be huge public outcry against the RDA by the time they arrived and no one would ever finance another mining expedition to Pandora. Not

when it was cheaper and safer to just mine asteroids and dead planets for resources.

The pair sat in silence, just soaking up the peace and quiet.

They didn't leave until dark when it was time for Jake to be reborn. When it was time, Tsu'tey told himself, to finally let Neytiri go and pursue his own heart for once - instead of his duty.

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Jake's party lasted long into the early hours of the morning as the Omaticaya sang and danced through their new home. Rope-bridges made of fallen wood and braided cloth stretched between the mountains, providing safe travel for the children who raced around, exploring every nook and cranny of their new home. Exclaiming with delight over every new thing and creature they found.

Only two people knew their Olo'eyktan was not present.



Ninat chuckled, gently thumbing mashed fruit into Na'ring's lips as the infant eagerly chewed on her fingers, Zuleika smirking as she drank and watched the festivities. Only they noticed the absence. And unlike most everyone, they knew \_exactly\_ what was happening.

"It is about time," Ninat giggled.

Zuleika nodded, "Tsu'tey is nothing if not blind and stubborn," she pointed out with an amused shake of her head. The only reason this had not occurred some great many years ago was the simple reason that their Olo'eyktan was trapped by tradition and promises made in his childhood and the stubborn refusal to be anything but what he decided. And Hari was too kind and too patient to force him to confront himself, never mind the Magi's own feelings toward the man who saved his life, soul and sanity.

"They are a good match," Ninat stated, smiling as she watched Neytiri teach Jake how to dance, the two of them laughing and stumbling, their faces glowing with love and laughter.

She wished for all that and more to Hari and Tsu'tey.

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\*\*Okay. I wrote the scene where Tsu'tey and Harry mated EIGHT, count it, EIGHT times. And it just was not playing ball. I know it's a cop out but that scene... I would need three months to work on that. I know my weaknesses and romance is one of them. My brain does not compute romance or process it very well at all. My apologies to everyone. \*\*

\*\*But still... \*\*

\*\*This is the end.\*\*

\*\*Just the Epilogue left and then I can close the cover of this piece of work. \*\*